★PHOTOPLAY

November

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ul Hesse

It's Like This with

M-M 2/47 3V R
MRS C GLOSBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE MASS 46

For "Big Game" Glamor

No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

First tinge of fall . . . giddy crowds and gaudy colors . . . excitement in the air . . . the season's biggest game, and you, happy in the knowledge that your hair is sparkling and alive with all its natural highlights revealed. No other shampoo, only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action will make your hair look so lovely. Here Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Madelon Mason, shows you two hair-dos created by Drene especially for your ootball week-end. "I always use Drene with Hair Conditioning action," says Madelon, "because no other shampoo leaves my hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage."





AT SATURDAY'S GAME you'll be the star in his eyes with your radiant Drene-lovely hair! "There's no need to worry about your hair being 'off side' when you shampoo with Drene," says famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Madelon Mason, "for Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair alive with natural highlights, satin-smooth and so-o-o-o easy to manage."

AFTER THE GAME, a quick change, a bite of dinner and then to his fraternity dance. Drene brings out *all* the beauty of Madelon's lovely hair . . . reveals up to 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo . . . never leaves dulling film on hair as all soaps do. And Drene removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it.



Drene

Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action



"Can't even get a man to wish with, huh?"

GIRL: Don't be an idjit, midget! Who wants some boy hanging around all the time? Eating your food, keeping you out late, who wants–

CUPID: You do.

GIRL: *I?* Why I–

CUPID: And you'd *have* one if you'd just remember even plain girls go places if they go *gleaming!* Sparkling! Smiling!



GIRL: Sure. But my smile's a brownout. I brush my teeth but–

CUPID: No sparkle, huh? And "pink tooth brush" too, I bet!

GIRL: "Pink tooth brush" *means* something?

CUPID: That's for your dentist to decide . . . because that "pink" is an urgent warning to *see your dentist!* He may say it's serious . . . and he may say it's just another case where today's soft foods have been robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Is *that* all?

CUPID: Dearie, that's plenty! Sparkling smiles call for sound teeth; and sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth, take his advice, Baby, and . . . you'll be started on a smile that'll set *men* wishing!



For the Smile of Beauty—

Ipana 

and Massage



Product of Bristol-Myers

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

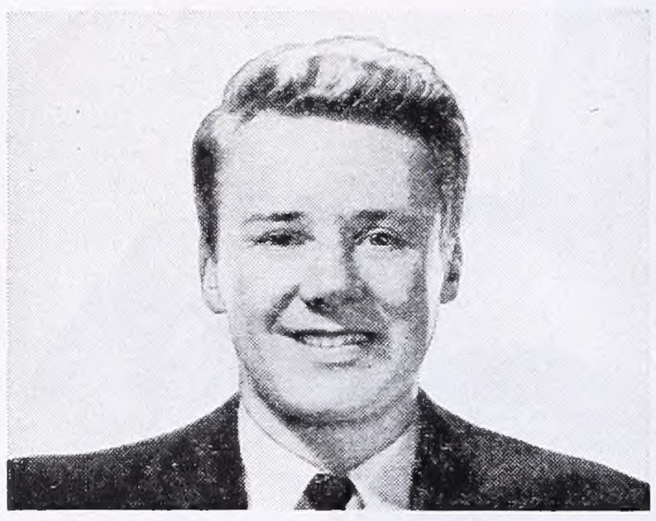
No excuse, no alibi, no reason for not going to see "No Leave, No Love."

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M, of course, Makes Greater Musicals!

★ ★ ★ ★

When you see "No Leave, No Love" you'll say a lot of "what-a's".



What a story. What a cast. What a score. What a hit. And what a man...

★ ★ ★ ★

Van Johnson, who is now in the van of all male screen stars, adds to his reputation in this one.

★ ★ ★ ★



And Keenan Wynn wins a new title: F.M.I.P.—Funniest Man In Pictures.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's a newcomer to the screen—curvaceous Pat Kirkwood, with an infectious voice and incandescent lamps.

★ ★ ★ ★

Two orchestras. Count them—two—Xavier Cugat and Guy Lombardo provide the irresistible melody.

★ ★ ★ ★

And in addition the film offers Edward Arnold, Marie Wilson and Leon Ames.

★ ★ ★ ★



"No Leave, No Love" was produced by Joe Pasternak, outstanding musical picture creator. This one has the Pasternak knack.

★ ★ ★ ★

Directed by Charles Martin who, along with Leslie Kardos wrote the screen play, "No Leave, No Love", fulfills all anticipations of good entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

Incidentally, you will notice Marina Koshetz, the "countess" from Texas.

★ ★ ★ ★

And hear some tunes that are hummable humdingers, such as "Love on a Greyhound Bus" and "All the Time".

★ ★

"No Leave, No Love"? The answer is very definitely "Yes".



—Lea

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE GOERS

PRESENTS FOR NOVEMBER

Story Highlights

This One Is Truly Great	*Fred R. Sammis*	35
Return of Romance? (Joan Crawford, Clark Gable)	*Adele Whitely Fletcher*	36
Linda, Woman of the Hour	*Louella O. Parsons*	38
Intensely, Liz Scott	*Kay Campbell*	43
Buckeye Buckaroo (Roy Rogers)	*Maxine Arnold*	45
Feet That Danced (Rita Hayworth)	*Dorothy Deere*	47
Ranch Warming (Alan Ladd)		48
Two Girls and a Friendship (June Allyson)	*Nancy Walker*	50
A Guy Named Bob (Guy Madison)	*Howard Sharpe*	52
It's Like This with Harry and Me	*Betty Grable*	54
Harrison, Rex	*Herb Howe*	58
Million Dollar Lullaby (Judy Garland)	*Elaine St. Johns*	60
Wish-Date (June Haver, Peter Lawford)		62
That's Hollywood for You	*Sidney Skolsky*	66
The Man from Rising Sun (Robert Mitchum)	*Diane Scott*	68
Short—and Sweet	*Anita Colby*	70
What Should I Do? Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert		72
Yankee Bride (Olivia de Havilland)	*Roberta Ormiston*	74

Features in Color

Lizabeth Scott	42	June Allyson	51
Roy Rogers and Trigger	44	Guy Madison	53
Rita Hayworth	46	Betty Grable and Vicki James	55
The Alan Ladds and their friends	48		

Special Events

Beauty Spots	151	Photoplay Fashions	93
Brief Reviews	156	Platter Patter	116
Casts of Current Pictures	159	The Shadow Stage	4
He's Colossal!	124	Slang to the Rescue	109
Inside Stuff—Cal York	14	Wheelchair Fishermen	12

Cover: Betty Grable, appearing in "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim"
Miss Grable's outfit by Bonnie Cashin
Natural color photograph by Paul Hesse

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NOVEMBER, 1946 **VOL. 29, No. 6**

PHOTOPLAY, published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc., New York, N. Y. General Business, Editorial and Advertising Offices: 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Harold Wise, Senior Vice-President; S. O. Shapiro, Vice President; Herbert Drake, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer; Edward F. Lethen, Advertising Manager. Chicago Office: 221 North La Salle St., Leslie R. Gage, Mgr. Pacific Coast Office: San Francisco, 420 Market St., Lee Andrews, Mgr. Re-entered as Second Class matter May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: U. S. and Possessions, $1.80 per year. All other countries, $3.00 per year. Price per copy, 15c in the United States, 25c in Canada. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any loss of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.

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Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Co., Dunellen, N. J.

Yes!

IT'S GOT THAT **M-G-M** ZING AND SWING AND EVERYTHING!

Yes!

IT'S GOT **VAN**— KISSING A THRILLING NEW SWEETHEART!

Yes!

IT'S GOT **KEENAN**— THAT HILARIOUS "EASY TO WED" KIBITZER!

Yes!

IT'S GOT **PAT KIRKWOOD**— AND SHE'S A GIRL THAT'S GOT PUH-LENTY!

Yes!

IT'S GOT **CUGAT**— AND HIS RHUMBA BEAT —AND **GUY LOMBARDO** SENDING SWEET!



AN **M-G-M** PICTURE

Song Hits
"All The Time!"
"Love On a Greyhound Bus!"
Many More!

"No LEAVE No LOVE"

Van Johnson

with

KEENAN WYNN — New Singing Star

PAT KIRKWOOD · **XAVIER CUGAT** and His Orchestra · **GUY LOMBARDO** and His Orchestra

and **EDWARD ARNOLD** · **MARIE WILSON** · **LEON AMES**

Original Screen Play by CHARLES MARTIN and LESLIE KARDOS

Directed by **CHARLES MARTIN** · Produced by **JOE PASTERNAK** · A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Jolson's hey-days brought back by Larry Parks in this American epic

✓✓✓The Jolson Story (Columbia)

A LIFE story with plenty of life to it, this is going to leave a happy glow all over American audiences. It starts out with Asa Yoelson, played earnestly by Scotty Beckett, as the small son of a Jewish cantor, takes him as an adult, played magnificently by Larry Parks, through a great career—and all to the tune of the well-remembered Jolson songs.

Everything is there in spirited Technicolor—Al's great ambitions, his great trouping, his great romance with dancer Evelyn Keyes. It is all bound up in a gold-papered package of good songs and good music. Contrary to most films of this type, it has you hoping the plot won't interrupt the tunes too much. Larry Parks is Jolson; he performs with a punch, a sincere verve that captures his audience. Furthermore, he does an uncannily good job of reproducing a living man. Even the voice seems to be Jolson's. His supporting players are splendid and right there with him—William Demarest as Steve Martin, Ludwig Donath as the cantor, Tamara Shayne as the mother.

The first half of the film is a masterpiece; it is only in the second half that a slowing-up becomes noticeable. It is doubtful, though, that even this will hinder your complete hand-clapping for a motion picture that gives you everything you want in entertainment—and what's more, gives you Jolson back again.

Your Reviewer Says: Hats in the air!



Comedy to music for Jane Powell and Walter Pidgeon in colorful film

✓✓Holiday in Mexico (M-G-M)

JANE POWELL sings; Jose Iturbi plays; Xavier Cugat directs his orchestra; Roddy McDowall looks very, very British and very very lovesick; Ilona Massey is beautiful; Walter Pidgeon, suave and a competent cast goes about the business of providing real entertainment with an entertaining plot. Net result: One of the best musicals of the year.

Against a storybook Technicolor background of the American Embassy in Mexico, Jane Powell plays the daughter of Ambassador Walter Pidgeon. She aspires to run the embassy and also her hopelessly infatuated swain, Roddy McDowall. In the process of arranging a party, she meets musicians Iturbi and Cugat, does some truly extraordinary singing herself and gets involved in some droll romantic monkey business. Supposed to be a fifteen-year-old, singer Powell looks and acts a little more, a point that is minimized as soon as her voice takes over.

The plot is light but sufficiently active to support some breath-taking music; a big bow is given to humorous episodes and to their chief progenitor, capable Roddy McDowall; the whole is full of color, full of interest, full of melody, full of fun.

Your Reviewer Says: This hits a high note.



Murderous mood for Burt Lancaster and Ava Gardner in crime drama

✓✓The Killers (Universal)

TAKE a murderous mood, add some strictly Hemingway plot and you have this—a strong action picture that's worth queueing up to see. Producer Mark Hellinger has made a neat job of the blend; he turns out a picture that at moments will make strong men quiver.

Two killers come to a little town at night; one man is murdered. Except for big headlines in the local paper and Hemingway's touch of story-telling, this might have been the end, but as it is, insurance investigator Edmond O'Brien starts digging up some shaking facts. The murdered man is "The Swede," played competently by Burt Lancaster; and what's been in his past life makes this a film with a future. Ava Gardner plays the old-fashioned moll with a modern touch; she proves herself a gal with the makings of a well-rounded little actress.

You won't relax much during the evening—the action is well timed and the cast perfectly ready to play it out to the hilt. Honors among them are evenly divided; while no one stands out, the unit as a whole comes through with even performances. If you're ready for some good old-fashioned gangster play-acting, you can take this straight.

Your Reviewer Says: A killer-thriller.

(Continued on page 6)

BY MARIAN QUINN KELLY

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 10

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 159

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 156

PARAMOUNT *proudly presents* RICHARD HENRY DANA, Jr.'s
Immortal Classic Of The Seven Seas!

"TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST"

Thirsting for adventure . . . red-blooded mutineers surge from the pages of the world's best loved story of men and ships!

STARRING

ALAN LADD
BRIAN DONLEVY
WILLIAM BENDIX
BARRY FITZGERALD

WITH

Howard da SILVA · Esther FERNANDEZ · Albert DEKKER · Luis VAN ROOTEN · Darryl HICKMAN

Produced by SETON I. MILLER · Directed by JOHN FARROW · Screen Play by Seton I. Miller and George Bruce

(*Continued from page* 4)

✓✓✓Henry V (Two Cities-UA)

WHAT Maurice Evans has done for Shakespeare on the stage, Laurence Olivier now does on the screen—that is, he brings a brilliant living classic to modern life. In doing it, he not only presents a film that spells top-notch entertainment, but he opens the way for a new type of motion picture, one that will move out of the present restricted Hollywood field and into the sphere of high art.

Producer and director Oliver is also actor in this. He plays Henry V with restraint, with humor, with spirit. His cast is his perfect complement; among them, Renee Asherson, as the bonny Princess Katherine, turns into a standout scene-stealer.

The opening is a play within a play, reproducing for the audience a presentation of "Henry V" in the old Globe Theater in London, complete with the gallants of the stalls, the rowdies of the pits, the raising of the flag, the two-tiered stage. Gradually, the Globe is forgotten and the film moves to France, to a direct account of the great battle of Henry at Agincourt, a battle that will be imprinted forever on the minds of audiences as one of the greatest movie scenes.

Against this perfected background of realistic color, more realistic action, Olivier and his co-workers bring the poetry of Shakespeare to life with perfect cadence and finished diction. The cutting has been done with a genius's shears; the scenes move quickly; the speeches become a living part of a twentieth-century film.

Your Reviewer Says: A masterpiece.

Black Angel (Universal)

WHO has the jeweled heart pin? That's the big question in this murder mystery stewed up by Universal. Dan Duryea, the husband of slain singer Constance Dowling, doesn't know; John Phillips, the poor fellow who walked in on the corpse, says he saw it; but the police are inclined to think there just wasn't any pin. Sometimes the audience thinks they're having hallucinations, too, especially when suspects start piling up.

The plot is simple: Constance gets murdered; John gets convicted; John's faithful wife, June Vincent, starts pitching. With the help of Dan, who has a "Lost Weekend" touch about him, she gets a job singing in the club of her own private suspect, Peter Lorre. Of course no one recognizes her—even though the murder has been front-page news for weeks. Everything goes along dandy, with things getting more involved by the minute. But both the law and Dan were smarter than you thought, so the right man gets done in after everyone else is practically worn out.

Since the picture revolves around June Vincent, it's too bad she does not carry it more successfully.

Your Reviewer Says: Dark clouds around this angel.

No Leave, No Love (M-G-M)

THE name Van Johnson is enough to make the lines start forming to the left, so they say; but unless the Johnson admirers are strong enough to sit through ninety minutes of bad film and still worship their hero, this picture is going to make everyone, including Van, suffer.

Johnson plays a Marine whose pal Keenan Wynn starts out to promote him. After years in the Pacific they're ready for anything. It's a good thing they are because the script writers have stopped at nothing. Van's on his way back home to marry his girl; Keenan gets him on a radio program and in line with radio star Pat Kirkwood. Van's mama asks Pat to keep Van occupied until she can fly West to break the awful news that Van's girl has gone and married another guy. Van is kept occupied all right—he gets involved with radio tycoon Edward Arnold, a phony Russian countess and a million-dollar banquet. Pie-throwing is indulged in; only in this case, it's cheesecake, but you get the general idea. If Van were half the man the film has him (he's won the Congressional Medal of Honor) he would have stood up and thrown everyone at the camera in the middle of the picture.

Music by Xavier Cugat and his orchestra and anyone else who happens to be around adds to the general mix-up. At one point, Van tells Pat he's going to reveal the whole story. "You better sit down for it," says he. So had you.

Your Reviewer Says: For Johnson worshippers only.

The Invisible Informer (Republic)

A DOG growls menacingly, ominous music swells and presto! There's another body in the bayou. The prop men must have had a wonderful time hanging all that ghostly moss about; the purpose was probably to scare the living daylights out of the audience. But as it is, what with insurance investigators Bill Henry and Linda Stirling making a sorry mess of try-

(*Continued on page* 8)

Character quiz

by **JOAN CRAWFORD**

Winner of 1945 Academy Award

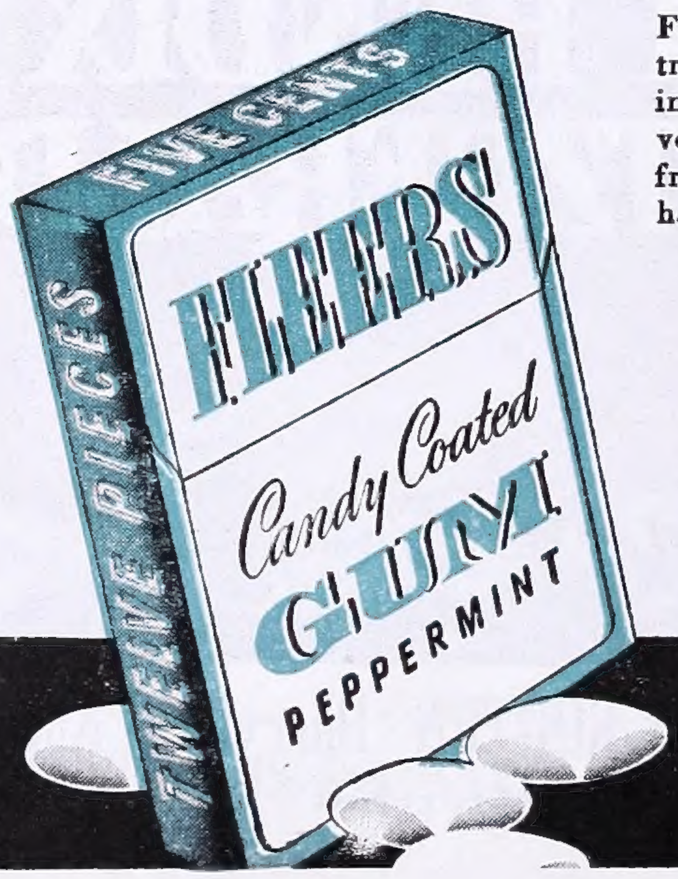
Star of "Humoresque," A Warner Brothers Picture



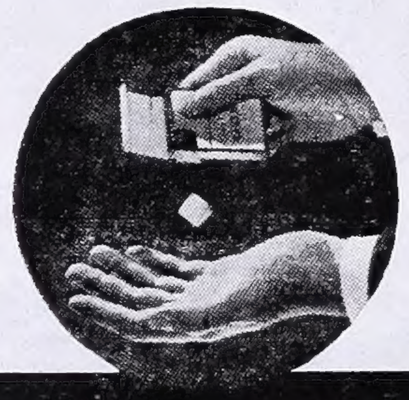
(1) Do you make snide cracks about folks of other races, creeds or colors? (2) Do you get the *facts* before you form opinions? (3) Do you give others credit for having good intentions, too? (4) Do you *do* something to help correct the things you think are wrong with the world?—If your answers are No-Yes-Yes-Yes, you're a solid citizen, and America needs more like you.

Joan's little quiz is one of a series presented by Fleer's in the interest of better understanding among families, friends and nations.





Fleer's is a solid sender . . . leader in the trend to candy coated gum. With its gleaming white coating, its *extra* peppermint flavor, Fleer's is especially attractive and refreshing. Twelve tempting fleerlets in each handy package. Try Fleer's today.



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ADVENTURE WITHOUT PARALLEL!



Gary Cooper

IN

"CLOAK AND DAGGER"

The Picture that introduces

LILLI PALMER

WITH **ROBERT ALDA**

DIRECTED BY **FRITZ LANG** · PRODUCED BY **MILTON SPERLING**

SCREEN PLAY BY ALBERT MALTZ AND RING LARDNER, JR. ORIGINAL STORY BY BORIS INGSTER AND JOHN LARKIN • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

PRODUCED BY UNITED STATES PICTURES FOR WARNER BROS.

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY Warner OF TALKING PICTURES

(*Continued from page* 6)

ing to discover whether the *Baylors'* emerald necklace really was stolen, the gross total of all this is boredom.

The *Baylors* are an old Southern family living on a gloomy old plantation with a bog that's a grand hiding place for bodies and a dog that bares his teeth every few minutes. This, as you can see, is a ready-made setup for villains and the same have a dandy time doing dirty work.

Linda and Bill are just helpless before them; someone else obviously should have been given the job.

Your Reviewer Says: Somebody had a bad dream.

G.I. War Brides (Republic)

THERE is one adjective that is sure to be tagged to this—and that is "timely." The film starts off on a nice fresh angle—British war brides and their babies sail from England to a new life in America. Among them is a stowaway, Anna Lee, anxious to get to San Francisco where a romantic captain, William Henry, waits to marry her—or so she thinks.

Carol Savage is a young lady with handsome husband James Ellison waiting for her in California, too, but she's not quite so anxious to get to him. So she hands over all her credentials to Anna, who sails blissfully off with the brides and babies. Since there's a suspicious reporter trailing her, she puts everything into her reunion with her supposed and somewhat bewildered husband. In fact, she puts so much into it—well, you've guessed what happens.

This is a spotty film—an attention-getter in some parts, a deadhead in others. But you won't feel cheated if you happen to line up to see it.

Your Reviewer Says: All right for a fill-in.

Step by Step (RKO)

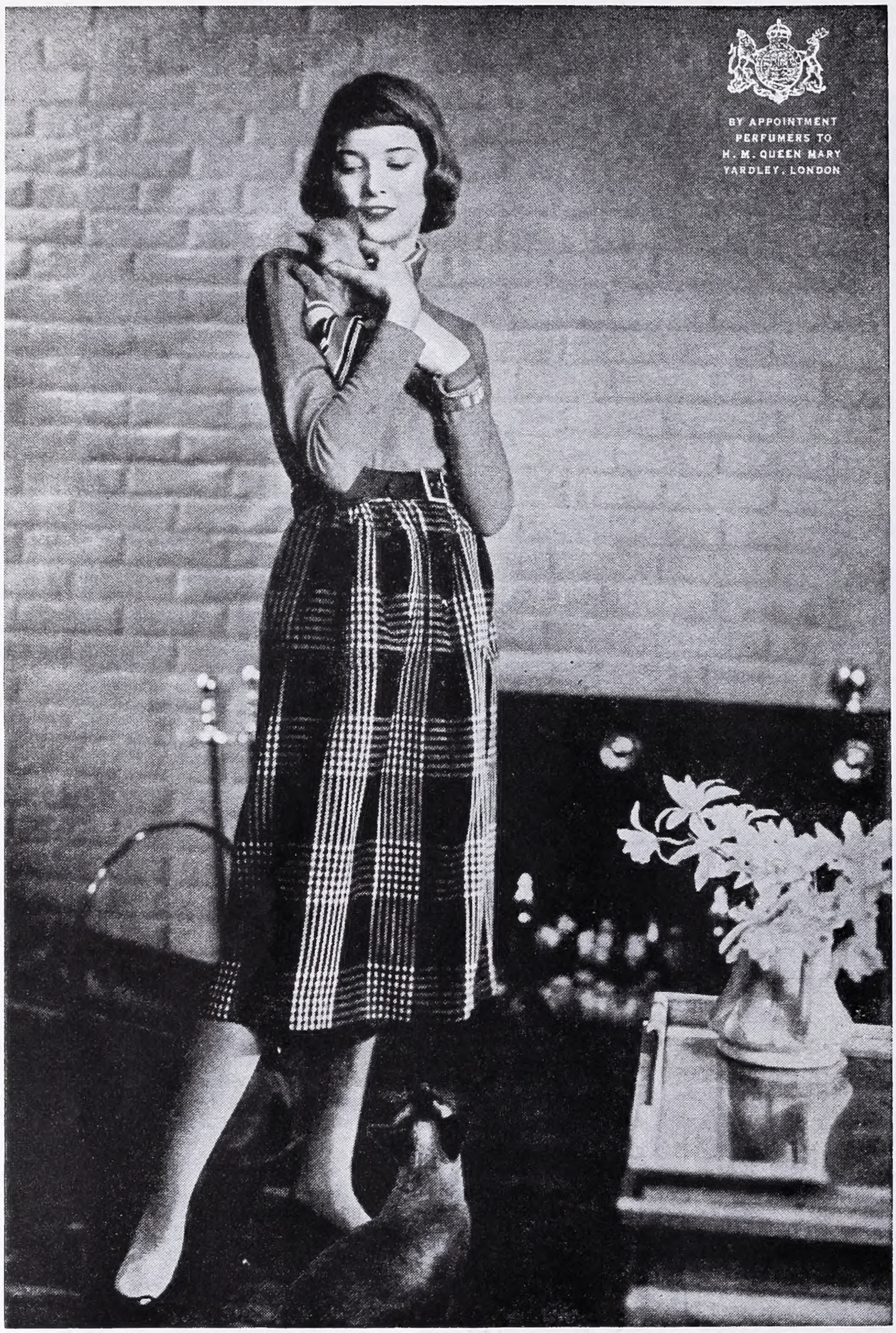
STEP by step, this gets more and more implausible. A great big haunted-looking house is the scene for mysterious goings-on, such as the disappearance of a blonde, the impersonation of a senator by a bad man and a corpse on the sofa. Everything is covered with dust, including the plot: Laurence Tierney, driving along the highway, spots the blonde, Anne Jeffreys, taking a swim, traces her to the house, finds her not and, being a most discerning fellow, feels in his handsome bones that something is amiss.

He's right, of course—a gang of crooks is trying to get a list of names important

(*Continued on page* 10)



Coming your way soon, Paul Muni and Anne Baxter in "Angel on My Shoulder"



hold youth close to your heart...

Who cares how cold the wind blows—when Yardley English Lavender is here to breathe youth's soft rapture at an instant's summons! Let it fill all your waking moments with that so-contagious feeling that comes of being young!



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ANN MILLER
ALLYN JOSLYN
VELOZ and YOLANDA
COLUMBIA PICTURES
Screenplay by Allen Rivkin, Harry Clork and Devery Freeman • Directed by S. SYLVAN SIMON • Produced by SIDNEY BIDDELL

"Tenderly she touched all things—
with *Soft Hands*, pale
as dove's white wings"





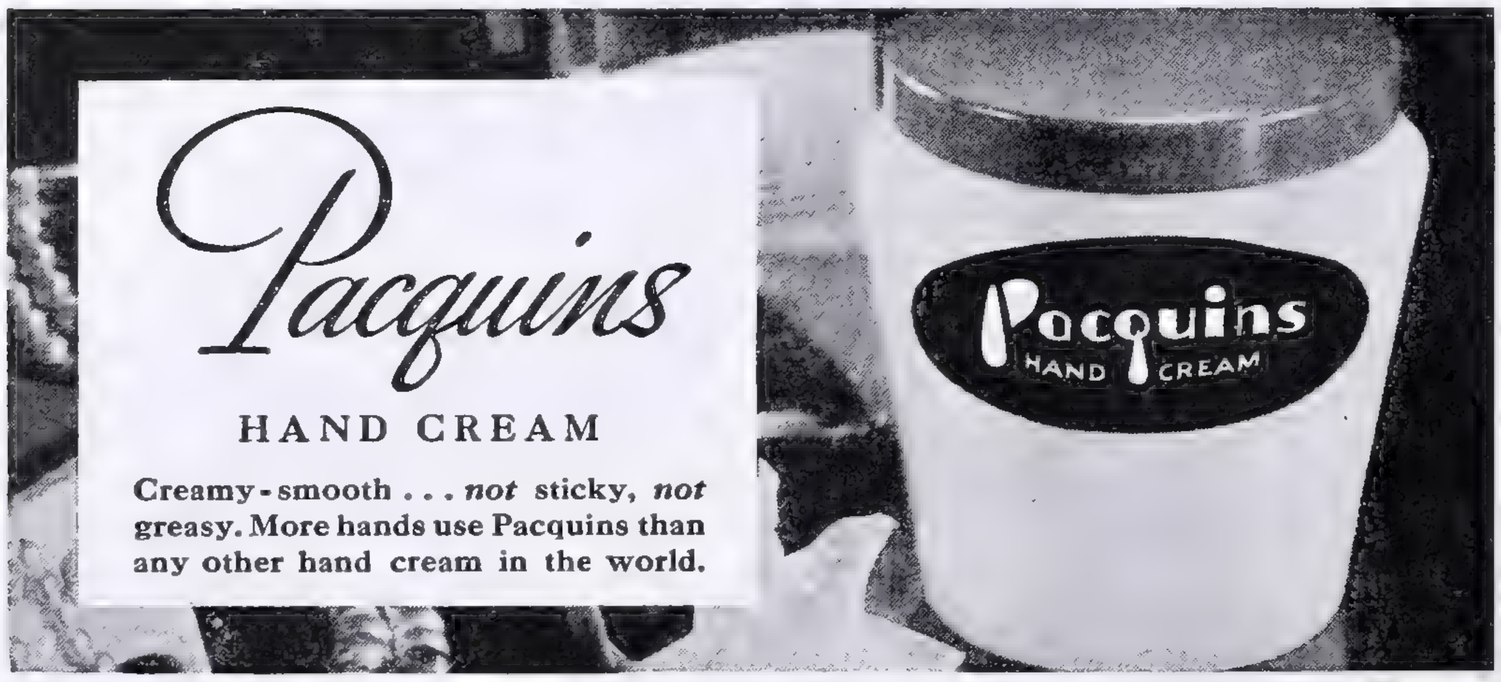
Hands that rule the dishpan can still rule hearts as well!

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AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

(*Continued from page* 8)

to the government and they get very angry when Laurence manages to mix himself up in their evil doings. The law thinks Laurence and Anne are guilty and this is where the pretty pair's big mistake occurs. Instead of going directly to the police and clearing themselves in logical fashion, they evade the law, which lands them in all sorts of exciting trouble.

Your Reviewer Says: Step aside from this.

Blonde for a Day (PRC)

THERE'S a lily-white hand with a big ring; then there's a shot; then there's a murder. Enter *Michael Shayne*, private detective, carrying on with his peanut-chewing and his mystery-solving in whimsical fashion. This time he's looking for a blonde who's methodically killing off some chaps who have won money at the gaming tables.

This search leads him right into a nest of crooked gamblers, tough-talking trigger men and fast-talking blackmailers. Hugh Beaumont, as *Shayne*, is helped along by his *Girl Friday*, Kathryn Adams.

In the end, of course, he finds the blonde and gives her to the police. If you happen to be a *Michael Shayne* addict you may not mind viewing these proceedings.

Your Reviewer Says: The least of the Shaynes.

If I'm Lucky (20th Century-Fox)

IF THE trumpet of Harry James and the songs of Perry Como "send" you, you can risk seeing this and probably not have too bad a time. But if you're cold to crooners, just let it pass by.

James plays a bandleader; Vivian Blaine a singer; Como a guy who just wants to be with a band. He gets there via his song, "If I'm Lucky." Not only does he have a hit on his hands, but he finds himself running for governor. His backers are crooked, of course, just using him as the proverbial tool of their organization, but Perry is such a good boy and so in love with Vivian he doesn't catch on until it's too late. But when he does—well, give us more politicians like Perry.

Carmen Miranda struts plenty of her stuff and the music is right there all the while, providing it's for you.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't try your luck too far.

(*Continued on page* 154)

Best Pictures of the Month

Henry V

Holiday in Mexico

The Jolson Story

The Killers

Cloak and Dagger

Best Performances

Laurence Olivier, Renee Asherson in "Henry V"

Roddy McDowall, Jane Powell in "Holiday in Mexico"

Larry Parks in "The Jolson Story"

This Woman

FOUND WHAT EVERY WOMAN SEEKS!



She discovered the secret of true happiness;
found it in bringing hope and help to the helpless!



Never has the screen known greater,
deeper, more stirring drama than this
TRUE STORY of the nurse who turned
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hold dear . . . to write in glorious
deeds one of the most
moving and exciting
chapters in all human
experience!

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PRESENTS

ROSALIND RUSSELL · ALEXANDER KNOX

in

Sister Kenny

with

DEAN JAGGER · PHILIP MERIVALE · BEULAH BONDI

CHARLES DINGLE · Produced and Directed by DUDLEY NICHOLS

Screenplay by Dudley Nichols, Alexander Knox and Mary McCarthy

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Wheelchair

Wonderful day for wounded vets



All aboard—with beauties Esther Williams, Laraine Day and Bunny Waters steering three vets. Boat took off from Malibu pier, was one of trips sponsored by business men—this one was arranged by Harry Karl, shoe manufacturer



Guest of honor Susan Peters was right there to contribute her share of fishing and fun! Vets are from Birmingham General Hospital, Van Nuys

ALL THE YOUTH AND LOVE, WARMTH AND WONDER OF

You'll remember

MARGIE

THESE WERE THE DAYS! MARGIE IS THE GIRL! THIS IS

Fishermen

with stars, big fish, smooth seas—





Center of attraction—the live bait in the center of the deck. The biggest fish caught—a ten pound halibut—won veteran Frederick Smead a ten-dollar prize donated by the skipper. The boys, Susan, all agreed, it was a day they'll never forget

Chow time is interrupted for Stanley Den Adel by Esther Williams. First halibut caught was fried on board. Mocambo supplied rest of food

AMERICA'S HEY! HEY! DAY!



THE PICTURE!

Darryl F. Zanuck

presents

JEANNE CRAIN

MARGIE

IN TECHNICOLOR

GLENN LYNN ALAN

LANGAN·BARI·YOUNG

BARBARA LAWRENCE · CONRAD JANIS · ESTHER DALE

Directed by

HENRY KING ·

Produced by

WALTER MOROSCO

20th CENTURY-FOX

Screen Play by F. Hugh Herbert

Based on Stories by Ruth McKenney and Richard Bransten



Fan fair—Jennifer Jones chats with George Cukor at Gene Tierney's gorgeous party



Hoagy Carmichael (right) tunes in on Rex Harrisons, Sonja Henie's party

Spotted: Rita Hayworth was reported too ill to make a Hollywood Bowl appearance but the real truth is, she was too frightened and nervous to speak before so many people. That very night she startled diners at Romanoff's by appearing on the arm of Orson Welles and this was the first hint the town had of a reconciliation's being in the wind. The hint became a full-blown fact when Rita and Orson told their closest friends that they were going to give their marriage another try. Nobody's taking any bets that this will take, but give them a hand for trying.

A letter to Cal from Turhan Bey reveals the actor is on his way home after an overseas stretch all over the Pacific in the Special Service Division of the Army. And what's more—the actor will report back to Universal for his first post-service picture in November. His heart, incidentally, is free.

Cornel Wilde is so devoted to his Pat, he has taken over the job as his wife's agent. If the elaborate test Cornel arranged and supervised for her at Twentieth does not result in "The Black Rose" lead, Cornel confides he will arrange to have the studio loan his wife out for a picture. After "A Song to Remember" for Columbia, Cornel knows the value of a loan-out deal.

June Allyson's illness that held up "High Barbaree" was due to the fact the little star didn't feel her role in "Green Dolphin Street" big enough and the studio's "high pressure" methods "wore her out." So beauteous Donna Reed may step into one of the best roles of the year—co-starring or no co-starring billing.

Party Parley: This was party month in Hollywood with Cal spinning from one to another like a whirling dervish. Perhaps the most spectacularly beautiful affair was given

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Photographs by Fink and Smith



Night and day gaiety—Alexis Smith and husband Craig Stevens at "Night and Day" premiere



Tres gay duo—Lana Turner, turning heads with her new brown hair, and Bob Hutton at Cabana Club opening

in the enormous gardens of Kay Williams and her husband Adolph Spreckels with stars galore in attendance. Joan Crawford, after another spat with Greg Bautzer, came with Fred de Cordova of Warner Brothers. Bob Hutton stagged it, but Lana joined him later after her stint at the Bowl. Van Johnson spent most of the evening with the Gary Coopers. Naturally the Wynns were in attendance.

Dancing under the great green canopy were Tyrone and Annabella; Hoagy Carmichael executing a fandango step with Roz Russell; Joan Fontaine and her groom, Bill Dozier; the John Waynes; and Richard Ney without Greer Garson, dancing every dance. Crawford confided that after a visit to New York, she's taking herself off to South America for a rest. Vision the Latins permitting la Crawford to rest!

Head man Louie B. Mayer of M-G-M again proved himself the best dancer on the floor and from the way he admired the very lovely Patricia Morison, don't be surprised if she lands an M-G-M contract. Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling, both tanned from golf and swimming, had dinner with George Burns and Gracie Allen at one of the beautiful flower-decked tables that surrounded the garden dance floor.

Another important event from the glamour standpoint was Sonja Henie's soiree. Sonja, who has been doing everything in a big way for the past couple of years, took over the Crillon Restaurant, which is strictly for dining—and had a tiny dance floor put down in front of the small bar. The place was jammed—but nobody minded the crush, it was so very gay. Lana Turner, pounds overweight, was "wearing" her new light brown hair out in public for the first time—and it's very becoming and softening to her (*Continued on page* 16)

MARY ANDERSON

Appearing in "To Each His Own," a Paramount Production.



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Registering happiness: Newlyweds Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier at the Cabana Club

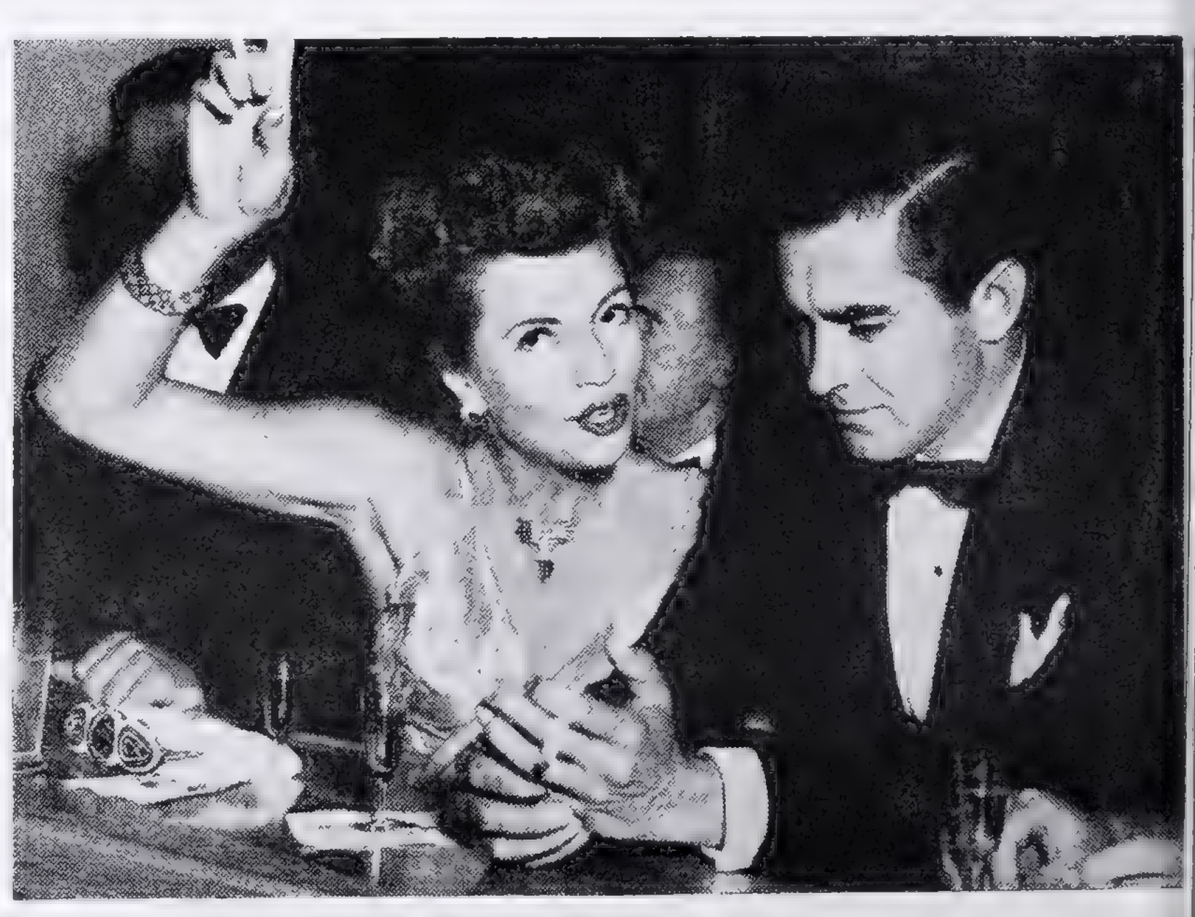
INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 15) after that mop of white she's been carrying around for so long. Sonja managed to be a perfect hostess and find time to coo all evening with Stuart Barthelmess too. These two get off in a corner no matter where they are and seem to be oblivious to the fact that there's even a party going on! Van Johnson and Cary Grant (with Betty Hensel) were there—and both, you know, are ex-beaus of Sonja's. (See the pictures on page 26.) Sonja said this was her "small party." The big one that she gives on the grounds of her home in Holmby Hills will be along in a few weeks. And know what? She and Stu spent the entire afternoon before the party at the restaurant, *tasting* everything that was to be served. That gal really works for fun!

Gene Tierney played hostess to about two hundred for what she said was the first really big formal party she's ever given—and she was so glad to be returning all the hospitality that just about everyone at the soiree had shown her during her years here. Gene had just the top of a tent strung over her big terrace—because the night was balmy. A big dance floor and a small band kept things hot until about five A.M. Good thing the party was outdoors—because there is practically no furniture in the house yet—the living room, for instance, is absolutely bare except for the wallpaper, an antique mirror and two chairs that Gene's already chosen via her decorator. She takes weeks and weeks to make up her mind about anything she wants to put into her new dream house—and then she changes it! Her mind, we mean!

Lots of people were gossiping Linda Darnell and the Tierney into a big "feud" because Linda snagged the *Amber* role that Gene had her heart set on. But were the gabbers faces red when Linda walked into Gene's party! So that ended that! Linda is about twenty pounds too heavy—and it all showed that night—her gown being white, no less—and trimmed with sequins. But she'll diet before starting *Amber*. There were more stags than we've seen for years—and not enough unattached femmes to go around!

(*Continued on page* 18)



Also Cabana Clubbing—Ty Power and wife Annabella



According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

● Men and women in every branch of medicine—113,597 in all—were queried in this nationwide study of cigarette preference. Three leading research organizations made the survey. The gist of the query was—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?

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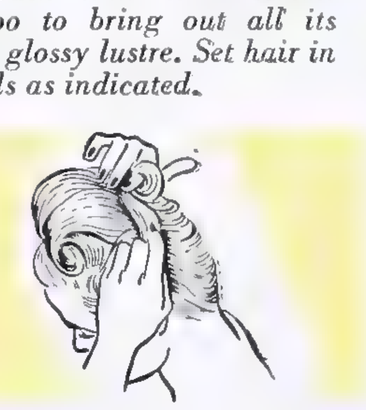
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How to fix the attractive hair-do above



First wash hair with Kreml Shampoo to bring out all its natural glossy lustre. Set hair in pin curls as indicated.



Take down pin curls. Roll hair over finger in separate puffs. Notice how Kreml Shampoo leaves hair more pliable—so ready to fall in place.



Finish rolling hair in puffs at side. Secure with bobby pins or hair pins. Kreml Shampoo is unsurpassed for every type, color and texture of hair.

INSIDE STUFF

Blissfully Noted: There is no glass in the upstairs windows and the plumbing in the new bathroom hasn't been connected but John Hodiak and Anne Baxter are just as happy as if John had a place to put his shirts, besides the top shelf in Anne's dressing table.

After their wedding at Anne's parents' home in Burlingame, California, the couple drove to Colorado Springs for a honeymoon. Exploring the mountain roads near the town they sighted a rustic cabin that bore a sign, "Hot Coffee." The woman who served them recognized them instantly and apologized sweetly for her nervousness at serving movie stars. It turned out the server was a writer, Erma Davis, who writes for Redbook and other publications, and her husband a painter of some renown. The Hodiaks and the Davises became such good friends, John and Anne moved into a guest cabin on their place and here far away in the Colorado mountains, Anne cooked John his first meal. It was good, too, John proudly claims.

As a token of friendship Anne gave one of the Davis children her gold bracelet with the little gold hearts attached. And someday when they finally do get glass in their windows and the new plumbing adjusted in their Beverly Hills home, the Hodiaks hope to have the Davises for a visit.

Romance Lane: Dave Rose has become so interested in June Haver's musical talent (as well as her beauty) he's making an orchestration of one of her concertos . . . Clark Gable and the very social Millicent Rogers of New York dining at the swanky spots and keeping the natives agog . . . Lew Ayres beauing about Nan Martin, a lovely Adrian model . . . Bob Stack recovered from Evelyn Keyes's unexpected elopement with John Huston all because socialite Ann Langendorf appeared on the scene at the right moment . . . Van Johnson, who is always in the company of the Keenan Wynns and Peter Lawford, seems not to mind in the least that Sonja Henie is concentrating on young (and we do mean young) Stewart Barthelmess . . . And something tells Cal Georgie Jessel still carries a torch for ex-wife Lois Andrews or why else does he always seek out her company?

Hereabouts: No one in Hollywood knew it but Rita Hayworth's only daughter Rebecca was critically ill for a week. Rita refused to budge from the baby's side until the crisis was past. Hollywood wonders with Orson Welles back in town how Rita's romance with Tony Martin will progress . . . The new drab brown hair shade worn by Lana Turner for "Green Dolphin Street" is so much more becoming than the platinum shade, Lana may continue to wear it. The only catch is the fans fail to recognize Lana at premieres and public places and howl like fury when they discover their dream girl has passed unnoticed.

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so S-M-O-O-T-H it gives your lips a lovely new allure!

FOR YOU, *Max Factor Hollywood* again creates something completely new and utterly different in make-up. Three lipstick reds for your type...Clear Red, Blue Red and Rose Red...correct for your colorings and correct for fashion. Think of it!..three exciting shades for each type, blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. These new exclusive reds are based on a new exclusive formula discovered and perfected by *Max Factor Hollywood*. Note the chart below. See for yourself the shades recommended for your type...then try this new *Max Factor Hollywood* Lipstick today. See and feel the thrilling difference. In a modern-design metal case, $1.00

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BROWNETTES	CLEAR RED No. 2	BLUE RED No. 2	ROSE RED No. 2
REDHEADS	CLEAR RED No. 1	BLUE RED No. 1	ROSE RED No. 1

A NEW RAINBOW OF LIPSTICK REDS...

Max Factor • Hollywood

INSIDE STUFF



Sketched at the Esquire Artist party—Pat Wilde approves Cornel's model line

(*Continued from page* 18)

Nuptially Speaking: Diana Lynn returned from New York with some beautiful bits of finery for her trousseau. Diana plans to wed Henry Willson in January after she completes her role in "Little Women." Her best friend Gail Russell may not wait that long to wed Guy Madison. In fact, Gail has confided to friends that she and Guy will elope when they marry, as neither one of them wants a fussy wedding.

Recently Guy presented Gail with a gold bracelet with a gold heart attached. "Have whatever you think would be appropriate engraved on the heart," Guy told her. Gail insisted that the little word "Tiffany" was all the engraving she needed to render the gift a priceless possession. Plus, of course the implication in the attached heart.

Wishing to return the compliment Gail purchased a blond cocker puppy as a gift for Guy. It was several days before Guy could claim the puppy and one look at Gail's face told Guy it was too late—she'd become too attached to the dog. So Guy pretended to "persuade" Gail to keep the pup and she couldn't have been happier. A week later she purchased the mate for her blond boy friend.

Ford Facts: It had been several weeks since we'd heard from our friends Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell so we gave their telephone a quick jingle and heard Glenn's familiar voice on the other end of the wire. "Hi," he said, "I was out in the garden teaching my son to fish." He explained then that he'd rigged up a tiny pole for his fifteen-months-old Peter and was teaching him to cast into the garden pool. "What's Eleanor think of all



But a honey color won't keep you winter-sweet!

YOU'RE RIGHT on the sun beam, Pet. A radiant winter tan can help keep the beaux buzzing 'round.

That is, Sugar—it can help *if you stay nice to be near.*

True, your bath washes away *past* perspiration, but—winter or summer—you still need a safe deodorant like Mum to guard against risk of *future* underarm odor. So why take chances with your charm, *ever*—when you can trust Mum!

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"Romance was flickering out . . ."

Cinders, ashes and dust—that was the cold, gray feeling in my heart as I saw my married happiness dying out. I didn't know it was *my* fault, with my frequent neglect of feminine hygiene. But my doctor told me that mere *once-in-awhile* care had wrecked many a marriage. He said to get "Lysol" brand disinfectant and use it—always—in the douche.



"I brought the flame to life"

Such warm, glowing happiness in our marriage, since I took my doctor's advice to heart. I never neglect feminine hygiene now . . . always use "Lysol" for douching. Salt, soda and other homemade solutions can't compare with this proved *germ killer!* And "Lysol" is so thorough yet gentle. It *really works*—and it's both easy and economical to use!

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For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

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INSIDE STUFF



Guest-appearing at "Anna and the King of Siam" premiere—Mark Stevens and wife

this?" we asked. "She doesn't know it," Glenn laughed. "She's out shopping."

Tale of the Hat: Turning the pages of a fashion magazine, Barbara Stanwyck spied a hat that instantly held her interest . . . Now we all know there is nothing unusual in a woman's falling for a pretty hat but what makes this little episode unusual is that Barbara doesn't like hats, never buys or wears one. Even in pictures Barbara always tries to avoid wearing hats and when she must wear one, she won't even cast a second glance at herself in the mirror before facing the camera. Well, she fell so hard for this chapeau she secretly sent for it and, waiting until *the* moment arrived to wear it, she told husband Bob Taylor to be prepared for a surprise. Tenderly placing the hat on a chair in the dressing room she went to the bedroom to pat her hair in place and when she returned, there lay the beloved hat on the floor, a tattered wreck. From behind the chair the Stanwyck pooch peeped out guiltily.

"Where's the surprise?" Bob asked a few minutes later.

"I'm not wearing a hat and don't look so confused," Barbara said. "I almost wore one." Bob still looked stumped an hour later.

Tapping a Newcomer: When a lad named Gene Nelson sails on tapping feet through the film, "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," remember this story behind the boy. Gene, it seems, was an ice skater in the chorus of Sonja Henie's pictures when he decided to take off his skates and dance minus blades. A mere

(*Continued on page* 24)



Which is Worse?

MARRIAGE WITHOUT LOVE

OR

LOVE WITHOUT MARRIAGE?

AMALIE was a nobody, the daughter of a drunken tenant farmer. Alfred was rich, respectable. But he loved this ravishing, fascinating, red-mouthed woman, and married her despite his bitter knowledge that she did not, and probably never would, love *him*.

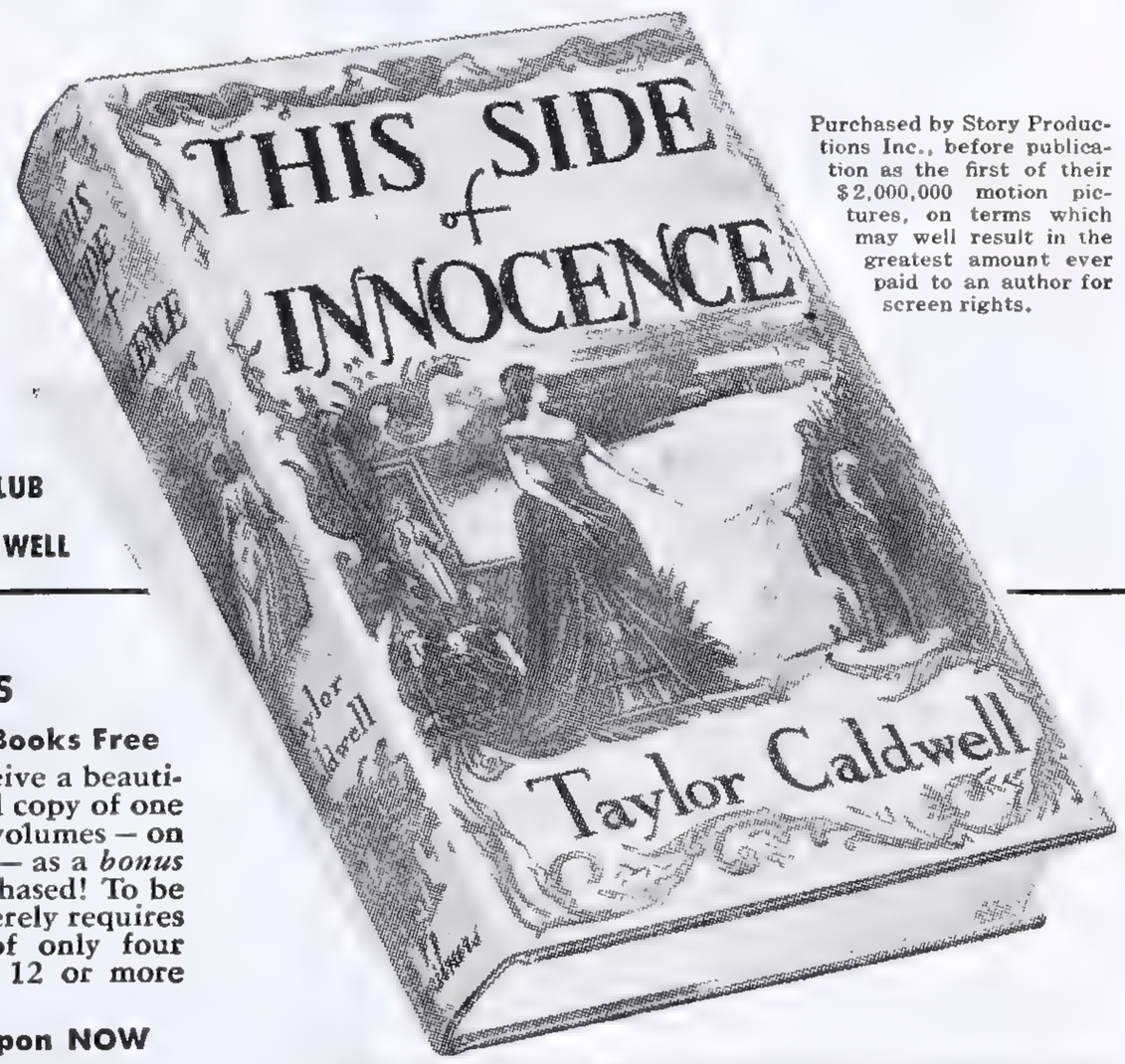
His half-brother Jerome, the devil-may-care wastrel, the man no woman had ever yet resisted, tried vainly to prevent the wedding. Jerome and Amalie hated each other on sight. He threatened her, tried to compromise her, tried to buy her off—and she laughed at him. Then, suddenly, caught in a passion as ruthless as themselves, they found they were deeply, recklessly in love. Did Amalie choose her loveless marriage—and security, or a lawless love—and disgrace?

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- ☐ Singing Waters
- ☐ B. F.'s Daughter
- ☐ Lord Hornblower
- ☐ The Black Rose
- ☐ The Dark Wood

With these books will come my first issue of the Brochure "Wings," telling about the forthcoming Literary Guild selection which will be offered for $2.00 to members only, regardless of the higher retail price of the publisher's edition. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish to purchase any Guild selection. The purchase of Guild selections is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month — only four during the year — to fulfill my membership requirement. I am to receive a bonus book for every four Guild selections I purchase.

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Mrs.
Miss *(Please Print)*

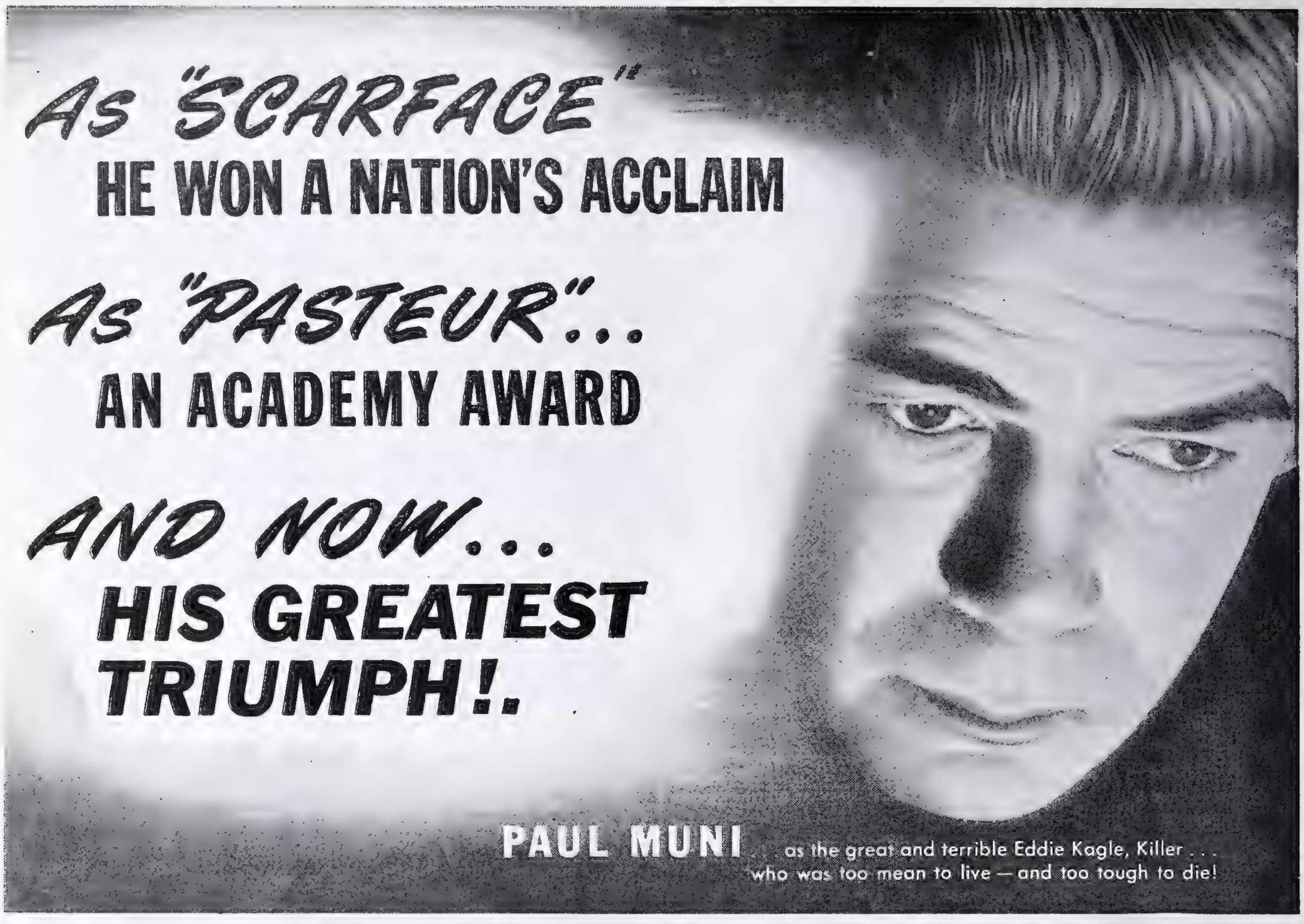
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LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC., PUBLISHERS, GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK



INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 22)

stock contract at Twentieth was the best he could wangle and so for a year Gene danced in chorus numbers unnoticed by the studio. But one night at a benefit June Haver saw the boy dance and complimented him to such an extent that the youth, about to give up, decided to stick it out.

Several months later June noticed a lad sent over to the set of "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" to teach Mark Stevens several dance routines and recognized the dancer she'd praised before. Gene almost wept when June said she did indeed remember him and what's more she spoke so highly of him to the bosses, he now has three featured numbers in the picture.

Young People: Dinner at Kurt Kreuger's hilltop home, with the lights below glittering like diamonds and the azure swimming pool reflecting the moonlight, reminds again that movie sets are not really exaggerated when it comes to beauty. It's found here in Hollywood every day. Dining on Kurt's patio, the conversation of the guests also reminded us that the town is full of eager young working people anxious to make good in their jobs and meeting frustrations like every other group of young hopefuls.

Richard Derr, for instance, had returned after three years in the Civil Air Transport flying between Brazil and Africa and had just finished a splendid role with Claudette Colbert in "The Secret Heart" when suddenly he was summoned before his draft board for a physical examination. Those three years of hazardous work mean nothing, it seems, and it looks as if Dick may once more be back in the fold.

Oliver Thorndyke was taken from a successful stage career in New York, signed by De Mille and placed in the role of the blind boy in "Doctor Wassell." That was two years ago and Oliver has been given nothing since. As he and Buff Cobb said, "How do people *in pictures* get *into* pictures?"



Cue-line for laughter. Betty Hensel regales Jimmy Stewart with the latest laugh-yarn at Anita Colby's Conover party, gay get-together at the Beverly Hills Hotel



nesakes: Model Marle Hayden and actor Sterling Hayden, who have more than r last names in common, add zest to marriage rumors, dining arm in arm at Ciro's

ndrea King, her blonde hair worn simple knot, had returned from a York vacation still on suspension r her disagreement over "Stallion d." "Shadow of a Woman," which made almost two years ago, still its release.

landsome Carl Esmond was beaning the fact he plays only unrealistic villains these days and no one will remember him as a personable leading man. The host had learned only that day his studio had refused to loan him for a Paulette Goddard film and a New York stage play, although his last picture was "Dark Corner," released months ago.

But for all this, you never met a more cheerful group of young people determined to stick it out and wait for the clouds to clear.

INSIDE STUFF

Shorts: Dotty Lamour will be wearing the last gasp in hats—and a lot of 'em in "My Favorite Brunette." Now that she's only working with Bob Hope, minus Crosby in this one, she only aches half as much from laughing when she gets home nights . . . Bill Eythe writes his pals from London that he's been having a lot of fun with Reggie Gardiner's sister . . . Hurd Hatfield was not so lucky as Bill who is finishing a British picture. Hurd went to France to do a film that was called off after he got there because of production difficulties . . . David Niven cut his vacation in Rhode Island short to come back and play the lead with Barbara Stanwyck in "The Other Love." And his best pal, Bob Coote, always cast as a comic, is having his first sympathetic role in Doug Fairbanks Jr's. first production, "The Exile" . . . Peggy Cummins went to Atwater Kent's party with Charles Russell—that's pretty steady dating now . . . Marsha Hunt waited for months to get her first swimming pool finished. And the day it was completed, she had to leave for New York to star in "Carnegie Hall" which is being made right on the premises.





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INSIDE STUFF





Gala and glittering—Sonja Henie's Crillon party. (Above) Sonja chats with Van Johnson, ex-beau, while current beau, Stewart Barthelmess, listens . . . and (left) with Ty Power, long-ago heartbeat



Spotlighted — Van Johnson greets Photoplay's beautiful Beauty Editor, Anita Colby

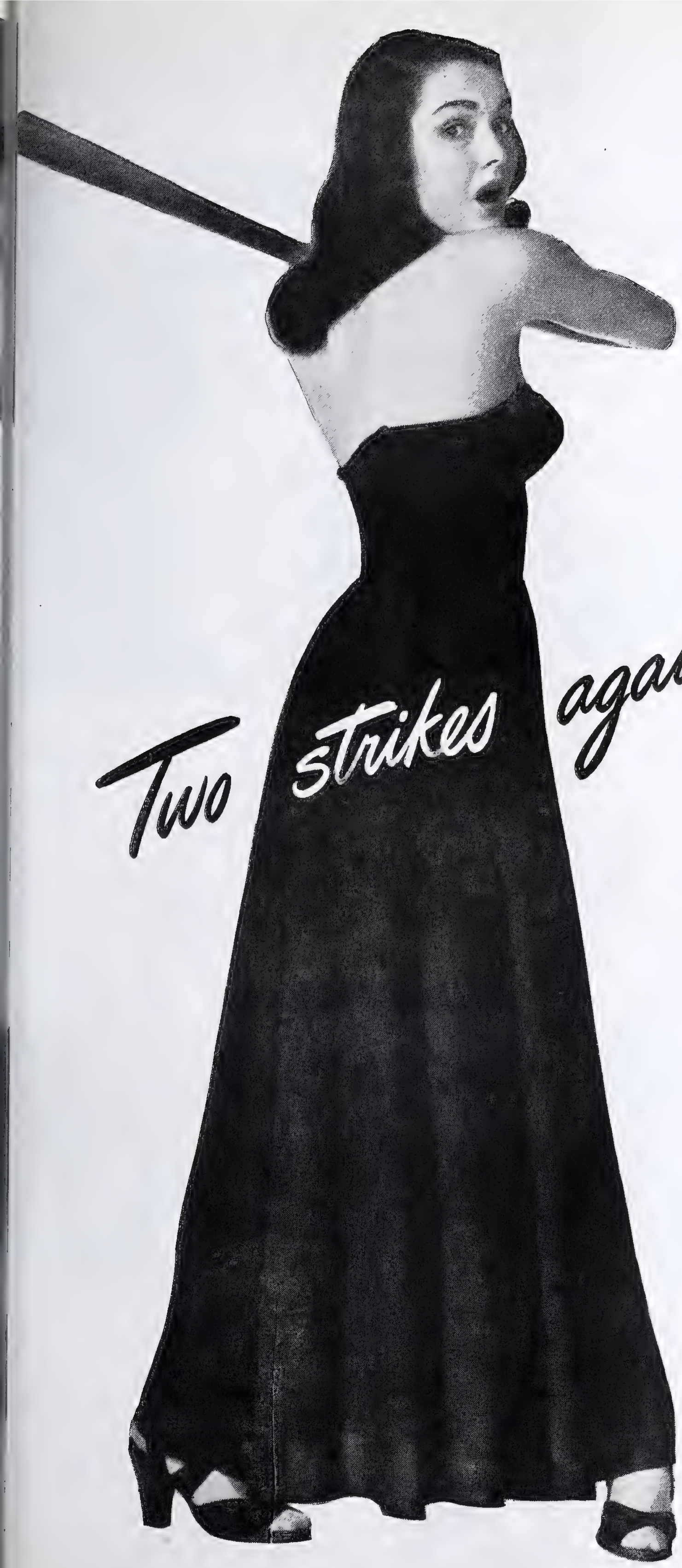
Sophisticated twosome—Count Oleg Cassini and wife Gene Tierney take in Henie event





Jean Pierre Aumont and his exotic Maria Montez, noted. Sonja, famed for her parties, arranged for the perfect menus and for dancing

(*Continued on page* 28)



Two strikes against her

PRETTY CUTE TRICK, this Emma-Jean. Under ordinary conditions the boys would be tumbling over themselves paying her court.

But tonight she's got two strikes against her. She's getting no place fast. And she, herself, would be the last to guess the reason why.* That's one course they didn't teach her at college.

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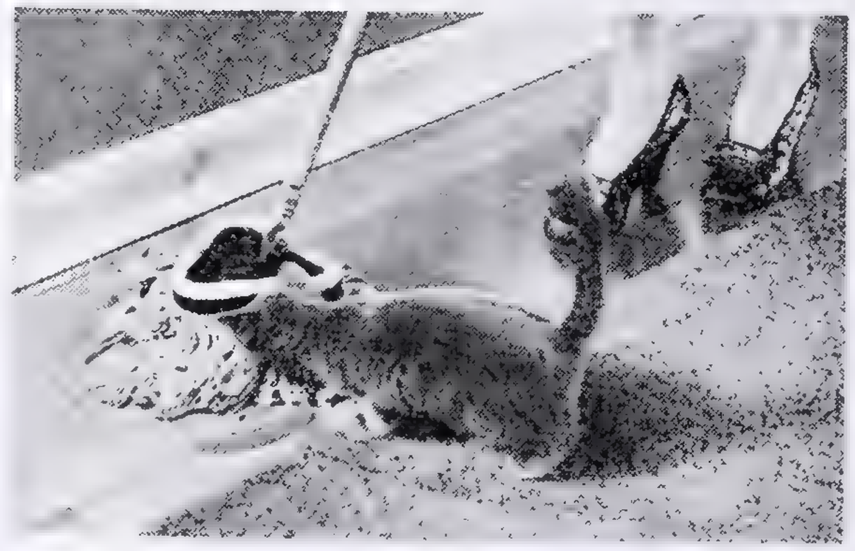
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3. Try this same All-Purpose gleamer on water spots and minor scratches. It's grand for sticky smudges, too—leaves a dry, gleaming finish that's a beauty to behold! (For deeper rings and scratches, try O-Cedar Touch-up Polish.) O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish is used in more homes than any other brand.

4. Hint for woodwork: Try adding a little O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish to your cleaning water, together with your favorite soap or cleaner. Removes fingerprints and grease like a breeze—leaves a lovely luster which helps protect the paint. Remember, it's O-Cedar—"the greatest help in housekeeping."





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INSIDE STUFF



She's a big girl now! Elizabeth Taylor and parents at a recent premiere

(*Continued from page* 26)

Lund in Luck: John Lund, the dashing hero of "To Each His Own," was downcast when Paramount suddenly shelved plans to make "The Wayfarers" —it meant a starring break for him with Veronica Lake and Eddie Robinson. But the powers considered the plot too gloomy. But hang on—couple of days later Lund was handed the plum role in "Blaze of Noon," the Ernest Gann novel, which will be a super-special—so not only his future, but his grin, is bright again.

South America—Take It Away: A few days before his take-off for Mexico, Central and South America, Tyrone Power dashed over to pick up Cal for a spot of lunch. Because we were both in old clothes, we stopped at a drive-in for a sandwich and farewell chat.

Just that morning he'd received pictures of the plane he will pilot himself —and very beautiful it is. Ty will pilot the two-motored Beechcraft plane in company with co-pilot and navigator John Jeffreys. Publicist Jim Denton, Ty's secretary Bill Gallagher, and actor friend Cesar Romero will accompany him on his two months' tour.

We both howled over the prospect of Casanova Cesar with those beautiful Chilean girls. "Since Cesar speaks Spanish fluently and I don't know a word of it, I'll never know just what is going on," Ty laughed.

Annabella left for Europe after Ty's departure, but expects to be here to greet him on his return.

(*Continued on page* 33)



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SONG OF THE SOUTH

His first live-action feature... a great musical drama in Technicolor including animated tales of

UNCLE REMUS



RUTH WARRICK
LUANA PATTEN
BOBBY DRISCOLL

What this new Disney musical drama is like:

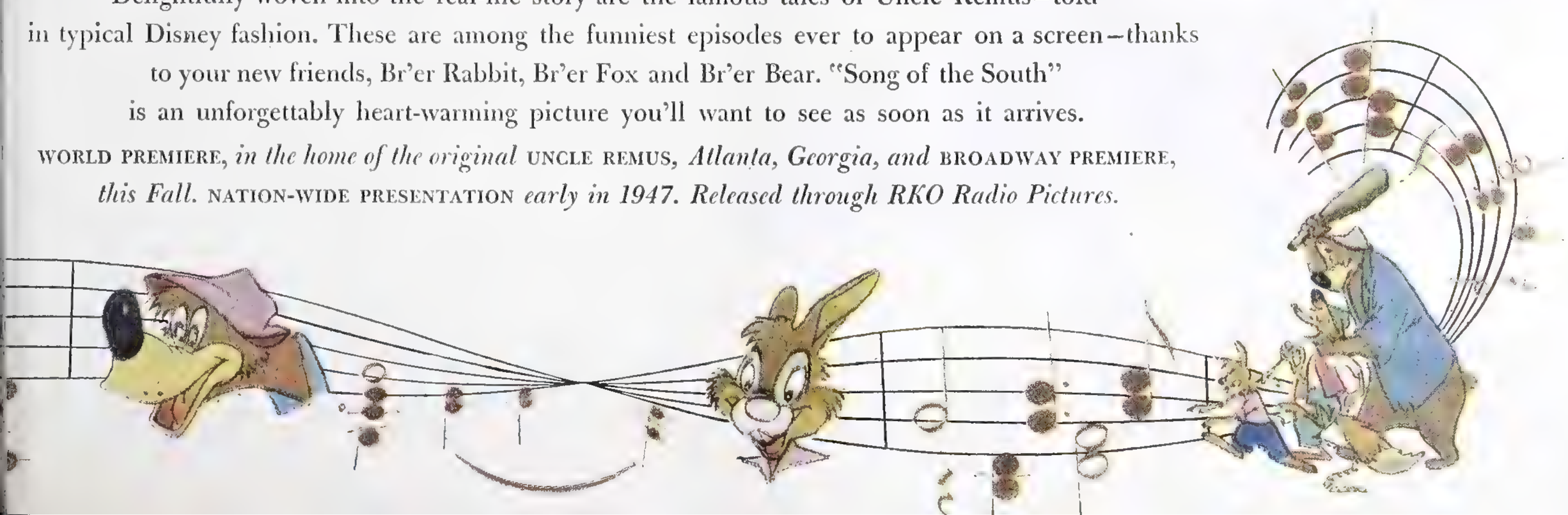
For the first time Walt Disney turns his talents to the creation of a romantic live-action picture. Photographed in Technicolor, it's a wonderfully heart-warming musical drama of the Old South. You'll meet new stars—Bobby Driscoll, Luana Patten, James Baskett and a host of others—you'll hear 10 new song hits, including "Everybody's Got a Laughing Place."



©WDP

Delightfully woven into the real-life story are the famous tales of Uncle Remus—told in typical Disney fashion. These are among the funniest episodes ever to appear on a screen—thanks to your new friends, Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Fox and Br'er Bear. "Song of the South" is an unforgettably heart-warming picture you'll want to see as soon as it arrives.

WORLD PREMIERE, *in the home of the original* UNCLE REMUS, *Atlanta, Georgia, and* BROADWAY PREMIERE, *this Fall.* NATION-WIDE PRESENTATION *early in 1947. Released through RKO Radio Pictures.*



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INSIDE STUFF



Marital by-play: Ann Sothern and husband Bob Sterling at opening of the Cabana Club

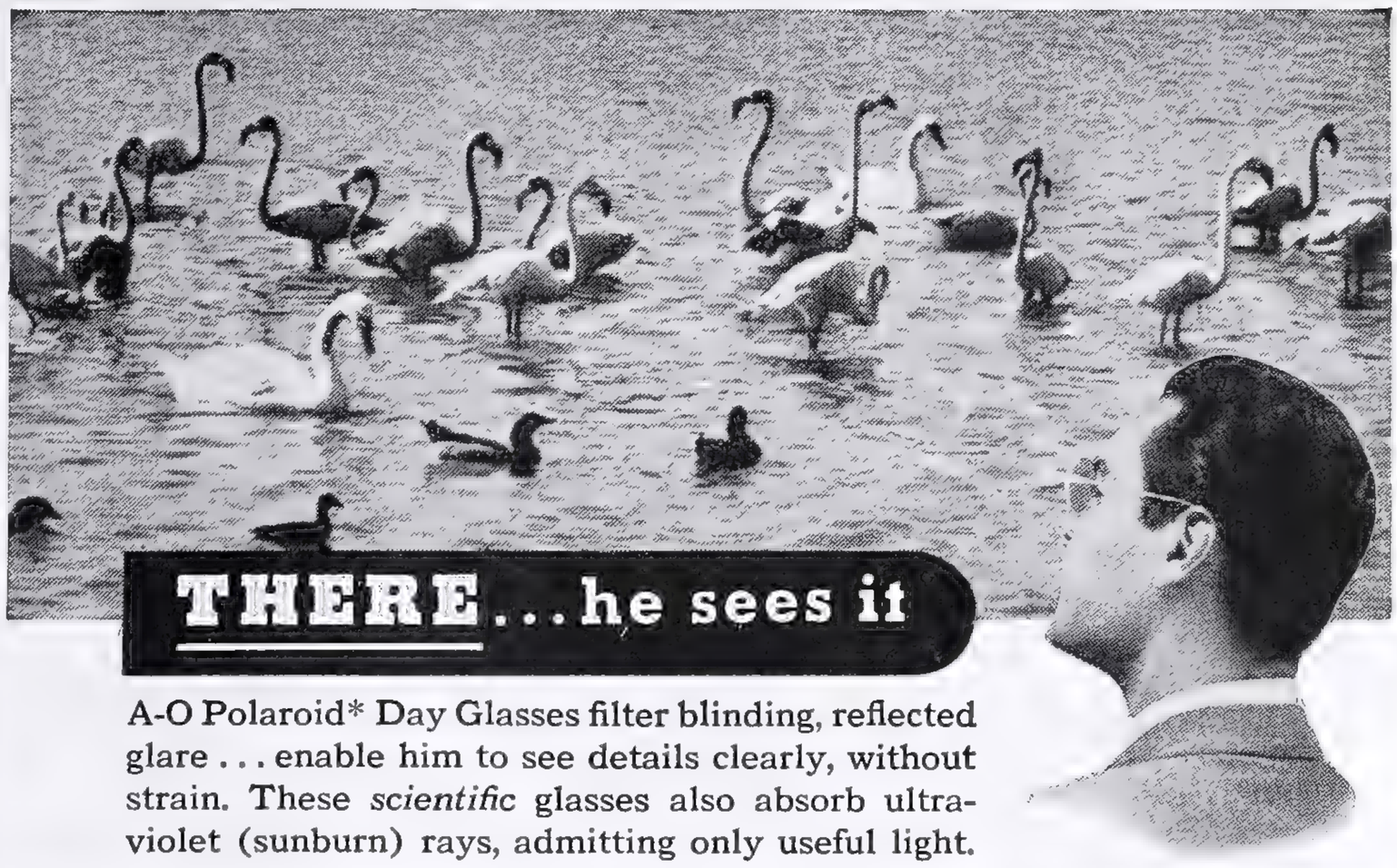
(*Continued from page* 28)

Dinner with Fun: Judy Garland, after a serious illness, seems well and happy again. At Romanoff's, Judy and her husband, Vincente Minnelli, innocently began what they called a progressive dinner and were having an enormous amount of fun out of it. It all started when the two were placed at a small but conspicuous table in the main dining room, where waiters and customers had to pass and repass. "It's like Hollywood and Vine," Judy laughed as they finished their salad and moved into the small room for their entree.

Soon they spotted Don Loper and to keep the progressive dinner going, they moved over with Don for their dessert.

Sight of the Month: Bing Crosby, in white tie and tails (for his role in "The Emperor Waltz") out on the Paramount studio "lawns" at high noon, practicing golf strokes and showering golf balls madly in all directions.

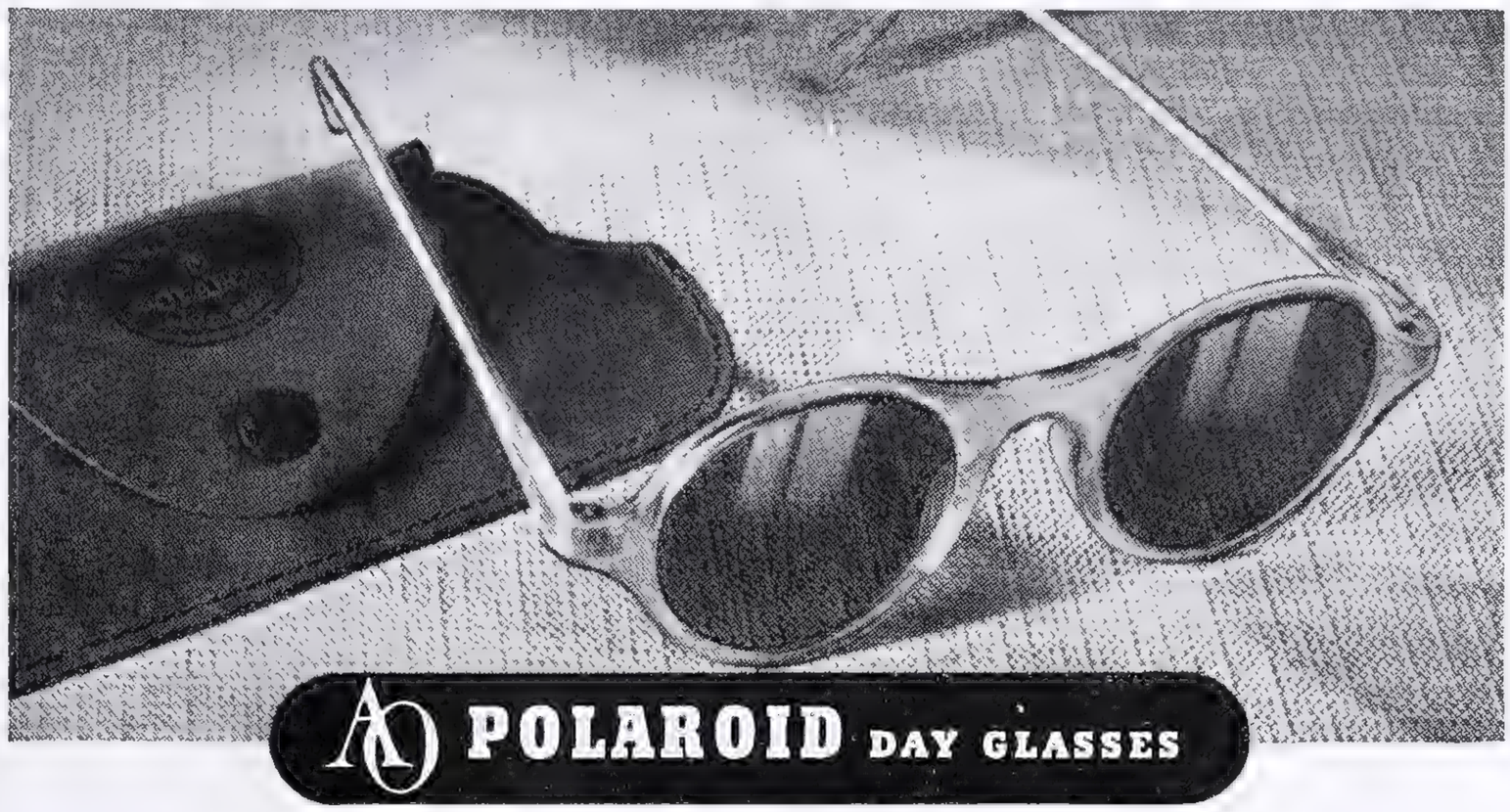
Incidentally, he won his point with the sponsors and will put his new air show on records—so he can have more time to go places and do things. He should be able to do a lot of things with that new salary—they're only going to pay him thirty thousand a week! But of course he pays his company and musicians, etc., out of that. One of the people he'll pay is Skitch Henderson, whose fingers fly over a piano like nobody else's—and whose "heart belongs to Anita Colby." And speaking of Colby—she had dinner with Clark Gable the first night he got back from New York, and they'd never have gotten past the soup course if it hadn't been for Cary Grant. So many people stopped to say a word and tried to stay, that Cary finally "stood guard" over the two—and kept table-hoppers away!



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of the pony express!
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ELLIOTT
VERA
RALSTON
GAIL
PATRICK
JOSEPH
SCHILDKRAUT
with
ANDY CLYDE · DONALD BARRY
RAYMOND WALBURN
Screen Play by RICHARD WORMSER
Original Story by MICHAEL URIS & RALPH SPENCE
Music by GEORGE ANTHEIL
Associate Producer and Director JOSEPH KANE
A REPUBLIC PICTURE

This One Is Truly Great

A GREAT motion picture has been made, so rare in its imagination, so breath-taking in its sweep of camera and so inspiring in its use of language that PHOTOPLAY urges its readers and their families to go to their local theaters as soon as the film is shown there.

The picture is William Shakespeare's "Henry V," produced, directed and starred in by Laurence Olivier. It was made during England's war years—a miracle of production that surmounted all the insurmountable walls of shortages.

Its significance is not, however, in the fact that it was made during the time of crisis, but in what it can mean to those of us whose world of entertainment is centered in motion pictures. It can mean more films that will dare, as "Henry V" does, to break out of the conventionalized prism of Hollywood to follow inspired producers' dreams, though they be through fields of dramatic form entirely new.

Already Hollywood discounts "Henry V," calling it arty, non-commercial, best fitted for showings in high school and college auditoriums. It won't, argue Hollywood's leaders, make money.

PHOTOPLAY predicts that it *will* make money, predicts that movie-goers will be caught up by the film's grandeur and enchanted by Shakespeare's words which, as spoken by Olivier, open new corridors of poetic meaning.

It is important that Hollywood be given such a demontration of public desire for films that reach out beyond the norm. If "Henry V" becomes box office, as well as the acknowledged critical success it already is, pictures such as the current "Notorious" and "The Green Years," now thought of as Hollywood's finest product, perhaps will be made as truly great films rather than as the conventional slick product they now are.

It is never enough to follow public tastes. Today's film producers are in large measure doing only that, attempting to give us motion pictures they know we'll pay to see because they've already made the same kind before. These makers of movies must do more. They must lead us, educate us to better, finer films. If they fail, we will find another world of amusement where the fountain-head of inspiration runs as fresh as it does in "Henry V."

Jack Sammis



Laurence Olivier as Henry V
(Shadow Stage review on page 6)



Olivier and Renee Asherson enact dramatic love scene

Return Of



All watched and whispered as Clark and Joan entered new Cabana Club

Romance ?

Everyone wants to know the truth about the rumors of a new romance between Joan Crawford and Clark Gable. Here Photoplay gives you the answer—for the record

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



Clark, by his new convertible, in foreground of his ranch

IT WAS one hour before midnight when the sleek green Cadillac swung up the driveway of the California Cabana Club and stopped at the brightly lighted doorway. Out of it stepped the bronzed man with the silver tipped temples and the woman with copper hair whose gown matched the green of the car.

He was smiling as he helped her to alight. Was he thinking with amusement of his own maroon town and country convertible station wagon parked at her Brentwood home because obviously her new green dress had been designed to complement her car?

She was smiling too. At life, perhaps. For it was odd her new picture, "Possessed," carried the identical title of a film they once had made together with sensational success.

He took her arm and guided her through the throngs of dancers to Emil Coleman's music, all celebrating the christening of Hollywood's latest and most exclusive club, steered her toward the table at which the maitre d' hotel waited to seat them.

Their appearance had an electric effect. The signals started flashing, "Look! Clark's with Joan!" To be sure, the signals would have gone out had Crawford arrived with Cary Grant or (*Continued on page* 85)



Joan, of "Humoresque," with daughter

Linda, Woman



Seven years of struggle end on a high note—now Linda's new cycle begins

Linda Darnell speaks frankly

—the end of marriage, the

—making her Hollywood's

By LOUELLA

THE girl of the minute, the hour and the year in Hollywood is Linda Darnell who, this time last year, couldn't stir up enough interest to ruffle the edges of the gossip columns.

Almost in one stroke of fate, sultry-eyed, voluptuous Linda parted with her cameraman husband, Peverel Marley, and was handed the most cussed and discussed picture of the day, "Forever Amber." As though this were not enough excitement, busy Hollywood whispered she had said adieu to marriage because of millionaire Howard Hughes. That rumor started perhaps because Linda was one of the few of Howard's women friends who talked privately to his personal physician, Dr. Verne Mason, right after his plane accident.

That all this should happen to a girl who was just another pretty leading lady less than a year ago was meat and drink to Parsons, the type of inside story which I just love to go after.

Obviously the only person who could give me the right answers was

Of The Hour

of the two breaks in her life

start of a new career as *Amber*

most discussed woman

O. PARSONS

Linda herself. When I called and said I wanted to talk with her, she came over to my house immediately.

I've always liked this twenty-three-year-old beauty from Texas. I was the first writer to interview her when she came to Hollywood, a gangling Southern belle of sixteen, not particularly polished as an actress and with little more to recommend her to a Hollywood career than a lushly beautiful face.

Seven years later she is still breathtakingly lovely to look at, still honest and direct, but with a new coat of glamour. Her "figger" has filled out—some say too much, but the day I saw her I thought she was just right. She's lost weight since she made "Anna and the King of Siam."

Not one to quibble, I put the most important question straight to her. "Linda," I asked, "are you going to marry Howard Hughes?"

Not one to quibble herself, she came right back with, "He hasn't asked me." And then suddenly she put back her pretty dark head and laughed heartily. "That's the silliest



Linda, with Pev after Constellation flight, denies Hughes figured in their parting

Linda, Woman Of The Hour



Linda works at work—sketching between scenes of "My Darling Clementine"

thing in the world. When Howard was so ill, Pev suggested that I go and inquire about him at the hospital. He is a good friend of both of ours—and that's that."

My garden made a pretty background for Linda in her cool, white suit. She wore no hat and her skin was not suntanned. Her coloring is a rich amber—which is fitting, you must admit.

"You know, at this moment," she went on, "I am more in love with Pev than any other man. I'm having cocktails with him tonight. He's the best friend I have in the whole world."

"Come, come, Linda," I said, "if you feel that way, why did you leave him?"

"We just didn't have fun together any more," she answered. "I never saw him. I was away a lot, and he is in such demand at the studios. He is busy all the time."

"You're sure the difference in your ages had nothing to do with it?" I queried.

Her eyes flashed. "Please don't think that for a minute. Pev is as young as any man I know. It's true he was married three times before he met me and he is forty-six to my twenty-three—but I was always the one who wanted to settle down and stay home. Often he would say, 'Come on, let's get dressed up and go out.' I would say, 'What, put on my girdle and high-heeled shoes and go stepping when we are so comfortable at home?' I don't like night clubs."

HOW often have these girls told me their dislike for night spots and how often have I seen them whirling about in one of the much publicized cafes! Yet, it's true—I haven't seen Linda lately at any of the favorite Hollywood spots.

"If Pev is still your dream man, let me repeat, why have you parted? Do you want your freedom, is that it?"

"Pev is my good friend, but we never had any time to be alone," she said, "We never had a real honeymoon. We went to New York after we had been married two years, and then the studio sent for me. Our second trip together was with Howard Hughes on the initial flight of the Constellation, and this time Pev's studio sent for him. That caused all sorts of rumors and talk and nasty gossip that he had walked out on me in New York when it was nothing more than a hurry-up business call.

"The things people say!" she frowned, shrugging her shoulders. "How unkind they are. Just today I read that when I left Pev he insisted that I leave the furs and jewels he (*Continued on page* 152)

She's *Amber!* Linda, in test for role of lovely courtesan she'll play in "Forever Amber"





Fraker

She's electric, she's luminous, she's Lizabeth Scott of "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers"



The Scott in England: Lizabeth walking down Mall with Buckingham Palace in the background

"My one wish: A little gladness, a little sadness and a chance someday to be great"

Intensely, Liz Scott

BY KAY CAMPBELL

LIZABETH SCOTT is a girl living on a pendulum. It's not the sort of pendulum that swings gently from side to side; instead it flings itself backwards and forwards, notching its way a little further ahead with each beat.

But until the night she walked on her new mink coat, "just to show it the contempt I felt for it," the throaty-voiced young star had never been aware of the role her likes and dislikes had played in her life.

It was the luxurious coat which brought her to the realization of the strange trait which has swung her to the top rung in the ladder with just two pictures under her belt, "You Came Along" and "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers."

"For years," she said with a deprecatory laugh, "a dark, rich-skinned mink headed my list of wants. To me it spelled success. Without it I should never feel like a movie star. The excitement of buying the one I wanted was one of the biggest thrills in my life. All day I paraded back and forth before the mirror while I rehearsed the lines for a radio show I was to do the following day. I was so thrilled about the coat that the dialogue I was trying to learn hadn't much meaning for me. Then, suddenly, I got the feel of the play and the words began to come to life. I'd always hated radio broadcasts. They terrorized me. But all at once I was eager to give this performance. Eager! For goodness sakes, and only a week before I'd had to drive around the block a dozen times to get up sufficient courage to go into the broadcasting studio, and when I finally did confront that mike I lost my voice!

"The difference lay in the fact that on the other occasion I'd had to talk about myself in an interview. Now I was to do a play, a good play, and it was up to me to give a fine performance."

It was then that the supreme (*Continued on page* 76)

Roy Rogers

BUCKEYE *Buckaroo*

. . . Ohio hombre with the West in his vest — Roy Rogers, the Saturday Sinatra

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

KEEP a smile on your face, a song in your heart and "just keep pitchin'."

That's the rule he lives by . . . this Buckeye Buckaroo. And it brought Roy Rogers from the farming community of Duckrun, Ohio, where he rode a plough and wrangled with sweet potatoes, to top film fame as the Western star who's so fast on the box-office draw now.

"Used to bury 'em in the ground with straw," he says of the sweet potatoes. "Then in the spring when you got short on food you'd dig 'em out. They're mighty good that way."

Back in Ohio Roy lived in a house he helped his father build on a little knoll overlooking a point where two creeks met. His dad worked in a shoe factory in nearby Portsmouth and Roy was the "man" of the farm, taking care of his invalid mother and three sisters. He cut down big trees, hauled them out of the woods with chains and chopped up wood for the winter. He drove a team of mules cultivating the crops . . . "the doggonedest, orneriest mules . . . although you shouldn't talk about any animal that way."

He attended a little rural (*Continued on page* 143)

". . . and the skies are not cloudy all day."



They'll shoot an arrow into the air. Roy shows "cow girl" daughters, Cheryl Darlene and Linda, how. Below: Cheryl watches Daddy give Linda a boost up their totem pole



Trigger and Roy, of "Roll on Texas Moon"
Morris

Rita Hayworth



Coburn

The girl with her feet in the clouds: Rita Hayworth, starred in "Down to Earth"

Feet That Danced



At sixteen with her dancing partner, Eduardo, her father

BY DOROTHY DEERE

For generations Cansinos had danced—up to the time of Eduardo and the dark-eyed girl who danced beside him, Marguerita—who was destined to become Rita Hayworth



IN the spotlight a girl was dancing. An exotic bloom of a girl with blue-black hair and full red lips, swaying from a slim, scarlet stem of a dress. A sensuous gust of music swept her now toward, now away from the man who followed her there on the floor. A man who danced with arms outstretched yet with eyes that showed no expectancy of ever holding her. . . .

The tango ended and applause broke from the spectators ringed around the swank Club Agua Caliente's floor for the Dancing Cansinos, Eduardo and Marguerita. The men clapped thunderously, their table partners, with that more reserved tribute women pay to another woman.

'Rita Cansino, even at sixteen, was already long-legged and Latin-eyed and very, very lovely. The measure of that loveliness was in the glances of the customers who watched her. The measure of it, a vastly different measure, was in the eyes of Eduardo—dancing with his daughter for the last time, there in the smoke-filled air of a night club in Tiajuana.

For some twenty-five months now they had been partners. Before that, in Los Angeles, they had been teacher and pupil— (*Continued on page* 110)







RANCH

Place: Ladd ranch. Time: One bright day.

Cast of Characters:

1. **Sue, Alana, Alan Ladd**
2. **Ted Briskin, Bill Demarest, Chet Root, Alan**
3. **The Demarests, Briskins, Dorothy Lamour, Col. Howard, Ladds**
4. **Alana, Alan Ladd**
5. **Sue with Alan of "Two Years Before the Mast"**
6. **Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Alan, Sue, Bill Demarest**
7. **Betty Hutton, Ted Briskin**
8. **Sue, Betty Hutton, Bill Demarest, Dorothy Lamour, Alan**
9. **Alan and prize mare**
10. **Dorothy Lamour, Alan Ladd**









WARMING

Result: Unforgettable fun

Color Pictures by Fink and Smith

IT all began on a bright sunny morning when Chet Root said to his pal, Alan Ladd, "I've got to deliver a couch down in Hidden Valley. Want to come along in the truck and help me?"

"Any horses down that way?" Alan asked.

"Are you kidding? Hidden Valley's the best horse-raising country in Southern California."

Any mention of horseflesh for the past year—or ever since Alan was cast in "California," even though he didn't play it—sets him off. But on this occasion, all might have been well and life might have been much simpler for Mrs. Ladd if the lady who owned the house where Chet was delivering the couch hadn't been so unhep. Item one: She (*Continued on page* 88)







Two Girls *and a* Friendship

When two girls put their "Best Foot Forward"—and one of them is Junie Allyson—this is the rollicking result



Three who were in New York play, "Best Foot Forward," June, Vicki Schools (magnolia blossoms) and Nancy

BY NANCY WALKER

As told to Miriam Ghidalia

I STILL remember the very first time I saw Junie. It was at the Y-Ellen-Bornstein Music Publishing Company and she was draped over a water cooler, her big blue eyes going flippity-flippity-flop very fast. And I remember my very first reaction to her: "Golly, she's cute. She'll make me look like a cow!" You'd have thought we were two kindergartners sparring for time the way we blinked and gave sick little smirks. Junie, being five feet two inches, probably felt she had the edge over me and my four feet eleven inches, so she was the first to get talkative.

"I'm June Allyson," she beamed. "I'm here for a song rehearsal for 'Best Foot Forward.'"

"Aah—pleased—swell—um—I'm Nancy Walker. I'm here for 'Best Foot Forward,' too," I shot back.

And that did it. We could hear Gene Kelly, our dance director, stomping around in the next room, and once someone yelled, "Where the blankety, blank are those two kids? Is this a song rehearsal or a sewing bee?" By the time Gene finally got us dragged into rehearsal, I'd heard all about Tommy and the blue convertible she was going to buy when her ship came in and Muffins, her dog, who thought he was a person.

As we were having a last drink, Junie flippity-flopped those lashes a little bit faster and whispered, "You know, I like you." This time I wasn't even ashamed that I couldn't dream up a nifty comeback. Because all I wanted to say, and did, was, "Say, you know—I like you, too!"

It used to make me laugh (*Continued on page* 129)

June Allyson

Hearthside sunshine: June Allyson, starred in "Till the Clouds Roll By"



It's definite — now. Gail and Guy will be married, maybe before you read this



a GUY named BOB

If you want the true key to Guy Madison, search for the boy from Bakersfield—Bob Moseley

BY HOWARD SHARPE

THE point about Guy Madison is that you'll never get a full picture of him from the guy himself. Not that he'll refuse to answer you—he has too much intrinsic courtesy for that. But he can't quite get used to the fact that Madison or what he does is of any importance to people. What's more, he hasn't had much time to know the man, Guy Madison. The one he knows far better is the boy from Bakersfield, Bob Moseley, which was his name before his Hollywood friend and guiding spirit, Henry Willson, changed it for marquee appeal.

So to fill out the missing measurements of the man, you search out those who are close to him. Gail Russell, for instance, the girl who has his heart and practically his hand. In fact, even as you read this, they may be Mr. and Mrs., for an elopement hangs alluringly in the air as soon as their two busy schedules can be pushed aside in the interests of a little gold ring.

It requires no vast scope of the imagination to understand how these two would be attracted each to the other. They'll make an eye-filling couple, Gail who has been hailed as the new Hedy Lamarr for her dark, brooding beauty, Guy who is the embodiment of strong sunlight. Yet it was not the physical appearance that drew the two together. Says Gail, "It's the way he gives you a straight answer, come what may. You learn not to believe a lot of things you hear around this town but when Guy looks at you in his quiet, square way, that's it—and you know it. It's like coming home to a warm house after you've been out in the rain."

Gail's words about the "square way" are well borne out by a near-catastrophe Guy once had while he was still a life guard at the station (*Continued on page* 118)



St. Hilaire

. . . as direct as the dart he shoots so expertly, Guy Madison, of "Honeymoon"

IT'S LIKE THIS WITH

Harry and Me

It's riding the range and bringing up Vicki. It's being honest —and truly in love

BY BETTY GRABLE



Cover Girl

Harry James of "If I'm Lucky," and Betty are lucky ranchers

"WOMAN'S intuition," someone wrote, "is usually just man's transparency. . . ."

Being a woman, I know this to be a nice, simple statement of truth. Being a wife, however, I wonder why no one ever seems to write about *man's* intuition —especially as possessed by husbands? For they have it, you know—at least, some of them. It took me a while to realize that part of the thrill of being Mrs. Harry James was in being one of the best "understood" wives in the world. . . .

I remember, for instance, two years ago when my daughter Vicki was staging her reluctant and torturous entrance into our lives. She was a Caesarian baby. There was a time when I was dimly conscious that the doctors and nurses weren't at all sure Vicki's mom (me) was going to make it. And then I remember Harry bursting into the hospital room and into my half-drugged mind. His face was chalk white but grinning—and in his hands were a dozen crossword puzzle books.

"Of all things—at all times!" I could hear a well-medicated voice in the haze around me protesting as Harry waved them foolishly in front of my face. I'm

Pleasant reflection—their rides together at dawn, which Betty admits she thought she would hate

Vicki has an ear for music—goes into great glee when she hears one of her daddy's recordings

Color Pictures by Kornman



Vicki, with Mama and her dog, will tell you, "Daddy's on the road blowin' his bwains out!"

Harry planned his schedule a whole year ahead so that the three of them could take a vacation together—just lazing on the sand in the sun



not sure whether I managed to laugh or not. I only know it was a great kick, a brand new surge of strength to know that he thought I'd be able to use them. You can't let a man like that down—which is probably why I'm still around, still unable to resist a crossword.

After I was home again, he liked to brag about how "cooperative" I was, having the baby on Friday instead of Tuesday or Thursday, which would have interfered with his broadcasts. And then one day he quit joshing, gave me a straight look out of those ultra-blue eyes of his and said, "Look, kid, you're getting fat." Until then, I had been fondly considering myself as just a slight bit plump. A lot of men might have come up with something gallant like —"All the more of you to love, my dear," but not Harry. He understands me well enough to know I'd rather hear it from him than from the studio, or maybe from the fans.

I never did appreciate gushy people. One of the first things I noticed about the (*Continued on page* 140)

IT'S LIKE THIS WITH

Harry and Me



Added patio attraction—modern young wife, Miss Grable, whose next picture is "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim"



A strictly between-mother-and-daughter moment —Vicki's the No. 1 reason for James happiness

HARRISON, REX

Six feet one, slim as lightning . . . Rex Harrison,

the post-war Briton, a prince of a man who's a "king" by inflation

BY HERB HOWE



With Lilli, his actress wife, who is perfumed with the charm called Viennese

REX, the king of Siam, is not Siamese but he is a king.

A few years back it would have been enough to call him a prince but now with inflation we must rate him a king. Besides, "Rex" means "king."

For a decade he has been the far-flung favorite of the British Empire. Indeed the sun never sets on Mr. Harrison. Yet there is no sense of royalty in the man whatsoever. English aristocrats and American mid-westerners are the most democratic folks in the world today. Snobbery has become the property of the proletariat.

At this point Rex dawned without trumpets on the terrace of the Beverly Hills Hotel for the purpose of assuming what is known among crowned heads as the feed bag.

Mr. Harrison is modern, post-war British as distinguished from old guard Hollywood British, whose empire accents were ofttimes thicker than Bea Lillie's doing of a ginned-up duchess. Mr. Harrison has no sense of empire whatever.

"I have been a laboring actor twenty years," he said, sagging chair-ward cheerfully.

"You still fail to look like one."

"Discouraging, isn't it?" he chortled.

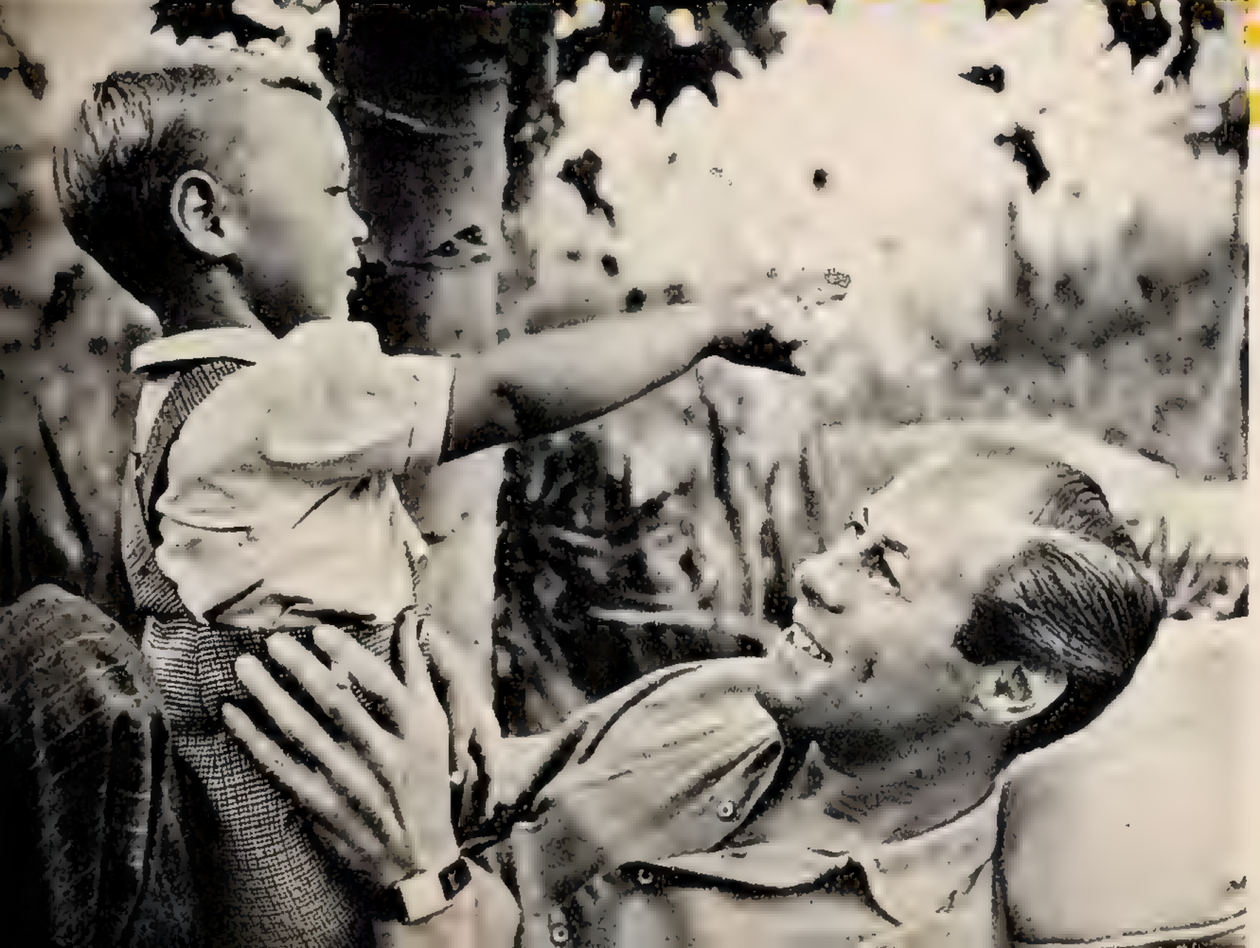
He started barnstorming out of Lancashire at seventeen, so he must be around thirty-eight now according to my fingers. He looks barely out of his twenties. Discouraging, isn't it? (*Continued on page* 137)



Confession—that he was afraid to enter our paradise, feared mental "puff"



Photographs by Valeska



The King of Siam, Rex, next seen in "Britannia Mews" and "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir." Below: With his two-and-a-half-year-old son Carey, who's interested in the Colman daughter



Not a cloud in her sky—Judy, of "Till the Clouds Roll By," and her Liza

Million DOLLAR Lullaby

BY ELAINE ST. JOHNS



You're a lucky baby, Miss

Minnelli, for who but you could go to

sleep to Judy Garland's songs?

It's a wonderful world for Liza, finding out about fish from Mama

THE girl in the charmingly sophisticated house that terraced down a mountain high above the Sunset Strip was looking anything but sophisticated herself at the moment. Her brown velvet eyes were fastened raptly on the page of an open magazine. The picture that pinioned her attention was of a trained nurse holding a dark-haired baby with big brown eyes and a heavenly toothless smile.

Carefully she clipped the picture from the magazine and that night when her husband came home she showed it to him.

"Vin," she cried, "if only our baby could look like that!"

Vincente Minnelli, the talented young director, regarded his wife with infinite affection and smiled indulgently. He was to smile even more indulgently in the weeks to come as he glimpsed the picture in her bag, saw her take it out now and again to dream over, watched her tuck it up in her mirror at night.

But such was the force of Judy Garland's thinking that the first pictures of Liza Minnelli actually look like Judy's dream baby.

Looks, however, weren't really the important thing with Judy. Her great fear was that she and the baby might not like each other, or that she might not have any maternal instinct.

"You know, you have to realize from the beginning that they're people. Well, Liza and I met in the hospital and—well, everything was all right. We loved each other. She's quite a little person," she said (*Continued on page* 161)

What pretty dresses the pretty baby has!



(2) Peter's "line" is different. He suggests a daytime date, up with the lark for a lark—early Sunday morning. Pete's in "My Brother Talks to Horses"

1



(1) It's a date! The lady is willing, the "for Lawford" perfume is waiting. June gets a "line" on their date plans

2



Wish-DATE

Last month June Haver talked about her beaus—hoped out loud that she could meet Peter Lawford. Photoplay picked that one up fast—as you can see—and the rest is wish-date history

3



(3) Fixing the picnic lunch is fun. June gets set for outdoor appetites with man-sized sandwiches. Now—what should she wear? Slinky slacks or a dinky dress? June's the star of "Three Little Girls in Blue"

(4) The soft drinks are Peter's problem. So he ices them up in the Haver kitchen, ready to pack away in his new convertible town and country station wagon

4



(5) In gay striped dress, pigtails flying, June's off on her date with Peter. They're going to be explorers—of back-country canyons!

5



Wish-DATE



(7) The kids were hungry but the fish were not! Peter finally lands a big one . . . right in June's lap! This date has everything!



7

(8) It's a toss-up! Peter turns cook and gives his catch a crispy brown. June holds her breath. Healthy appetites soon end *that* fish story and so, on with the trek

8

6

(6) There wasn't time for breakfast! So they stop at Sportsman's Lodge and choose fishing poles—for here you catch and cook your own!



(10) Hungry again—and time to try Junie's lunch, which according to Peter was swell. It's late afternoon. So tired and happy . . .



(9) Canyon roads are fun to explore . . . on bicycles or hiking and wading when the feet get tired of their pedal-pushing



(11) . . . the explorers return. June had her wish-date and Peter his picnic and both agree, as they say goodbye for now, that daytime dating is tops for two



Maria Montez says it with Technicolor



Milland's Oscar is proof he's wrong



Imagine getting Luci Ball for Christmas!

That's Hollywood For You



Wilde's "playing" made Korvin wonder



Rita Hayworth lights up Sidney

I BELIEVE Jane Russell has, besides other things, a sense of humor, for at a party, commenting on the advertisements for "The Outlaw" she said, "Boys, I'm not quite that good." . . . I never see a photograph of Paulette Goddard but that I remember that she once decorated a Christmas tree with strips of ermine . . . Whenever I see Hedy Lamarr and John Loder acting so lovey-dovey in a restaurant I wonder why they can't be lovers in a motion picture . . . I am of the opinion that James Mason is a good actor with plenty of appeal for the girls, and refuse to believe he is as conceited as a certain concentrated campaign would have us believe . . . I like Tom Jenks's remark that glamour is something that evaporates when the sweater is a little too large.

* * *

I AM amazed more and more by Ingrid Bergman for, despite her glamour roles and the glamour yarns about her, she always appears as a plain person to me. Which is, you must admit, amazing . . . Cary Grant is one of my favorite actors, and I easily understand his viewpoint about autograph hunters. Often they can be obnoxious or tiring. This does not mean that I do not like or favor autograph hunters, that would be absurd. But they, too, must realize that there are bounds and boundary lines . . . I know he got great notices, but to me, Ralph Bellamy is a piece of mis-



Gene Tierney needs further exploiting



Now it's Cary Grant versus mob scenes



Nix on "Mason is conceited" campaign



Paulette Goddard gave ermine a new use



Is George Sanders really unchivalrous?

casting in "State of the Union," for I cannot see him as a colorful politician. Bellamy, to me, is the man who doesn't get the heroine in the movies, which is strictly an indication of what the movies have done to me . . . I generally don't go for slogans but this one for a horror picture amused me—"It scares the hades out of you."

* * *

I THOROUGHLY approve of the clause in Keenan Wynn's contract which states that he can run old movies once a week in a Metro projection room. It is interesting to sit there with Keenan Wynn, Mrs. Wynn, Van Johnson and look at an old film, of say Garbo, and not only enjoy it, but enjoy their enjoying it . . . I can't understand, however, what the rave is concerning Don DeFore for I consider him quite an ordinary leading man who has gotten some wonderful roles . . . A director I like to watch work is William Dieterle mainly because he wears white gloves while directing a scene and this fascinates me. Dieterle could be called a director who handles his people with kid gloves . . . Linda Darnell has surprised everyone by the way she has acquired sex and progressed with her career, which goes to prove what a wonderful thing sex is, as if you had to be told . . . I like Ed Gardner's definition of a movie star—just a plain girl who's beautiful.

* * *

I HAVE often wondered what certain actors and actresses think of themselves when they see themselves on the screen, and I guess you have also. The best way to find out was to ask them and so I put this question to various players and here are some of their answers. Dorothy Lamour replied, "At first it seemed like catching a glimpse of yourself in a mirror when you're wearing underwear. Later, you start wondering what you're doing. Finally, you decide it would be better if you worked harder at your work." . . . Veronica Lake said, "When I see myself on the screen, I am always far removed from that person. (*Continued on page* 126)

Your filmtown fact-finder

is here again,

with intimate star-itemizing

BY

SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Caricatures By Julius Kroll



Humor: Jane Russell's "Outlaw" comeback



Fancy Frankie swooning — over Sinatra!



You may argue the Ingrid Bergman point

The man from rising sun



Robert Mitchum, amiable star of M-G-M's "Undercurrent"

It's a town in Delaware, Rising Sun, and it saw the beginning of Bob Mitchum, the guy behind the cocked eyebrow

BY DIANE SCOTT

A QUIZZICAL eyebrow, coupled with his aversion to "standing in line," has been miscasting Robert Mitchum since childhood.

Even today in Hollywood, where he is one of the most talked-of personalities of the year, the popular impression of Mitchum slants towards the cynical. The unconventional. One slightly off-beat.

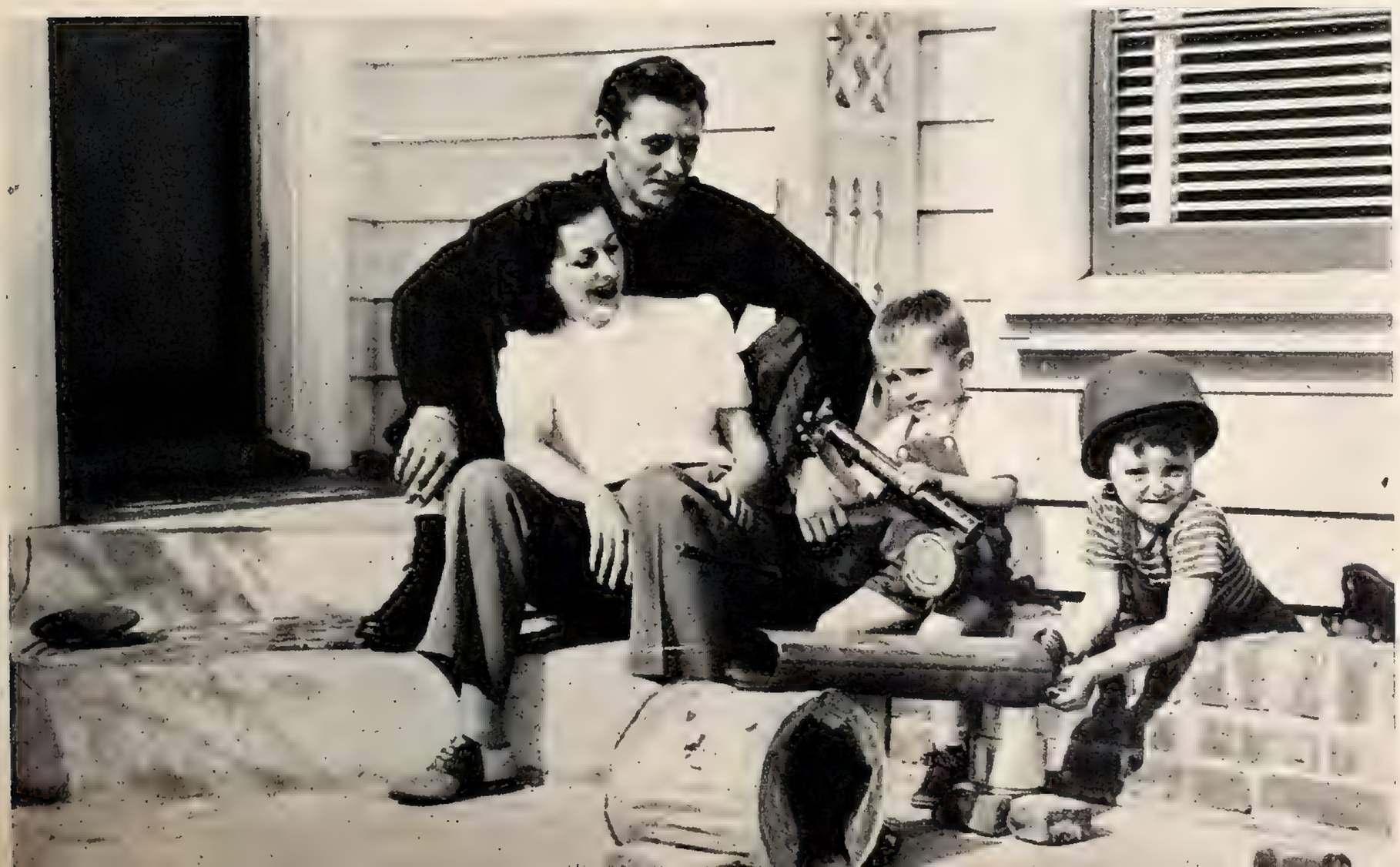
You read a lot about the more colorful chapters in his life. Riding the rods, sipping java with hoboes beside campfires, the occasions when he's been detained as the overnight guest of a city—at the request of the city, that is. Yes, you've heard all this. For Bob brings out all the family skeletons and shakes them a little defiantly in your face.

Actually these were but brief stopovers—in his life travelogue. And just as he himself loves to stick pins in false balloons, we'd like to stick a big one in the common conception of one of the most fabulous fellows in Hollywood.

In some respects Mitchum is a little like his four-year-old son Josh, who tells you that he shot a "huge *wildcat* up at my house," and then adds hurriedly that he buried it, befor you can ask to see it. So does his famous dad say, "I'm a cynic," then sits back daring you to question it.

But any real cynic would curl his lip at making a fraternity brother out of him. He despises regulations, yet lives by his own abridged version of the Golden Rule. He has at times been called a "trouble-maker," because he refuses to kow-tow to anything he (*Continued on page* 148)

Bedtime for sons Josh and Chris with go-to-sleep stories by imaginative Dad, who appears in RKO's "The Locket"



The garbage pail, pipe and alarm clock, Josh's machine gun. Chris's weapon—the flit gun. Bob and Mrs. Bob are appreciative audience

t's all things to women,
he new post-war hair-cut



SHORT—

For Laraine Day of "The Locket" it's sweet, girlish, but it can be as sophisticated as you are



Laraine parts her curly hair on the side, brushes curls out softly for her all-round hair-do



Photographs by Morris

And Sweet

Headlining your hair! Greet the exciting winter with this casual, comfortable coiffure, the alluring answer for your night and day rounds



Expertly lovely: Anita Colby, Photoplay's Beauty Editor

BY ANITA COLBY

DO YOU have the new post-war look? If not *hurry, hurry, hurry!* It begins with a short hair-cut, this look. And goes on, of course. For breathes there a woman with soul so dead who can have a new hair-do and stop there? The instant we restyle our hair we begin to dream about new hats and new necklines; until our friends insist even our personality has changed. Sheer nonsense, and we know it, but still heavenly fun.

This new post-war hair-cut is reminiscent of the bobbed-hair fad that followed the first World War back in the roaring Twenties. However, offering a halo effect as it shapes softly about the face, it produces a smarter and more graceful look than the Twenties' shingled, spit-curled flapper coiffure ever did.

The new styling requires that your hair be thinned, especially at the lower and center part of the head where it is likely to grow thickest. Then it is cut short all round; from eight to ten inches long, depending upon the size of your head and the length of your neck. But even in the back where the hair remains longer than on the sides it must be at least two and one-half inches above the shoulders.

Because of a popular misconception of our sex that cutting the hair is a step more irrevocable than getting married, I hasten to assure you that this hair-cut does not add up to any "if you don't like it you're stuck with it" routine. Actually it offers the greatest versatility. It can be worn sleekly, in a bang, fluffy, or pulled tightly to one side and fluffed out on the other side. It can be parted in the center, on the side or not at all. It permits you to add braids or a chignon. Actually it is the great adaptability of this coiffure that has influenced so many glamorous members of the movie colony to have their hair cut this exciting new way.

Among the converts are Ida Lupino, Ingrid Bergman, Maria Montez, Gene Tierney and Laraine Day. . . .

Laraine Day, an exponent of the fresh girlish look, parts her naturally curly hair on the side and brushes her curls out softly at the ends. This, she says, is the ideal all-round coiffure, as perfect with party dresses as it is with the most severely tailored suits.

Ingrid Bergman, the epitome of naturalness and health, arranges her cut simply; in a variation of the old Dutch cut really, except that she pins her golden hair in a fluffy little roll on top and curls the ends under. Thus her hair requires little or no primping yet is always casual and well-groomed.

Maria Montez brushes her hair back from her forehead and ears sleekly, confining all soft curls to the back of her head. And, doing this, she becomes the essence of smooth sophistication.

Ida Lupino's reddish hair is very fine and soft; baby hair really. She brushes the front of it in a soft bang sometimes. At other times the front, too, is brushed upward with the ends loose and fluffy.

Gene Tierney combs her cropped brown locks to one side, holds her hair in place in the back with two combs, and turns up the ends of hair in soft curls that are quite plushy.

My short hair—to which I am so devoted that I hate to think of any new trend ever causing me to wear it longer—I do in what you might call a Janus coiffure. For it makes me as two-faced as a Janus mask; on one side sleek and a little severe, on the other very, very soft and fluffy.

To achieve this coiffure have (*Continued on page* 147)

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Your Problems Answered By Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty years old and have been married for two years. Both my husband and his father work for a construction company, a situation that compels my husband and me and my parents-in-law to live side by side in the same trailer camp. Such a life is difficult at best, but it is made infinitely worse by the nagging of my mother-in-law. She is frantically jealous of my husband; if I pat his hair in her presence, she says I am mussing it up. No matter what I cook, she tells me that it didn't smell as good as her dinner. If she sees me wearing a new blouse, no matter how inexpensive, she says that I am squandering her son's hard-earned money.

Our trailers are so close together, and so thin of wall, that we can practically hear one another's clocks ticking. This all makes me so nervous that I cry at the least little thing. I have tried to persuade my husband to move our trailer, but he says that would hurt his mother's feelings—a thing he doesn't want to do.

(Mrs.) Tay T.

I wish I could be far more comforting, but the only bright light I can throw on the problem is to say that no construction job lasts indefinitely. Eventually, you will move to another location.

When that time comes, if you advance to another job, you should be wise enough to select a parking place between two already established trailers.

Sometimes a dignified distance is the only element which will keep in-laws on speaking terms.

My sympathies are with you. I strongly believe that young people should be allowed to work out their own destinies. However, you must remember that your husband's mother loves him with a devotion which you will understand only when you have children of your own. If you will be patient with her, biting your tongue when your every instinct is to answer her shortly, and see as little of her as is possible under the circumstances, I think her own good sense—if she has any—will come to your assistance.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My first marriage was so completely perfect that I am afraid to give myself entirely to my second husband. I was just twenty when, after a year of marriage, Bob was inducted into the Army. I followed him around the country until he was shipped overseas. It was a continual honeymoon without a single argument. Seven months after he had shipped out our little girl was born, and four months later Bob was killed in action. For several months after his death there was actually some fear for my sanity, but very, very slowly I recovered from the shock. My baby became the very center of my existence. Last September a fellow I had known since kindergarten days came back from service and showed me every attention. We were married in February, but instead of entering on a life of contentment there is serious difficulty between us.

This is not my husband's fault. He is kind, considerate, affectionate and deserves the best in the world. I know that I am surely breaking his heart, but the reason is this: Every time he embraces me I have a stabbing sense of guilt, as though I were "cheating" on my first husband. I have explained this to my mother, and she has said that I am being morbid and should see a psychiatrist.

Jeanette L.



To judge from your mother's reaction to your problem, I would say that she understands you very well and can be of more assistance than I. Someone near at hand who loves you and will counsel you wisely is of great help in unraveling these emotional tangles.

I do not doubt in the least that your love for your first husband was a dynamic and exciting thing. First love, when free from the misunderstandings and personality adjustments that sometimes occur, is the sweetest thing in the world. However, you should regard this experience with gratitude and use it to enhance your stature as an understanding human being. Under no condition should you over-dramatize your loss, or should you allow your first marriage to cast a dark shadow over the rest of your life and remember, too, that your child deserves a balanced life.

Your mother's idea of a psychiatrist is an excellent plan, and if you can afford it I would suggest that it could be helpful.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am engaged to a wonderful girl who is a principal in one of the local grade schools. Although (*Continued on page 132*)

Photoplay Fashions In Color start on page 93



HER RING—Five star-bright diamonds set with distinctive beauty in white gold.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

THE NEW "BLUSH-CLEANSING" Marjorie Carolin uses for her smooth complexion will give your skin

____an instant clean-sweet look
____an instant softer, silkier feel
____and bring up a charming blush of color

THIS IS HOW TO "BLUSH-CLEANSE" your face just as Marjorie does.

You *rouse* your skin by pressing a face cloth drenched in warm water against your face.

You "*cream-cleanse*" while your skin is receptively moist and warm. Spin your fingers full of snowy Pond's Cold Cream upward in circles, as if drawing engagement rings over your face and throat. Pond's *demulcent action* gently loosens dirt and make-up as your fingers swirl. Tissue off.

You "*cream-rinse*" with a *second* thick Pond's creaming. Spin 25 little Pond's Cold Cream engagement rings up over your face. Tissue off.

You *tingle* your clean, clean face with a good splash of cold water. Blot dry.

THAT'S ALL! . . . "And my face feels so soft, looks smoother, glowier, right away," Marjorie says.

Every night—give your face the complete "Pond's Blush-Cleansing." *Every morning*—a once-over "Blush-Cleansing": a warm splash, quick rings with Pond's, tissue off, then a cold splash. Dip your fingers deep in a *big* jar of Pond's night and morning—every day.

Miss Marjorie Carolin

Charming Long Islander, Marjorie Carolin is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William V. Carolin, and a great-granddaughter of the famous surgeon Valentine Mott. She is engaged to Lieutenant Richard Russell Galt of the Army Air Corps. Another Pond's bride-to-be, Marjorie's exquisite complexion has a warm translucency—perfect with the pearls she loves to wear.



"I love this Pond's new Blush-Cleansing," says Marjorie



Diamonds and Pond's! These 9 diamonds, valued at $20,000, are destined for some of America's loveliest engaged girls.

AMONG THE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF SOCIETY WHO USE POND'S

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke
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The Lady Victoria Montagu-Douglas-Scott
Gladys, Countess of Winchilsea — Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle

P

Yankee Bride

Kuhner



Five days after Olivia de Havilland became Mrs. Goodrich—in a New England garden

It's a lady's privilege to change her heart—as Olivia did—when the man is Marcus Goodrich

BY ROBERTA ORMISTON

"YOU have bad judgment about men," he told her. He was gentle but firm.

Much that he told her she had heard from friends before. But for the first time she accepted it as truth.

"If you really wish to reorganize yourself, Olivia, to stop making a mess of your life," he continued, "marry a solid, level-headed business man. . . ."

Olivia de Havilland pictured the type of business man he recommended. And shuddered. However, because she was amazed that anyone should understand so much about her and because he, Marcus Goodrich, was the author of a novel like "Delilah" as well as being the most intelligent man she had ever met, she was convinced she should cultivate a business man at once.

They were in his car, returning to Manhattan. He had driven her down Long Island to East Hampton to see the John Drew Theater where she was to play *Maggie* in J. M. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" as soon as she had completed her engagement at the Country Playhouse in Westport, Connecticut.

The headlights illuminated patches of goldenrod and wild asters. The crickets' chorus increased with the chill that followed midnight. Suddenly the car swerved, with a warning thump.

"It's a flat," said Marcus Goodrich.

Carefully Olivia held the bolts and nuts. Carefully she kept the flashlight aimed at the wheel on which he worked. For a few minutes all went well. Then the Goodrich voice boomed out, "And for God's sake, whatever you do, beware of writers!"

It was after three o'clock when they reached the Hampshire House where Olivia and Phyllis Loughton, director of "What Every Woman Knows," were living during the two weeks the company rehearsed in New York. Marcus Goodrich was an old friend of Phyllis and her husband, George Seaton. On the train coming (*Continued on page* 83)

New Queen of the Reds

Red Majesty



YOU'LL LOVE THIS NEW TANGEE CASE... gleaming brass, etched in a delicate floral design...with popular swivel base. Ask for it in your favorite Tangee shade.

A rare red — a truly royal red! And you'll love what it does for your lips.

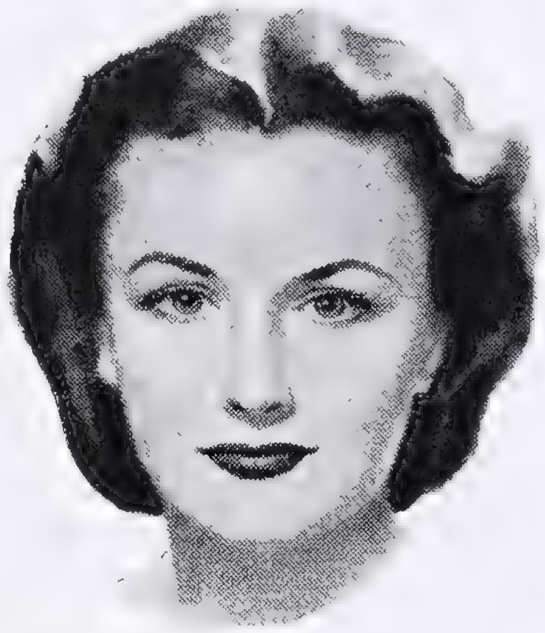
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"Exquisite!"



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"Dazzling!"



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a gay soft fragrance
with an evening air

BY Wrisley



Shimmering cobweb magic...
the bewitching aura of subtle,
enveloping fragrance.
Exquisite toiletries...
for tip-to-toe loveliness.

Cologne, Bath Bubbles,
Bath Powder, Talcum,
richly scented Soap.

Precious as gifts—in sets or singly.

Intensely, Liz Scott

(*Continued from page* 43) desire of her life revealed itself and stood sharply defined before her. The yearning to be a fine actress. This was so all-important that it relegated to the limbo of trivia such material things as a mink coat.

"Then I knew," Lizabeth stated simply, "that this coat was purely a mark of achievement, like an A on a term paper. It had no value of its own. So I laid it on the floor and walked on it, just to show how meaningless it was for me."

In the beginning, Lizabeth had no ambitions concerning the stage or an acting career. It was not until she had worked in summer stock in her home town in Scranton, Pennsylvania, that the instinct was awakened. It was like handing a cup of poison to Borgia. Now, acting is both a vocation and an avocation with this intense young person. She wants to work all the time. No sooner had she finished "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" than she went in to see her film boss Hal Wallis.

"I've heard of a play I'd like to do, this summer," she told him. "I used to love summer stock and it's been years since I've even thought about it."

Wallis, whose concern is to see that his star mixes in a little play with her acting, shook his head, "I don't think you'll have time," he said. "You're going on a long trip, first to New York. Then you'll fly to London for the opening of 'Ivers.'"

That settled it. Lizabeth forgot again about summer stock.

BUT she hasn't forgotten about England, even though she has had a busy time since her return, going into Columbia's "Dead Reckoning" with Humphrey Bogart.

"I thought the trans-Atlantic flight would be very chic," she said. "I thought I would fly with famous names, with statesmen and writers, with movie and theater people and such. There were one or two—but all the other passengers were simple people who worked at trades or in domestic service who were going home on holidays. The airplane companies encourage this travel above all, I understand. They want all people to use the sky lanes."

In London Lizabeth did all the elegant things a visiting movie star is expected to do. Garbed in her Grecian white crepe dress encrusted in gold beads, she went to the great dinner which preceded the premiere of "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers." She posed for pictures, in her arms a load of roses, by her side the handsome young British actor, Stewart Granger. She gave interviews to the press. She visited the Shakespeare country and Eton.

But that wasn't all. Intent upon learning what life in England really is like, she shopped for the weekly meat supply for a family she knew. Ration coupons in hand, she stood in the long patient lines at counters, joined in little exchanges with other standees and, impressed with the scant amount of meat her friends had for a week, left the shop humble.

"There are black markets in London," she said, "but they do not flourish." Her speech intensified with the emotion she felt as she added, "No self-respecting Britisher would risk his reputation by having more food or clothes than the current rationing allows. They're a wonderful people! I adore them!"

Again that pattern of intensity!

The design of her intense likes and dislikes and how she's lashed herself back and forth against them is best recognized when you hear her order a meal. "I'd like a salad," she says, "but no dressing."

"No dressing?" Mr. Wallis, who was lunching with her, (*Continued on page* 78)

Of all leading brands we tested...

NO OTHER deodorant STOPS PERSPIRATION and ODOR SO EFFECTIVELY yet so SAFELY!

FUR FASHION NEWS
The smartest fur hats and coats can keep you really warm! Hats cover all your hair. Coats are full length, (first time in years) either enormously full, or fitted trimly. Warning: the extra warmth of fur coats encourages underarm perspiration, which ruins clothes and embarrasses you. Use *new, improved* Arrid. Stops perspiration better, yet safely . . . prevents odor. Safe for fabrics. Does not irritate skin!



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1 No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely! Arrid is more effective in stopping perspiration than any other leading deodorant cream, according to our tests.

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3 Safe, gentle Arrid does not irritate the skin. Antiseptic. (Is used by more nurses than any other deodorant.)

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5 Soft, smooth, creamy . . . easy to apply.

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To PROTECT your precious fall clothes against perspiration . . . to prevent embarrassing odor . . . use the *new, improved Postwar* Arrid! Our laboratory comparisons of Arrid against all other leading brands show Arrid is more effective in stopping perspiration and odor with safety to skin and clothes. Arrid gives you the utmost safe protection. Guards clothes against perspiration. Prevents embarrassing odor. Get the *new, improved Postwar* Arrid today.

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Brown Seal is Top Fashion News! So is the full-length, fitted fur coat and big mink hat. When wearing furs, guard against underarm odor, and perspiration stains which ruin clothes. Switch to new, improved Arrid for utmost, safe protection. Safe for clothes, safe for skin. Our laboratory tests of all leading brands show no other leading deodorant cream stops perspiration so thoroughly. Start now to get the protection of Arrid.



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A sparkling new wine shade

You'll wear it with a queenly air... this luscious new lipstick$1.00*

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Your choice of two French Accent Kits. Lipstick, rouge and face powder, $2.00*

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Made in U.S.A.

*plus tax

(*Continued from page* 76) questioned, noting the shadows that lay in the hollows of her cheeks, the cups of her temples, the curve of her chin, "there's no need for you to diet."

Lizabeth shook her head and smiled, "When I was a child, I had to take cod-liver oil. I liked it then. But now I can't bear dressings because they have oil in them. And when I was little, I couldn't get enough fried chicken. Today I never order it."

There are any number of things like these that she loathes today and used to love.

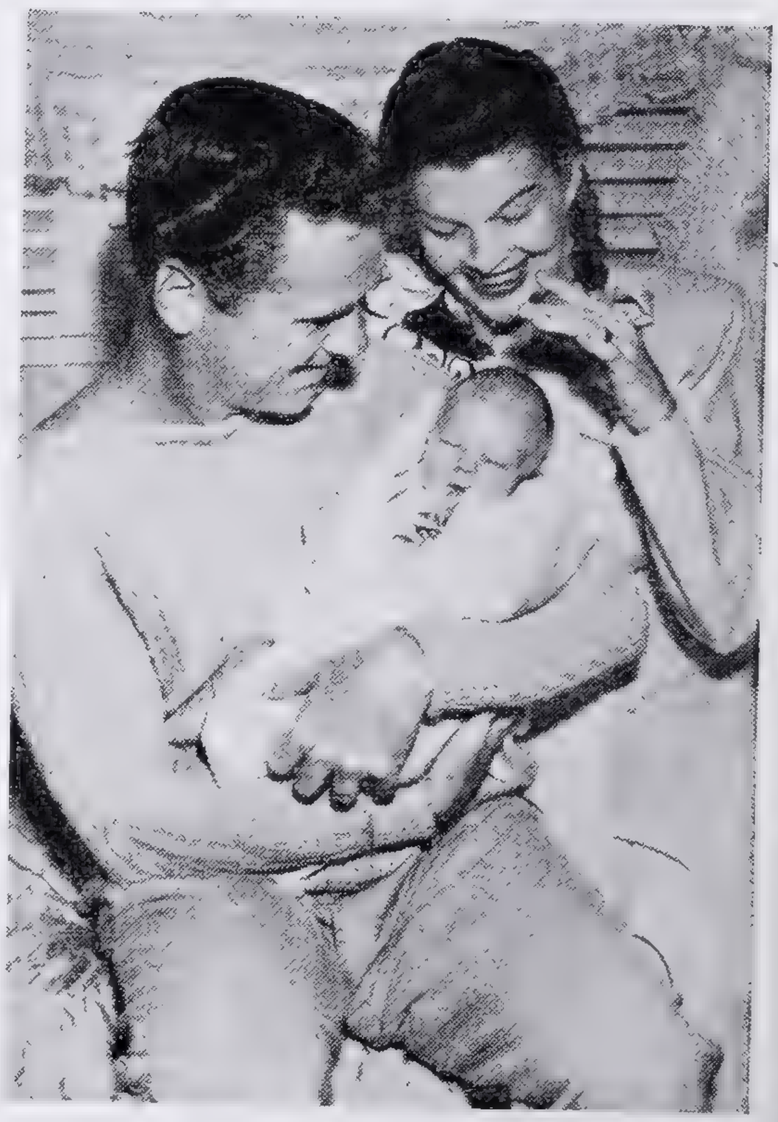
"I should hate to have the same likes and dislikes, now, at twenty-three that I had at fourteen," she admits vehemently. "I used to love pretty clothes so much that it amounted to practically a hunger. Now, I have more blouses than anything else in my wardrobe."

When she was understudying Tallulah Bankhead in "Skin of Our Teeth," and hadn't much money, she used to walk up and down Fifth Avenue, gazing at the beautiful gowns, suits and hats in the shop windows, hoping desperately that some day she would have enough money to buy all the clothes she wanted. Now she doesn't even own a hat, and wears the simplest of suits, or a skirt and blouse wherever she goes.

"When I was in New York last year," she recalled, "I'd been on salary for months, and it no longer was a question of money, but—I never went near a shop. I didn't buy a solitary thing the entire time I was in the East."

IN the early days of her career, B.H. (Before Hollywood), Lizabeth worked as a contract model for a fashion magazine, and one of the reasons she liked this job was because it gave her the chance to wear elegant clothes. Today, her only concern is that the skirts and suits be well fitted; and her lack of interest in fussy frocks and dinner dresses is startling.

During this same period of fashion modeling, she made an endless round of night clubs. "I practically lived in the Stork, El Morocco and '21'," she acknowledged. "If I wasn't at one I was at another. But I've only visited two night clubs since coming to Hollywood and both of those dates were made (*Continued on page* 80)



Introducing Jonathan, at age nine days, new son of Mr. and Mrs. Jackie Cooper

To glorify your Hair...

COMBS AND BRUSHES
BY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC

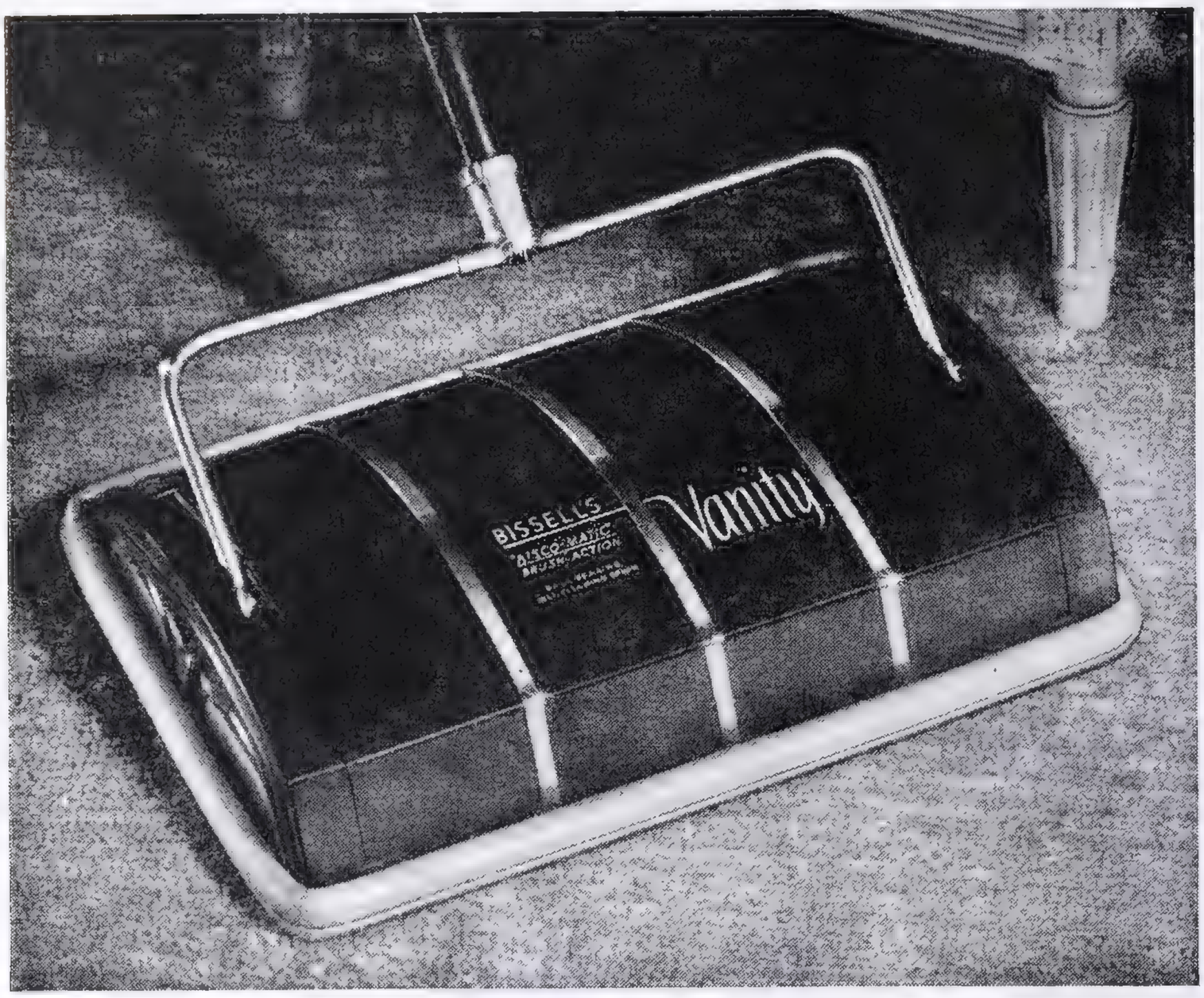
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There's beauty magic in the daily use of a Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush and Comb—magic that leaves your hair softer, more alluring. Jewelite Brushes by Pro-phy-lac-tic are the supreme creation of America's finest brush craftsmen, makers of the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Your Jewelite Brush has bristles of long, resilient Prolon to help stimulate your scalp and bring out every shining highlight of your hair. It's the *aristocrat* of plastics! And to give your hair that final "just right" touch, use a Pro-phy-lac-tic Plastic Comb, available in many graceful styles and sparkling colors, scientifically designed for *perfect* combing. For the sake of your hair, remember . . . Pro-phy-lac-tic. No other name means so much in a brush or a comb.

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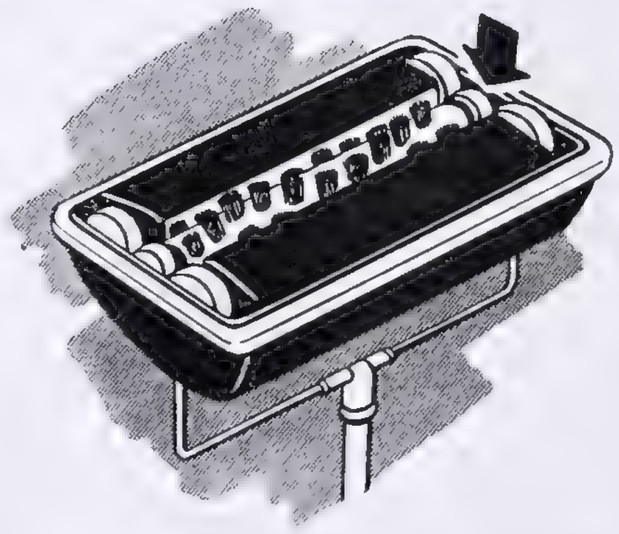
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Easier, Cleaner Daily Sweep-ups!



1. JUST HOLD the handle lightly— *don't press down at all!*



2. "BISCO-MATIC"* Brush Action does all the pressing down *itself!*

YOU'LL BREEZE through "BISSELL"* sweep-ups *easier than ever.*

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And dumping the dirt is the *easiest ever* with FLIP-O Empty, for a flick of your thumb opens the pans; they stay open till you set your Bissell down.

Beautiful new Bissell Sweepers with all these work-saving features— in limited quantities—at Bissell dealers only.

NEW BISSELL SWEEPERS

with patented "Bisco-Matic" Brush Action

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BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO., GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICH.

*REG. U. S. PATENT OFF.

(*Continued from page* 78) for me by the studio.

Lizabeth's contralto voice is warm; it dances in the room, grows still at the slightest movement of others. For she never wants to miss a word anyone else is saying—and she has a surprising habit of analyzing everything that's said. Her interest in everyone else, in the problems of others, is as warm as her voice.

To really know this young, half-Russian, half-English, all-American girl you have to know about the four words she uses most frequently. Words which echo the beat of that pendulum . . . adventure . . . color . . . love . . . progress.

Every hour of every day spells adventure to Lizabeth. For there's always something new to interest her. Now it's knitting. Yesterday it was making lamp shades. Someone suggested that she ought to have a hobby, so she started a "glass menagerie," and collected glass animals with all the intensity of feeling that she puts into everything she does. Her two most recent additions are a pair of playful pink elephants. Each new interest is taken up with keen delight, analyzed, and then discarded or kept—according to its value.

She is fascinated by color, and her apartment and clothes echo this fascination. All of her clothes are gay and bright with color, but her ability to combine various hues is an artistic triumph. And the minute you step into her apartment with its gay draperies, the bright prints upon the walls, and the vivid bits of pottery—like a final dash of paprika on creamed chicken—you recognize the hand she's had in decorating it. It's a rented apartment, but it's Lizabeth's because of her use of color.

As for love . . . here's a girl to throw her heart upon the wheel and let it come up odd or even, black or red. "I've always been in love with love," she declared. "I've romanticized every man I've ever gone out with, but I haven't found the right one yet.

"I want to get married," her sincerity made the words tremble a little. "No life is complete for any woman without a man, a home and children. When I fall in love, I want to do so with my whole heart. But, I've never found a man to whom I could open up my heart and soul—yet. I guess I'm still 'seeking someone to inspire.'"

NEXT to love, Lizabeth's main hope is for progress. She would hate bitterly to stand still. Never to be a better actress than she is now. Progress. That's the word which slips most frequently into her speech, and that's the mainspring of the pendulous pulsation. All of her life her adorations and abominations have added up to progress.

"When I was a very little girl," she recognized, "I was a very chi-chi little girl. Then, I turned into a tomboy. And I remained a tomboy until my first year at college, when I went into summer stock. Then, when I started work in show-business, I became clothes-conscious. Fine clothes meant more to me than anything in this world. Now, I know that it's ability not clothes that counts."

There is something violent in Lizabeth's yearning for ability.

"Oh, I want to do great things!" she cried out. "I want to have ability. I *have* to be a really fine actress!"

There's no room for half-measures in the tempo of her life. Self-discipline amounts to virtually a mania with her. Again, it's an extreme. If she goes on a bust and eats six bars of candy at dinner time, she denies herself even an ice at luncheon next day. Not in order to diet, purely a matter of (*Continued on page* 82)

WOMEN! YOU, TOO, CAN CATCH A RICH HUSBAND!



What would you do to own a genuine mink coat . . . with a yacht to match? Just let these four smart girls show you how to meet the kind of men who can buy them.

Andrew Stone *presents*

Gail RUSSELL • Claire TREVOR • Ann DVORAK • Adolphe MENJOU

in

THE BACHELOR'S DAUGHTERS



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EUGENE LIST

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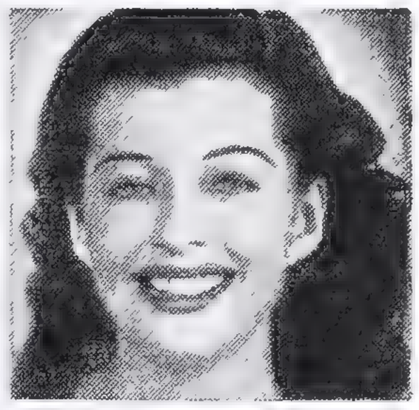
Jane Wyatt • Billie Burke

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COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

Ask any of these thrilled owners of mink and men



GAIL RUSSELL
(As Eileen)
"It was simple . . . I just traded a wink for a mink!"



CLAIRE TREVOR
(As Cynthia)
"I had designs on a yacht . . . now I have the yacht!"



ANN DVORAK
(As Terry)
"I found that kisses can get a girl the most wonderful career!"



JANE WYATT
(As Marta)
"A cave with *him* would be fine . . . but a penthouse would be better!"

See them do what YOU can do!

(*Continued from page* 80) self-denial. She loves making things difficult for herself.

"If things are simple," she laughingly admitted, "I add the touch to make them tough. Life itself is a struggle. I never coast along the easiest way."

And one of the easiest ways to make Lizabeth mad is to even suggest that she take the middle road. She doesn't drink and someone once suggested that at a party where everyone else was drinking it would be easier to accept a glass of ginger ale than to turn a drink down flatly. "But I don't want ginger ale," she vetoed. "That wouldn't be honest." So she continued to say to her host or hostess, "Thanks, but I don't drink."

THIS terrific belief in honesty and self-castigation may have its roots in her Russian ancestry. Her mother, Marie De-Penok, who was born in Russia and came to these United States as a small child, had some pretty decided ideas on rearing children. And though her mother never intended that it should work out as it did, it was she who started Lizabeth in show business.

"Mother believed that young minds should be active," she related, "and didn't want me to waste my summer vacation. So I tried to get a job as a counselor at a girl's camp. Then, I tried for the position of playground director near home. When I didn't land that, Mother suggested that I might find some sort of work with the summer stock company. This third attempt was the charm, and I worked with them all summer—mostly as a script girl, though I carried a tray across the stage a few times. I was fascinated by the lights and the color of the sets and the costumes. That's when I first knew that I had to be an actress."

"If a fairy godmother had suddenly appeared on the scene, complete with wand, and offered you one wish," someone queried, "would you have asked to be a movie star?"

"If I could have but one wish, at any time," she repeated, "I'd wish to have led exactly the life I've led, to have known a bit of hunger, a bit of feasting, a few moments of exhilaration and moments of longing, to have had a little gladness, a little sadness, and—a chance someday to be *great!*"

THE END



the Teens are Keen!

No doubt about it, the teens *are* keen, and when there's a party cookin', the Park Avenue tumbler by Federal, is usually at hand.

And why not! Everything about the Park Avenue's lustrous, lithe and spirited beauty just naturally appeals to the young in heart (of all ages). It's been given the glad hand by more people than any other tumbler ever made.

Since the turn of the century, Federal-fashioned tumblers, tableware, beverage sets, occasional and ornamental pieces have graced millions and millions of homes like yours.



It will pay you to look for the Shield of Federal when you buy glassware. It stands for precision-engineered quality in smartly designed glassware whose matchless color, clarity and brilliance belie its very low cost.

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Everybody is talking about "True Detective Mysteries" . . . the new dramatic radio show that has become an old-time favorite of millions of listeners. If you crave exciting radio entertainment, turn your radio dial to your Mutual Broadcasting station this Sunday and listen to "True Detective Mysteries!"

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Yankee Bride

(*Continued from page* 74) East Phyllis had told Olivia about him. "He's wonderful company. Really knows about life and people."

"I met him about five years ago," Olivia answered, "at a party at Arthur Hornblow's. I liked him very much, I remember. The next night I saw him again dining at Romanoff's."

"Since then," Phyllis said, "he's been fighting in the Pacific. He was a commander—at Salerno and Okinawa."

The first evening they spent with Marcus Goodrich he reminded Olivia that he had been about to take her home from the Hornblow party when her gentleman of the hour had belligerently insisted on his prerogative, "Marcus Goodrich is not to see you home. I will!" He enumerated several telephone calls he had made to her house only to be informed she was not at home when he knew she was; whereupon he had put a pox on whoever had given her a bad report about him. He quoted her exactly the night she came into Romanoff's where he was dining and said, "Oh, there you are!" That could have meant anything, of course. But Olivia is certain now it was a prognostication.

IT was on a Friday night that Marcus told Olivia to beware of writers. Four days later, on Tuesday, he arrived at her hotel in a state of great excitement, having decided that what she needed most in the world was a writer, specifically a writer named Marcus Aurelius Goodrich.

"I'm asking Phyllis to dinner," he told her. "You've appointed her your mother while you're here. I'm going to tell her, 'I am in love with this woman and want to marry her.'"

Olivia did not immediately give him his answer. She knew she was being swept off her feet; but none of the men she had ever been "in love" with before had ever meant anything in comparison to Marcus. They were together every waking moment that they were not working; she at rehearsals, he on his new novel about Mexico. They talked about Jung and the atom bomb, about publishers and movie producers, about J. M. Barrie and the superiority of kidneys cooked in red wine. They talked too about life in a big house in California, with walnut trees and a library wing soundproofed so even the noise of five or six young children would not disturb a writer at work. And at long last, two days later to be exact, Olivia gave Marcus his answer.

Rehearsals over, Marcus drove Olivia and Phyllis to Westport, Connecticut, saw them installed at the Inn, arranged to rent a cottage for himself for the week they would be there, then returned to New York to meet George Seaton, who was arriving from California, and to buy Olivia's engagement ring.

"I'd like an old ring," she told him.

He found it at the Hammer Galleries where they specialize in such treasures; two bands of yellow gold set with two heart-shaped Siberian amethysts and tiny diamonds.

"It came to us," the clerk told Marcus, "from the estate of an old lady. She was a very happy person."

They planned to be married in about two months, when Olivia finished her engagements in summer theater and on the radio and he had had his long-planned holiday with his eighteen-year-old daughter.

"What climate do you like best, Marcus?" Olivia asked as, together with Phyllis and George Seaton, they pored over maps.

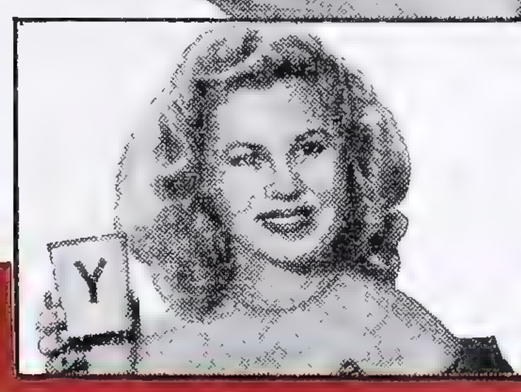
"A warm climate," he said. "But I work

"RC's best for taste!"

says JUNE PREISSER



See JUNE PREISSER in
The Teen-Agers Production
"HIGH SCHOOL HERO"
A Monogram Picture



"IT WAS TOPS IN MY TASTE-TEST!" says June. "I tried leading colas in paper cups and chose Royal Crown Cola best tasting!" Try it! Say, "RC for me!" That's the quick way to get a quick-up with Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test!

RC is the quick way to say...

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by taste-test



Want extra comfort,
Ease of use, too?
Ask for Meds-Slender—
Made just for you!

Internal protection in a new extra easy-to-use size, with regular absorbency—that's Meds-Slender! Cheering news, for they offer security, comfort and convenience of a kind you never dreamed possible. Free you from pins, belts and pads; from chafing and embarrassing bulges. Give you a new outlook on life!

If you need super absorbency, choose Meds-De Luxe—already so popular with so many women. Both sizes have these Meds' advantages:

- "SAFETY-WELL" for added protection
- COTTON for soft comfort
- APPLICATORS for daintiness

Meds

IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATORS



Meds-DE LUXE with super absorbency

Meds-SLENDER with regular absorbency

Note special design of Meds applicators. Firm, smooth, easy to use, completely disposable.

better where it is cold." Straightaway her hand made its way across the map to the California mountains. "We'll be there for the first snow," she said.

As they looked at the maps, deciding where they would be married and where they would honeymoon, George Seaton burst into loud laughter.

"I can't help thinking," he said, "of the thousands of people in California who are saying, 'Let's go to Westport, Connecticut, to be married. Such an idyllic spot!' "

"How right you are, George," Phyllis said. "A summer wedding here in a country garden!"

It was that precise moment on Saturday night that all Olivia's and Marcus's practical plans went glimmering. On Monday Olivia was opening at the Playhouse. "Could you arrange to have the five-day law waived?" they asked Lawrence Langner, director of the Theater Guild, when they reached him and his wife, Armina, dining at Edna Ferber's. He was sure he could—provided he gave Olivia away and she was married in their garden.

They agreed upon a Church of England ceremony with two rings. "It's so beautiful," Olivia said. "And both Marcus and I come of Episcopalian families."

WHEN Marcus first suggested that Olivia in the traditional manner promise to obey, she thought, certainly not! "A year ago," she says, "I could not have made any such promise and retained my self-respect. With Marcus, however, it was different. He is a man of judgment and great kindness. Therefore if ever we could not agree I would know that I, as the woman, should say, 'Your way will prevail.' "

At six o'clock Sunday night they took their medical tests. Early Monday morning, they went to the next town of Weston, where the Langners live, to get their license. At eleven they returned to the Inn to meet the Reverend Fredric L. Lorentzan who married them at high noon on an island in the Langner garden pool where the Chinese Goddess of Happiness sits beside a little pagoda. Phyllis Loughton was her matron of honor. George Seaton was the best man. Irene Selznick and Armina Langner stood by

Olivia wore a paisley silk print of bright green and blue with red predominating. The pearls Joan Fontaine gave her years ago furnished something old. A handkerchief from Irene Selznick was new. Phyllis's gloves with a finger cut out for the ring were borrowed. Olivia's big hat was blue. And she used a Roosevelt dime for the sixpence in her shoe.

At five minutes before twelve, while Marcus waited beside the Goddess of Happiness, Olivia put an emergency call through to her mother. "Be thinking of me during the next twenty minutes, Mummy," she said. "I'm being married. Marcus and I decided not to wait."

Armina Langner had brought out a harpist from New York to play the wedding music. "And," says Olivia, "when Phyllis and I walked into the garden we heard 'Lohengrin.' 'That's for me,' I thought. It was most solemn and strange.

"I couldn't keep step. So I just ran across the little bridge to Marcus who was waiting."

Her wedding ring is the old-fashioned gold band she wears in the play. There was no other in Westport to fit her finger. Later Marcus will find her a ring of gold as yellow and soft as her engagement ring. His similar ring came from a village jeweler.

There was a wedding luncheon on the terrace of the Langner century-old house. Everywhere were white gladioli and asters from the garden. There was a wedding cake which the village caterer had stayed up all night to bake and decorate. There was champagne. There were flowers from Joan Fontaine and her husband, Bill Dozier. Mrs. Goodrich Sr. telegraphed, "Blessings, my children. Mother." Oscar Serlin, the theatrical producer, sent them two feathers to wear in their caps. And there was happy laughter. For everyone there agreed with Nunnally Johnson, the Hollywood producer and a devoted friend of the bride and bridegroom, who wired, "What a wonderful idea!"

Speaking of her theater premiere that evening, Olivia said, "I couldn't have done it without Marcus. I was in a panic. The job seemed too big but he kept me from thinking too far ahead. 'Olivia,' he said, 'now pretend you've just one act to do and no more—like a one-act play.' In the first intermission he said, 'Now you're going to do another act. Just one more one-act play.' In the second intermission he said the same thing. When he came back for the third intermission he said, 'Fifteen minutes more and I'll take you home!'

"Had he not kept me from thinking too far ahead of the effort as a frightening whole, I don't know what I would have done. As it was I got through!"

SHE did indeed get through. One critic who has seen the greatest actresses as the Barrie character wrote: "Olivia de Havilland is the most understanding and understandable *Maggie* I have ever seen."

It must be strange for Olivia, who has mothered every man she has ever known—not part of the time, which is fitting, but one hundred percent of the time which can be ruinous—to find herself protected now, even indulged and pleasantly spoiled.

Marcus Goodrich is forty-eight, with four previous marriages. She is thirty and never has been married before. None of which disturbs her. She is convinced Marcus is what she really has been waiting for. And she says, "There's an old-fashioned saying that a husband should be all men to a woman—a father, a brother, a beau. . . . Marcus is all those things. And, being young of heart, he's a child, too."

With a tell-tale glow in her eyes she tells of the night Marcus left to pay the promised visit to his daughter at Olivia's insistence. "When I came back after the theater, I found this under my pillow. Opened so . . ."

In her hands was her wedding certificate. In flowering script it read:

Be it known that
on the 26th day of August
in the Year of Our Lord 1946
Marcus Aurelius Goodrich
and
Olivia Mary de Havilland
were by me
United in Marriage.

"He left me this, too." She picked up a new copy of "Delilah" from the bedside table. It was inscribed, "To Olivia, with all my love, forever. Marcus."

She's rereading it joyfully. "To familiarize myself with his style," she said. "So I can listen intelligently at night when he reads to me what he has done. For I know it is Marcus's work that's important. Not only because it is right that a husband's endeavor must come first if it's to be a good marriage, but also because his work will endure. . . .

"He left me his laundry, too, with a little note asking it be ready when he returns. He saw to it that I wouldn't forget I was married, even for a moment. As if I would!"

She laughed. And her laughter came from her heart.

Nunnally Johnson was right, it seems, when he wired, "What a wonderful idea!"

THE END

Return of Romance?

(*Continued from page* 37) had Gable appeared with Rita Hayworth. But there wouldn't have been any such quickening of emotions, such stirring of memories. Because Crawford and Gable had once been Hollywood's greatest potential romance and the town would love to see them together again.

By the time the two reached their table the photographers swooped down upon them. Joan, briefly searching her companion's face, caught the knowing grin, the imperceptible shrug, and straightway invited six of the lens experts to join their table.

The banter between flash bulbs flew thick and fast, Clark interposing good-naturedly whenever there was a lull, "What's the matter, boys, out of film?"

Joan paid him off in kind. When a friend dropped by the besieged table to observe that for two people to be seen together in Hollywood once was to be called a twosome and that Joan had better keep away from Errol Flynn, she countered, "I will. He's much too young for me!"

Gable feigned indignation. "I beg your pardon!"

In this vein the evening rolled merrily along.

BUT the next morning the tongues began wagging, the presses began rolling, the radio began chattering and those who follow Hollywood happenings suddenly sat up and asked, "What's this? A new romance for Crawford and Gable?"

"New" is hardly the word. Joan and Clark have been special to each other from the day some years ago when they met and tested for their first picture, "Dance, Fools, Dance." At that time Hollywood was in a furor over Clark because of the uncompromising gambler he had played in the film version of Adela Rogers St. Johns's novel, "A Free Soul," which starred Norma Shearer. "He comes from the stage," they said in explanation of his instinctive timing.

Stage experience! Joan was impressed. Jittery too at the thought of working with him.

Clark also was impressed and jittery at the thought of working with Joan. On all sides he heard a brilliant career predicted for her.

"Miss Crawford!" He acknowledged the director's introduction with a formal bow.

"Mr. Gable!" She rushed the words together in the fierce little way that then even more than now betokened her refusal to let it be known how shy she really was.

She was wearing a cotton house dress and low-heeled shoes. Clark towered above her, so far above her that, surprised out of her jitters, she cried: "My God, you're big!"

An experienced siren couldn't have conceived four words more likely to make a man remember.

Throughout the picture their friendship grew. Sitting on the sidelines of the set they used each other as a sounding board for all their thoughts. They talked about the theater and books, about the bouquet of wines and all the things they didn't understand about life. No doubt anyone overhearing their conversation would have thought them incredibly corny. But they also would have realized they were wholly sincere.

For in their highly competitive town, with fame and fortune at stake, they dared not seem young or inexperienced or searching. So only with each other could they take off their masks; could Clark appear otherwise than a slightly politer facsimile of the tough guys

'Anything worth doing...'

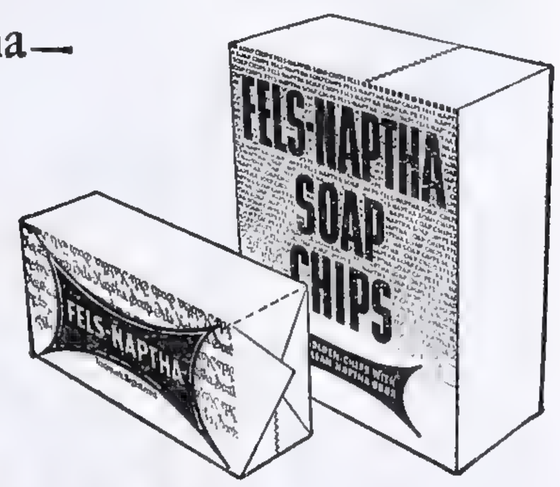


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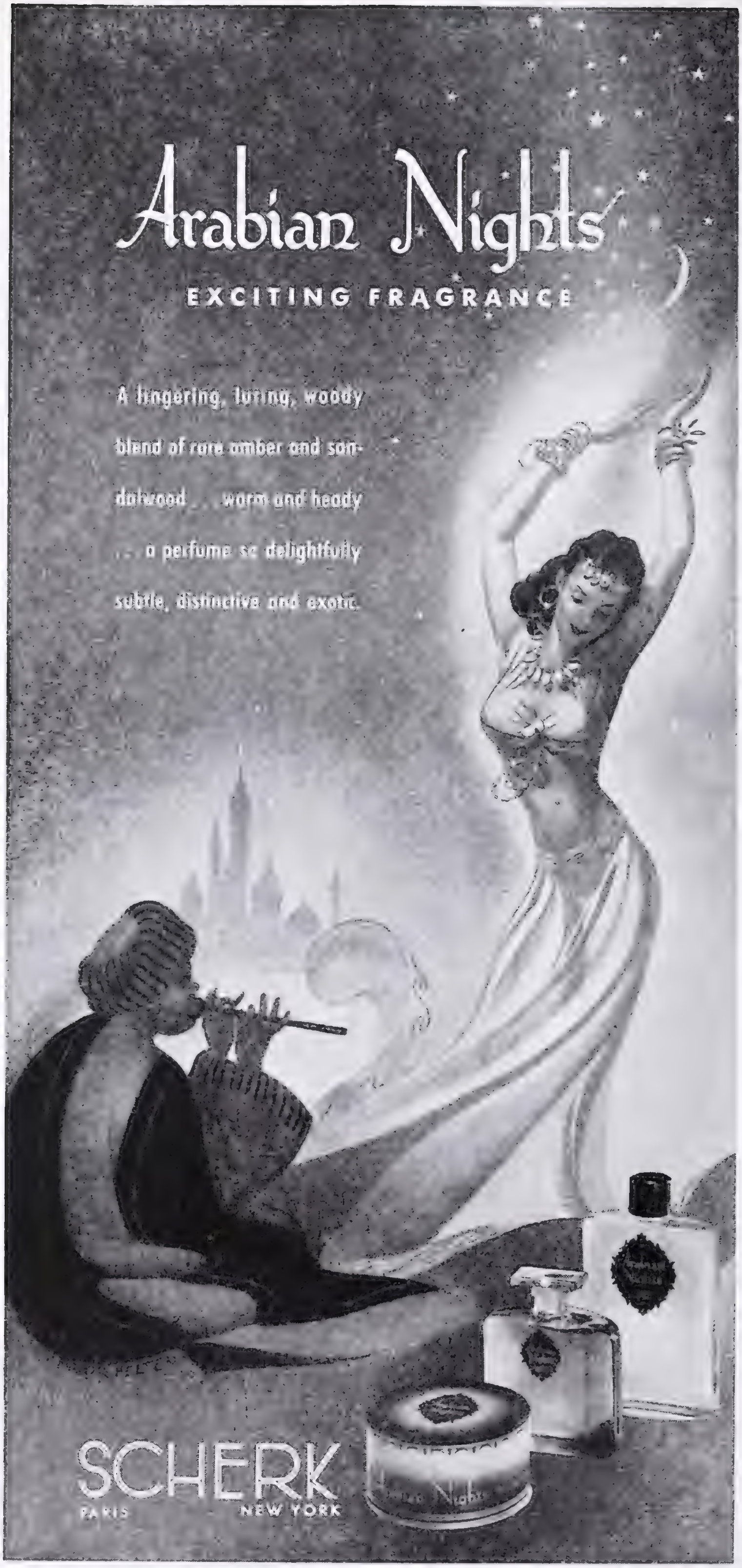
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he played on the screen, could Joan appear otherwise than a secure and smoothly sophisticated lady. Discovering each other in a way they also discovered themselves.

Clark was married to Rhea then. Joan was married to Douglas Jr. If they weren't happy in their marriages they didn't know it. So when rumors began to circulate about them they laughed and Joan promptly invited Rhea to lunch and they began visiting back and forth at each other's homes.

However, later on, when Joan and young Doug returned from a holiday in Europe things were different. Joan was trying valiantly—sure death to any marriage—to keep things together. For when she married Douglas Fairbanks Jr., she had made her vows of faithfulness and forbearance with the solemnity of a reformed Hey Hey girl.

Clark and Rhea, too, had changed toward each other.

So, intrinsically unhappy and lonely, Joan and Clark met again to make "Possessed." The first one on the set in the mornings waited for the other to arrive. More and more their chairs stood side by side. More and more they talked of all the things in life they could less and less understand.

"Clark's an old softy!" she said at this time, meaning no doubt, to make an amusing revelation. But her voice went tender, making it a romantic revelation instead. It still does even when she says of some other man, "He's kind of Clark Gable-ish. . . ." And Clark, speaking of Joan, for years has tried to be noncommital as he's said, "She's quite a gal!"

THE crew on the "Possessed" set were the first to know Joan and Clark were in love. They knew it probably before Joan or Clark did themselves. Then items began appearing in the columns. But where Joan once had laughed down similar rumors she now was enraged and denied everything.

"Can there be no friendship in Hollywood?" she demanded emotionally.

Those who knew Joan and Clark best then insisted they never saw each other except at the studios and at parties. At parties, however, you always found them on the same side of the room, on the same side of a discussion or rushing excitedly to each other to share something amusing; an inevitable sign that a man and a woman are important to each other; more so sometimes than either one of them yet realizes.

This was Joan's and Clark's time, of course. But neither of them was quite ready for the divorce and publicity they both faced later on.

There was, so far as anyone knows, no grand renunciation between them. They simply and gradually moved away from each other, back into the shelter of their marriages.

The romanticists will tell you—and they may be right—that this was a great pity, that Joan and Clark then were made for each other and, had they followed their hearts, would be two different people today, two happier and more fulfilled and secure people. And there is no doubt in the minds of all who have observed them through the years that there never has been a time, even when they have been emotionally involved with others, that they haven't been important to each other, that they haven't paused instantly at the sound of the other's call or voice or even at the casual mention of the other's name.

Joan was in New York when Carole Lombard Gable's plane crashed. For years her path and Clark's had not crossed

except in the most casual manner. Married to Franchot Tone in the meantime, Joan also had become somewhat the smooth sophisticate she once only had pretended to be. Nevertheless, her grief for Clark was something she did not even try to hide.

It was just before Joan married Phil Terry that gossips once more began noticing Clark's car parked in front of her house in Brentwood. But in this story of frustration again the time was not right. Clark was top man on the screen. Joan was in her slump. Above all, she needed to re-establish herself and to be with those who worshipped her blindly and so soothed her ego. All of which is understandable. For it is not in the human pattern not to be hurt and not be determined to prove yourself all over again when you're looked upon as a glamorous queen one day and the next you're kept waiting outside producers' offices while newcomers are given parts you would cherish.

EARLIER, of course, when both Joan's and Clark's positions were dominant and strong, it had been all right for them to confess to each other their underlying sense of insecurity and their sensitive fears. Not now.

So Clark went away. Again, inevitably, the distance between him and Joan widened. She had her greater absorption in her career, her delightful adopted children with their pretty manners, her beautiful white house with its exquisite white drawing room. Clark had his definitely lesser interest in his career and his informal life on his ranch. And when he said farewell to Hollywood to fly in enemy skies and Joan married Phillip Terry the distance was even greater than before.

Not too great, however. For again their paths were destined to cross. It was after Clark returned to civilian life and Joan's marriage to Phillip Terry was on the rocks. This time Louis B. Mayer provided the springboard by seating Joan and Clark next to each other at a dinner party he was giving. That gentleman has been known to foster romance more than once.

For a while it looked as if the friendly hypo might be taking, for thereafter the Gable car was seen on occasions making its way over the hills from the Valley to Brentwood. And Hollywood, frequently hard-boiled over the heart affairs of its fellow citizens, really rooted for this one. Hadn't the right time arrived at last for the big guy who had known tragedy, made a fine record in the war only to return to an empty heart, and the woman who alone won top acclaim for her courageous comeback?

Then came the opening of the California Cabana Club when Joan and Clark created a social climax by attending together. An answer had to be given and Joan gave it. "I'm amazed Clark and I caused such a flurry by appearing together at the Cabana Club. I thought everyone knew we saw each other occasionally."

This could be another one of those evasions out of the mouths of Hollywood stars. It could be—but isn't. Theirs is not the romance Hollywood would like to have it—not as things stand at the moment. Again it's a question of the wrong timing; Gable, fed up with pictures despite the financial success of "Adventure," his future course unclear even to himself; Joan, with her feet firmly on the road to perhaps a second Oscar.

But who is to say that the timing might not one of these days be right?

THE END



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West Branch
CEDAR HOPE CHEST
The Present with a Future

Ranch Warming

(*Continued from page* 49) never doubted for a moment that Alan was anything more than a mere delivery boy. Item two: She obviously didn't know that Chet is an extremely well-heeled gentleman who runs an antique shop for the absolute fun of it. His wife, who used to be pretty little Lois Ransom of the screen, infected her husband with the antique bug, she being an "early American furniture" addict.

Mr. Alan Ladd, the delivery boy, observed the sparkling lake cupped in green mountains with live oaks, sycamore trees and fertile fields dotting their slopes, beheld the splendid brood mares, stallions, foals and yearlings grazing there, and nearly went flat on his famous face. In fact, he would have dropped his end of the priceless old couch if Chet hadn't cautioned, "Watch your step, dope."

Alan quickly addressed the lady customer. "Is there any land you know of for sale around here?"

She turned to Chet. "As a matter of fact," she said, "there is a ranch for sale within a mile or so. There's no house on it. That burned down. But the four-car garage is still there, a very wonderful stable for horses and there's a half-finished swimming pool." Then she laughed at the idea of a delivery boy thinking he could buy such a place.

SO that's just what Alan did. He purchased it that afternoon. That was the beginning of Alsulana Acres. Susie didn't shatter when Alan confessed to her what he'd done. Being Susie, perfect wife, she told him that was wonderful, but being Miss Carol, business woman, she pointed out one or two facts.

"You can't just build a house these days," she said. "You have to wait and wait. And it will be a round trip of more than a hundred miles to the studio when you're shooting. . . ."

"Tomorrow's Saturday," interrupted Laddie. "We could take our two horses down and have a perfect weekend. All we need is a little straw to bunk them down in the stable. It's such a big stable, Susie, we could even bunk down in the other end of it or maybe the garage."

"I think the garage would be wiser," said Susie, not batting an eyelash—acting, in fact, as though they were discussing something completely sensible.

They were off at the crack of dawn the next morning in their car with the two horses in the horse trailer, and stacks of sandwiches, jugs of coffee and a couple of air-filled mattresses beside them.

That was the first weekend. The next one Alana went along. By the third weekend, they'd hired a stable hand, and they'd decided that the garage, plus a lean-to, could actually be converted into a house. So that weekend they had guests: The Roots. By the fourth weekend they had the Bill Demarests besides the Roots and after that, they just lost count. Life at the ranch was one continual picnic.

Never once did Alan's enthusiasm waver. He moved a mountain—but literally—to improve the view—which was plenty spectacular to begin with. With the help of his groom and a Mexican field hand, he soon had the stables in shape.

Susie, the while, was turning that four-car garage plus lean-to, not into a mere shelter but into an actual little jewel of a house. The first thing she did was to turn the lean-to and the space for two cars into a kitchen-living room. Then from the space for the other two cars, she evolved two bedrooms and a bath—one bedroom for her and Alan, another with four bunks for Alana and guests. In the wet cement of one doorstep, Alan scratched "The Ladds Welcome" in very (*Continued on page* 90)

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and Laddie, January 9th, 1946" which was the first date the doorstep was there at all.

OF COURSE, with Lois and Chet always among those present, it became unthinkable that the ranch house should be furnished with anything less than genuine old pieces. So Susie and Lois went prowling and began coming back with treasures, while back on the ranch Alan and Chet were overseeing the remodeling of the old swimming pool (with a shallow end for Alana and a deep end for the rest of the family). The fan public of Alan's began to get in on it, too, and "Alsulana Acres" was a name suggested by a fan.

But, actually, Alsulana Acres didn't have its formal opening until late this past summer at what Sue called a "picnic." Dottie Lamour came with her brother and sister-in-law. (Dottie's husband, Bill, couldn't get away from his work long enough to be there.) Betty Hutton and her husband, Ted Briskin, were there too, and the Demarests and the Roots and PHOTOPLAY's photographers to catch all this merriment.

Alan showed the men—from horseback—his homegrown apricots and the rifle range he had laid out, all unassisted, and the swimming pool he was helping on. Susie showed the girls every space-saving corner of the house. She was justly proud that, with today's shortages, they hadn't used any new lumber—but had adapted what was at hand—like the pergola they found going nowhere at one end of the ranch, which they forthwith made serve as an outdoor porch.

It was Dottie who told Sue she'd send her slips of all her wonderful geraniums to plant around the ranch and Betty who said she'd make Ted send the Ladds the newest electrical gadgets, which Ted is able to get because of his business connections in Chicago. As for Sue, she had us in giggles describing the latest Ladd gifts.

For example, for this year's wedding anniversary, Sue had given Alan two hundred feet of the best copper piping—which was what he most wanted—to irrigate the ranch. Alan had given her a station wagon, which was most certainly what she needed to get to market some twenty miles away. (But both gifts were a far cry from the usual jeweled splendor that had marked their other anniversaries.) What's more, Susie told how Alan, on her birthday, had given her "Marijuana," which is a mare (who will get her name changed) and she is in the same delicate condition as Susie. Susie was really thrown when "Marijuana," with colt, appeared, for the simple reason that she had already had "So Sad," another mare, bred for Alan for Father's Day. There was nothing to do about that but confess to Alan—so there they were, not with two horses but suddenly with four that were about to become six. It was just like them—living in a four-car garage for the first time in their lives—and increasing the size of their family.

And yet it was all like the Ladds' idea of a "picnic lunch" that wonderful day. The guests expected something like sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs. What they got was baked ham and two kinds of potatoes and chicken casserole and corn on the cob and two different kinds of salad and hot biscuits and heavenly homemade hot apple pie. All this was served by the host and hostess out under the trees, overlooking that unbelievable (and improved by Ladd) view.

It just goes to show, you see, what can happen when a man goes to deliver a couch.

THE END

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For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 102


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Her real name is Jean Brodel. She has hazel eyes, auburn hair and weighs exactly 118 pounds. She's been an actress for nineteen years, although she's just twenty-one, having made her debut in vaudeville when she was only two. Her latest picture is Warner Brothers' "Two Guys from Milwaukee"



Engstead

Left, a trim tunic-length jacket that can be worn either with matching slacks or skirt (not shown). By Joseph Zukin of California in Labtex Fabric's "Tegra" rayon. Also in aqua, gray, melon and black. Sizes 10-20, about $23.00 at The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C., and The Bon Marche, Seattle, Wash.

Barrel sleeves plus a barrel skirt make this Lynn Lester two-piece dress a timely flatterer. Of Shirley gabardine in many color combinations. Sizes 10-18, around $23.00 at Robinson's, Los Angeles, Calif., and The Fair, Chicago, Ill.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 102



Engstead

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NYLON HOSIERY "AS YOU LIKE IT"! *It scores on every point. It is surprisingly long-wearing, yet its sheerness is sheer delight. These lovely stockings cling to every curve of your leg and ankle—follow your every movement. Superb design and full-fashioned knitting assure perfect fit. Ask for hosiery "As You Like It" by name at your favorite stocking counter.*



NYLON HOSIERY
"As You Like It"
READING, PA.

Side View

of the Fashion Sitting

with DOLORES MORAN

By Rena Firth

Everything was in readiness to photograph Dolores Moran for this month's fashions. It was an Indian Summer's day. But the rooms of Ben's New York studios were refreshingly dark and cool. Dolores came in from the hot street gratefully. She was chic and slender in one of the suits she loves to wear—a new cutaway suit, very sleek and hip moulding with a black and white checked attached vest. She's very blonde and blue-eyed, Dolores, with a translucent, flower-petal complexion—strictly for Technicolor. And you're surprised at her five-feet seven-inches; perhaps because it carries only 118 pounds.

She patted powder lightly over her face, added lipstick. Nothing more! Then she combed out her hair which she wears long and loose. The side hair she fastens with tiny combs and lets the top hair fall softly over them.

Her gift of natural friendliness makes conversation fun and easy. Immediately there was talk of clothes and New York, which Dolores was visiting for the first time.

She loved the green swagger coat in which she posed, turning before the long pier glass to admire it from every angle. She seemed as delighted as a child at discovering how becoming this bright color was on her.

"I have to discipline myself," she laughed. "Every time I try on anything I like I want to buy it. I especially can't resist dance dresses. They're so romantic. Besides, I think a girl should look different when she's going to a party than when she's going to the movies. I can't resist suits and colorful blouses either. Or bright accessories."

Dolores found New York exciting, especially at five o'clock in the morning; for over and over she talked of the skyline at dawn as seen from her hotel suite.

She's back in California now with United Artists working on the Benedict Bogeaus-Burgess Meredith picture, "A Miracle Can Happen." Later, however, she hopes to come back East and do a musical. She loves dancing and practises ballet regularly. "It makes you graceful," she says.

Watching her you're sure of it!



See Koret of California sportswear worn by star June Preisser and members of the cast of Monogram's "HIGH SCHOOL HERO."

Koret of California

Life in the open is living the California way, in clothes that are casual experts. For the patio barbecue to a spot in the sun, wear Koret of California's Jack-Shirt made to mix with a variety of separates—skirts, slacks, and these below-the-knee Smarty-Pants. **Jack-Shirt** in Plaid Corduroy; 12-18; about $9. Corduroy **Smarty-Pants** in muted and bright Golden West colors: 12-18; about $7. At fashion stores wherever you are.

Koret of California • 611 Mission Street • San Francisco 5



Fashion is Fun

and makes you lovelier

•

Here are a few highlights of the exciting fall fashions:

* * *

Necklines are either high, giving a swathed, wrapped look, or very decollete (and we really mean low). Sometimes the decolletage is a softly draped cowl with tiny rows of net under the low edge of the neckline—giving a terrifically daring look while the net keeps you the modest little lass that you are.

* * *

High riding belts for nipped-in waist are exciting when they glitter with sequins or nailheads. Casual leather belts with important buckles and interesting lines do things for sport dresses. Twisted and hanging chain belts give soft dresses a siren look. . . . In fact, there is practically no costume this winter that doesn't look better for being belted.

* * *

Gloves point up the new sleeve silhouettes in many clever ways. Long sweeping gloves worn with a low decolletage gown are the perfect covered-up contrast. Shortie gloves are so right with long-cuffed sleeves, or worn with tailored coats and suits. And the wonderful colors these gloves come in add spice to any wardrobe. For a real dash of glamour try sequin-trimmed gloves; in either the long or shortie length.

* * *

Splash a sequin monogram on a black sweater or blouse. It's easy to sew this on yourself even if it does take a little time to get that perfect handmade look.

* * *

This is the year for collars and berthas. Add a pair of matching cuffs —the bigger the better; for big cuffs are not only fashion wise but make your hands look longer and slimmer.

* * *

Does your suit jacket have a high round neck? If so be sure to wear the collar of your blouse out and high around your neck. This collar outside your suit lends a very new note. If your suit is a basic color add a black satin bow under the collar.

* * *

Our feathered friends are not the only ones to sport feathers this winter. You'll find feathered muffs, scarves and hats lavishly trimmed with multicolored plumes for this dressed-up season of 1946. Trim a hat with curled feathers lying around the brim. Place a few quills strategically on a beret. Or (this is our favorite) sew a feath-

(Continued on page 102)

Helen Neushaefer at American premiere of La Theatre de la Mode, the miracle miniatures of newest fashions from Paris.

How Helen Neushaefer plans today for the brilliant new nail-colors you'll want tomorrow

Long before you wear them, Helen Neushaefer previews coming fashions and colors . . . and re-styles her nail colors to make sure *your* nails are faultlessly, tastefully matched with fashion's latest and best. And to give your nails the dazzling beauty of ovals of rare porcelain, her polishes (and *only* hers) contain Plasteen*. Look for Fashion's smartest nail-do's in Helen Neushaefer's "pyramid" bottle. 10¢ at all chain store cosmetic counters.

*PLASTEEN—Helen Neushaefer's own miracle ingredient to help shock-proof nails against chipping.

Color authority... stylist



Finger Tips

by Helen Neushaefer

For smooth, soft hand he'll love, be your ov hand masseuse! Place palm of one hand ov back of other: rotate firmly until you feel muscles underneath are moved.

Distributed by A. Sartorius & Company, Inc., Fifth Ave., N. Y. 11, N.

(Continued from page 100)

ered pom-pom on the side of a small, off-the-face hat.

* * *

Have you a dress or suit with a rather full skirt? Then for new interest and that barrel look sew two bands, about three inches apart, around the hips. If the sleeves are full sew two similar bands a little above the cuff. You can achieve wonderful color combinations by doing this. And brighten up your wardrobe too!

* * *

What a wonderful exit you just made, my dear! And it's all done by shifting the peplum from front to back. Back interest is the thing and so easy to have by sewing a full ruffle in the middle of a band and then tying the two ends in front. A ruffle should be about eight inches in width. The length, of course, depends on your height. Tall gals can wear longer peplums than their shorter sisters.

* * *

Wrap your scarf high around your neck and knot the ends on one side. A scarf worn this way is flattering under suits, dresses or open-necked blouses. Also wear your scarf bertha effect over the shoulders and anchor it with your favorite pin.

* * *

Tuck your gloves under the cuff of your coat or suit and wear your bracelets over the gloves. Jewelry is very important this year so don't hide your bracelets or pins for one minute.

●

FOR THE SHOP *in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions shown on the preceding pages are sold write to the manufacturer listed below:*

When shopping for clothes shown on the preceding pages be sure to tell the salesgirl the fashion appeared in Photoplay. This will enable her to direct you to the department where it is available.

Mother and Daughter Dresses
Saba Co.
860 South Los Angeles St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Flare Back Shortie Coat
Leeds Ltd.
500 Seventh Ave.
N. Y. C.

Coachman's Coat
Lou Schneider, Inc.
512 Seventh Ave.
N. Y. C.

Wool Hat
Madcaps
28 West 39 St.
N. Y. C.

Jacket and Slacks
Joseph Zukin of Calif.
719 South Los Angeles St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Two-piece Gabardine Dress
Lynn Lester
722 South Los Angeles St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

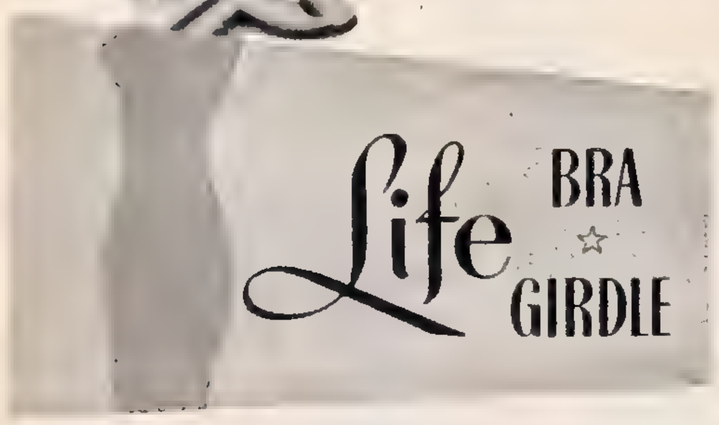


Blend your figure line into

One Glorious Lifeline



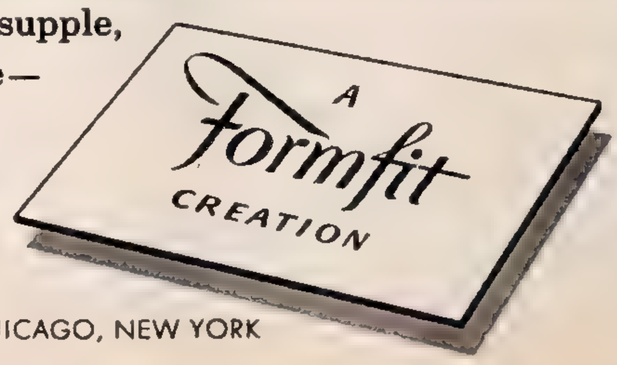
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Cinemodes

By Photoplay's Fashion Scout

The Hollywood belles have fallen en masse for the wonderful new fall shade called "Black Tulip." It's a color that does things for any shade of eyes as it varies and shimmers from dubonnet to navy. Lange created a cocktail suit in this new shade for Irene Dunne that's a dream. The slim skirt and the peplumed jacket that dips low in the back combine to give a mermaidish silhouette. The jacket is collarless and long sleeved. The waist is tiny; pinched in for terrific figure flattery. And a bunch of black silk tulips are attached to the back of the peplum to give a bustle effect. With this Irene wears a draped turban of black tulle.

The new hats are bigger, better, and more exciting than ever. Your ma will say they remind her of the early twenties. Alexis Smith, tall enough to carry it, wears an enormously large cartwheel of black felt with long slinky dinner suits and dresses. It's laden with pink ostrich plumes and black glycerine wisps spray out from the crown.

Gail Russell caused a sensation in the new "suit hat" she wore for luncheon at the Brown Derby. It was a bright pink felt bowler draped with a wine-colored jersey band long enough to be brought around the neck as a scarf. Gail's wool suit, of the same wine color as the jersey, made this hat doubly effective.

Something really new, yet as old as the art of Cleopatra, is a striking hat worn by Maria Montez. It has practically no crown but two huge white doves with their beaks crossed at a perky angle and their wings swooshing out on either side to dip over her right eye. Maria can wear this hat with almost any costume and be very fetching.

June Allyson, at the Greek Theatre, wore a short black crepe dress with a very full skirt, a fitted bodice and puffed elbow-length sleeves. Her coat was a black Persian lamb with a flared back. And her braided hair was caught and held with a huge black velvet bow. She looked half-way between a jeune fille and a woman of utter sophistication. In other words, just right for the attractive young matron she is.

Strictly in the glamour department is the gorgeous new white evening dress of Lana Turner's. Her passion for white never wanes. It is moulded to the figure, this dress, with long simple lines and a band of large dead white paillettes about five inches wide borders the neck which is cut low both in the back and the front. With this Lana wears a tiny diamond choker . . . one diamond bracelet, her new diamond cluster ring and, of course, white sandals.

Virginia Mayo's new hip-length double-breasted coat of off-white tweed with navy blue revers is really stunning. She wears it over woolen skirts of dark red or navy blue. Regardless of her skirt color, however, a turtle-neck jersey blouse of navy blue always shows above the coat neckline. Navy pumps, pigskin bag and gloves are her perfect accessories for this striking ensemble.

New gadgets seen around town include the real tiny flowers wired in the shape of a bow that Dotty Lamour wears. Dotty pins these bows on her dress, on her purse or in her hair. It's most alluring.



it's a Laura Lee original

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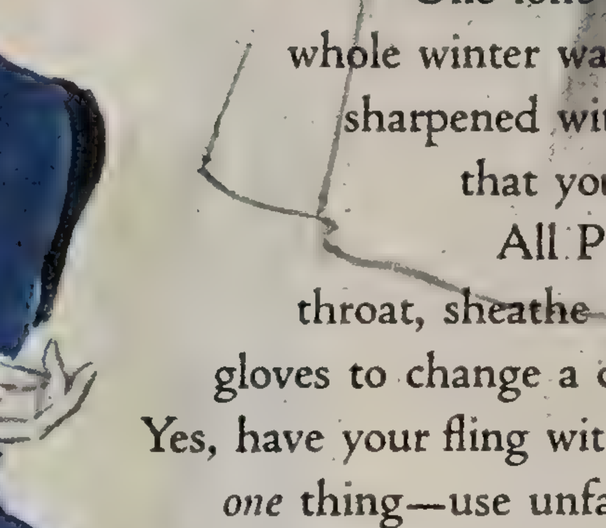
*Remember, you can make any dress a black dress with All Purpose Rit.

The dress, dyed Rit Jet Black. Corselet and gloves of Rit Orange.

Two scarfs twisted into an ascot—one Rit Royal Blue, one Rit Jade Green.

Bolero and gloves of Rit Lime Green.

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SOLID SENDER
ON THE BALL
YOU'RE HEP TO THE JIVE
HIT THE ROAD – I DIG 'YA – OKEY
GET OFF THE DIME

How jive talk brought two young lovers back on the beam



BY ESTHER WILLIAMS

Esther Williams, who next stars in "Fiesta," and her mother who turned the trick

I RISE to the defense of slang. There are thousands of people who will take issue with me on the subject, but I insist that it has a unique place in our contemporary life. Even the longhairs must admit that it is often pungent, not just a slipshod substitute for some jaw-breaking, two-bit phrase.

Perhaps I should preface my argument with the admission that I use slang. Often. But I've also heard some very dignified and highly respected persons use it on occasion, to good advantage. I know of one case in which a well-turned slang phrase prevented a divorce.

It happened at the American Institute of Family Relations, an extension branch of the University of California at Los Angeles. The institute does just what you'd think: Tries to salvage broken families, prevent divorces, establish understanding through application of psychology and a liberal sprinkling of sound, old-fashioned advice.

One of the counselors is a tall, matronly woman with a kindly, understanding face that mirrors her kindly, understanding nature. She was in her conference room one day recently when a couple was ushered in. They were nothing more than kids. The husband was twenty, the wife eighteen. They stated their case simply but sullenly. They just couldn't get along and wanted a divorce.

The arbiter started to give them some heartfelt motherly advice. It didn't take her long to notice a total lack of interest from these two young jitterbugs. She was well versed in psychology, knew how to handle people and realized she had to jog them out of thinking she was an old fuddy-duddy and appeal to them on their own grounds. She stopped her lecture and told them bluntly:

"You're not listening. I'm trying to help you and everything I'm saying is going through your minds like water through a sieve. You're wasting my time and yours. Now—*get off the dime and tell me what your problem is, or hit the road!*"

The kids snapped to attention. This was talk they understood.

"Now," continued the arbiter, "you don't seem to have much wrong. Let's talk it out."

An hour later, reconciled and teeming with good intentions, the couple left. The husband's parting remark to the advisor, in most sincere praise, was: "Gee, we're glad you're on the beam!"

"Well I guess I've picked up a little slang from my daughter and sometimes it's useful," she answered.

Who was the counselor? Mrs. Bula Williams. My mother.

THE END





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The FAIR

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Feet that Danced

(*Continued from page* 47) Eduardo t proprietor of a famous dancing school a Marguerita, a pupil whom he must alwa keep in the back row of the class becau she must not be given more attention tha other, paying pupils. And then, one nigh there had been the prologue at the Ca thay Circle Theater in Hollywood with t pupils of the Cansino school performi professionally, and himself in the audienc On the stage Marguerita had danced wi her tall young cousin Jack and, watchir them, Eduardo had suddenly known tw things about that daughter of his.

"'Rita is growing up," he told himse "She is growing into a beauty."

For generations every Cansino had bee a dancer. Before vaudeville had breathe its lingering last, Eduardo had headed t greatest Spanish dancing act of its day- four Cansinos, all related. Now, this new est Cansino, with the blood of dancers give her fire and with the blood of h mother's forbears, who were dramat actors, to give her emotion as well motion to temper the fire.

"She is part of all of us—and still lik none of us. She will, if she is watche and helped, go farther than any of us thought her father.

Later, he had come upon Jack and 'Ri in the wings. Jack with his black ey snapping, his feet still nervous from debut he feared was not just right. "Yo ruined it, you did our spin all wrong he was saying. And 'Rita, saying nothin taking it the way all her life she ha taken scoldings or squabbles with h brothers, with the hurt hidden inside an only her red lips trembling.

"He is young and excitable—he is mea to her," decided her father. "I will b her dancing partner from now on."

And so Eduardo and his talented chil became a team. In the United States, a gi of fourteen cannot legally perform in cafe, even if it is as natural to her a breathing. Below the border, in Tiajuan things were different. The engagement a Agua Caliente, originally for four week had stretched into more than two years.

IN THE meantime, there was the hous at Chula Vista with the sun-blistered roc and the flower-drenched garden, and wit mother and brothers Vernon and Eduard Jr. to help fill it. Rehearsals during th day and performances at night, and i between, lessons in diction and stag deportment from her mother whose an cestor, Joseph Haworth, had done Shakes peare with Edwin Booth.

"But it must not all be work. She mus have fun," said her mother.

"Yet, she is too young, too pretty, t be left here in a gambling town to hav her fun alone," said Eduardo. Heedin the Latin custom of vigilantly chaperonin daughters until they are married, it was h who played tennis with her, swam and rod horseback with her.

Night after night, while he was danc ing, Eduardo had scanned the ringside a the Agua Caliente for personages wh would be important to Marguerita's future Agents, producers, the big stars themselve would say they knew just the picture i which his daughter could dance.

"Certainly, she can dance," Eduard would tell them. "That we knew when sh was four years old, dancing around unde our feet backstage at the theaters.

"But she will not go to Hollywood un less you are interested to see that she ca also act."

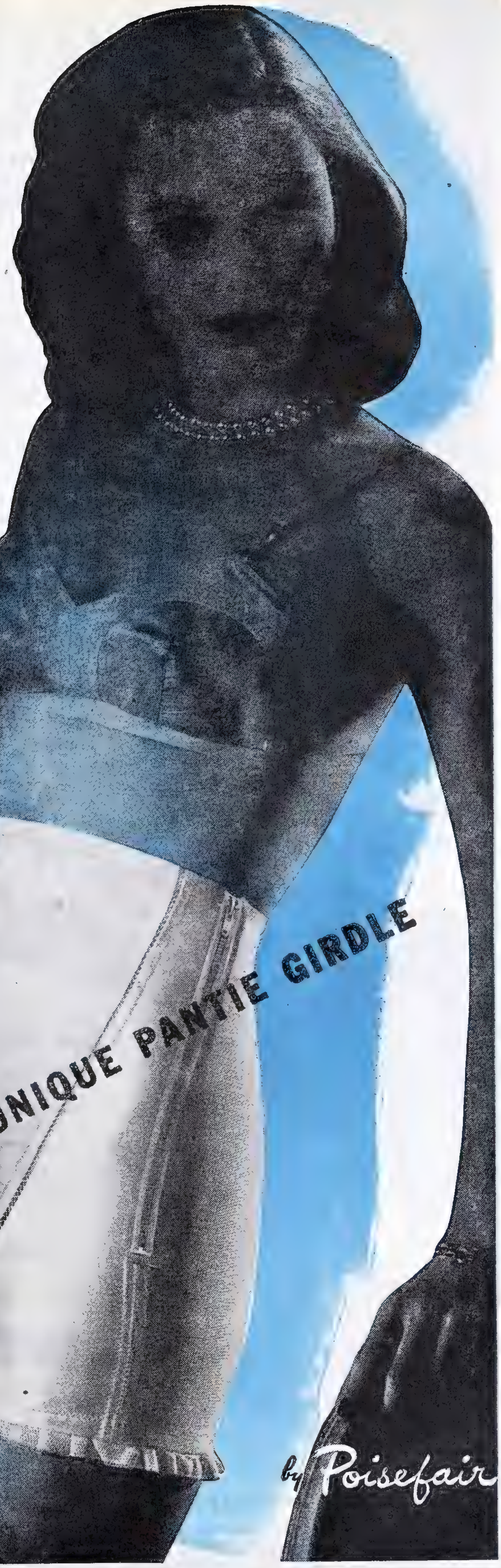
And then one evening, to one of th ringside tables had come Winfield Shee han, who was head of Fox Studios. H wanted her to (*Continued on page* 112)



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City_____ Zone_____ State_____

(*Continued from page* 110) test for t
name role of "Ramona," Indian maid
classic poignancy.

And so on this night, Eduardo w
dancing with his daughter for the la
time. Tomorrow night the neons of t
Agua Caliente would flash just as blatan
ly, but they would spell out the name
only one Cansino. Marguerita was goi
up from the border—155 miles to Holl
wood, the road maps called it. Eduar
knew far better than she that there is
way of reckoning the distance one ma
have to go to reach the movietown.

The house at Chula Vista was sleepi
when they reached it, except for one co
ner of the patio where the breeze he
whispered conversation with the Bougair
villea.

"Sit down, Daddy," said Margueri
"just for a minute."

"It is late," said her father. "You ha
an early start for tomorrow—"

"But I am not going tomorrow. I a
not going anywhere that takes me awa
from you," she said quietly.

"But 'Rita, *querida,* you *are* going. It
the chance we have waited for all the
months—and now, suddenly, you say
thing like this. You are tired—tomorro
you will go as we have promised. It
a wonderful thing that you, a newcome
will play this Indian girl the whole wor
knows and loves."

"The test will not be right—nothing wi
be right, because I will be unhappy.
am going to stay."

From necessity, Eduardo made his ow
tones gruff: "You have outgrown me
he said shortly, as if it were a faul
"Look—I will show you. Stand up again
this pepper tree, I will mark the top
your head on the bark. Now, my ow
head. See? What kind of a dancing part
ner is that for a man, a girl who is al
ready a full inch taller? It is awkwar
for me, I tell you—"

Her lips, the soft and tremulous lip
showed their hurt but he pretended not t
notice it. "Nor do I wish to stop danc
ing, now that I have started again. I a
still young, still famous—why should
stop dancing and grow fat and old? Yo
will go—and I will stay here."

MARGUERITA'S eyes were beginnin
to be rimmed with what was left
the night's faint purple, but the answe
was still the same. "You are going wit
me—somehow—" she said softly.

Marguerita Cansino—whose name di
not become Rita Hayworth until man
months later—went to Hollywood the ne
day, but not alone. Standing ringside whe
she went before the test cameras, was he
father—but with a dance director's con
tract for Fox in his pocket. The test,
turned out, was a producer's dream-
Rita *was Ramona,* and vice versa. Bu
Rita, as it also turned out, was not to b
a star in her first picture.

One day the Cansinos were celebratin
their happiness—and the next day, Mar
guerita was sitting on the studio step
weeping her young heart out. In the in
terim, Fate (which sometimes disguise
itself as studio politics) had lifted M
Sheehan from the executive chair an
dropped one Mr. Darryl Zanuck into i
instead. Mr. Zanuck had never heard
Rita, which was understandable, but h
had heard of Loretta Young.

Although, several years later, Mr. Zanuc
was to borrow Rita Hayworth from Colum
bia to star in his super-super "Blood an
Sand," there was nothing on the Fo
lot for Marguerita Cansino but a bitte
succession of B's. And nothing importan
at Columbia at first, until one evenin
while dancing at the Trocadero, she at
tracted the attention of Harry Cohn an
Howard Hawks, (*Continued on page* 114)

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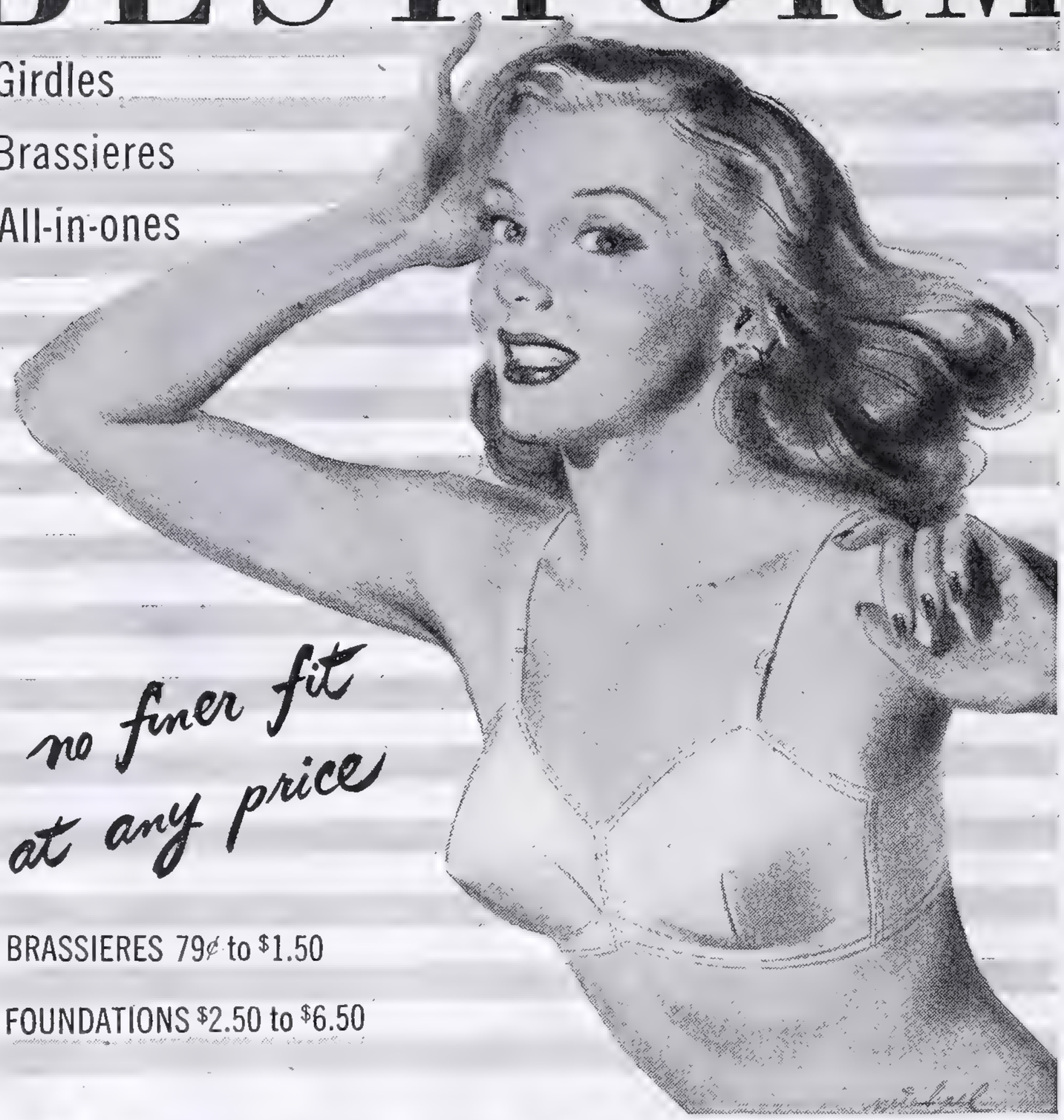
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TRIMAL LABORATORIES, LOS ANGELES 36, CALIF. • TRIMAL DISTRIBUTING CO., HAMILTON ONT., CANADA

(*Continued from page* 112) a couple of gentlemen who turned out to be president and top director of Columbia, respectively. Mr. Hawks had been looking everywhere—except in his own backyard—for a Rita to play second lead with Jean Arthur and Cary Grant in "Only Angels Have Wings."

On the set of "Angels" came that moment when Rita, herself, began to take wings.

The handsome Mr. Grant found himself studying that sensitive face of hers and coming to a decision. "Has anyone ever told you that you have one of the loveliest mouths in the world?" he asked seriously.

"N-no—I can't remember anyone ever saying that—"

"It's because of that white part you wear in the middle of your black hair—" said Cary. "As long as you wear it, it will draw attention away from your face. Why don't you lighten the color of your hair and give that unforgettable mouth of yours a chance? It will make you famous."

And so, Marguerita Cansino of Chula Vista and Agua Caliente was fully metamorphosed at last into Rita Hayworth of Hollywood and the world. The Rita whose hair is now a dancing flame around the white oval of her face, and whose long, slim hands have the grace of waving flowers, and who will shortly be seen as the Goddess of Terpsichore come to life in Columbia's "Down to Earth. . . ."

There is still a good measure of the little dancer who refused to entirely outgrow her father left, however. Hayworth pictures—photos, and portraits painted by Petty and Varga and other famous "admirers," adorn the Cansino Dancing Studios from end to end, giving inspiration to the pupils of Eduardo, still slim hipped, sleek haired and still dancing. And during those days when the unhappy ending of Rita's second marriage added a new curve of poignancy to that lovely, vulnerable mouth of hers, they were again very close, these two—Marguerita and Eduardo.

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



CUDDLE COPPER: The Army had a copper robot to test altitudes for extreme heat and cold—Paramount had an idea. Result: Paulette, in a kiss test, almost smelted him!



YVONNE DE CARLO, *star of Universal's Technicolor Production,* **"SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE,"** *portrays the "luxury comfort" that's yours with Beautyrest.*

A timely suggestion to those who need NEW BEAUTYRESTS:

1. While we're making more and more Beautyrests now, there still just aren't enough to satisfy everyone.

So the *quicker* you see your dealer, the *quicker* you let him know *you* want a Beautyrest, the *sooner* you'll enjoy the "luxury comfort" of this fine mattress too.

Don't delay! See your dealer *today*—and settle your comfort problems for another 10 years!







2. There are two different kinds of inner-spring mattresses. In the *ordinary* kind (top) the coil springs are *joined together, go down together,* forming *hollows.*

But Beautyrest's 837 coil springs are *independent. Not joined together.* Each *separately* cushions your hips, shoulders, legs . . . gives you *glorious* "luxury comfort"!

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That's why, *when you buy a mattress,* it's wise to buy only the *best*—a Beautyrest! Remember this: Beautyrest still has the same *fine quality,* same *superior workmanship* that made it so famous before the war!

4. Little more than 1¢ a night—that's all it costs to enjoy Beautyrest comfort.

Beautyrest is guaranteed to last you at least TEN years! What other mattress is *as grand a value as that?*

See your dealer and order your Beautyrest NOW. If you *do* have to wait a short while, *it will be worth it*—to get a new Beautyrest!

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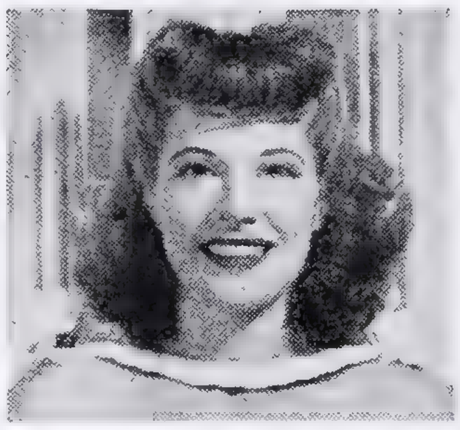
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Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

Melody-time with Photoplay choosing tunes you remember from your favorite motion pictures



Dinah Shore

CROSS MY HEART: The new Betty Hutton-Sonny Tufts Paramount pairing gives Dinah Shore the best record she has had in months. The Tennessee thrush warbles the film's love song, "That Little Dream Got Nowhere." Composers Burke and Van Heusen can rack up another hit. For good measure Dinah croons "Two Silhouettes" from Disney's "Make Mine Music" on the reverse (Columbia).

IF I'M LUCKY: Perry Como's next 20th Century-Fox musical, in which he shares stardom with Vivian Blaine, Carmen Miranda and Harry James, is also responsible for Victor's next Perry Como-ditty. He records the picture's two best tunes, "One More Vote" and the title song. The Satisfiers and Russ Case's orchestra supply the customary accompaniments.

CANYON PASSAGE: Walter Wanger's exciting Western differs chiefly from most horse operas because it possesses a brand new Hoagy Carmichael song you'll soon be humming. It's called "Ole Buttermilk Sky." Danny O'Neil has grooved it for Majestic and has teamed it with another movie melody, "Remember Me" from "Never Say Goodbye."

DOWN MISSOURI WAY: From time to time a hillbilly tune has its own peculiar way of developing into a full-fledged hit rivalling Tin Pan Alley's output. The likeliest candidate is this picture's "There's a Rose That Grows in the Ozarks" and Eddie Dean (Majestic) has recorded it.



Jimmy Durante

JIMMY DURANTE: Good news to all is the return to the waxworks of The Great Profile. His first recording (Majestic) has the inevitable Eddie Jackson helping roll out the hilarious "G'Wan Home Your Mother's Calling" and "There Are Two Sides To Every Girl," both performed by the great man in M-G-M's "Two Sisters from Boston."

THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE: When a movie has a sure-fire score like the one Myrow and Gordon whipped up on the Steinway for this 20th Century-Fox musical which teams Vivian Blaine, George Montgomery and June Haver, the nation's recording stars are all in there grooving its tuneful wares. Harry James (Columbia) and Jo Stafford (Capitol) are represented with "This Is Always." Jerry Colonna (Capitol) gargles "A Farmer's Life Is a Merry Life" and Frank Sinatra (Columbia) and Martha Tilton (Capitol) turn to the standout Hit Parade nominee, "Somewhere in the Night."

BLUE SKIES: Her Nibbs, Georgia Gibbs, turns out a stand-out version of Irving Berlin's beautiful ballad "You Keep Coming Back Like a Dream" (Majestic) that can well serve as a model for all other distaff side diskers.

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: Aaron Copland's monumental "Lincoln Portrait" played by The N. Y. Philharmonic with baritone Kenneth Spencer as narrator is a reverential and rich recorded tribute to The Great Emancipator . . . The silver-voiced soprano, Lotte Lehman, has just recorded an interesting album of Schubert's song cycle of the lovely miller maid set to the poems of Wilhelm Muller that run the gamut of emotions . . . In a lighter vein are the shimmering Andre Kostelanetz, Fritz Kreisler and Jerome Kern albums . . . For a stirring collection of dances, including Dvorak's Slavonic Dance and Johann Strauss's gay and lilting "Wine, Women and Song," try The Philadelphia Orchestra's album of dances under the baton of Eugene Ormandy . . . A set of operatic arias, featuring immortal melodies from Faust, Manon, and La Boheme, has just been collected by soprano Bidu Sayao . . . If it's Wagner you want, don't miss the N. Y. Philharmonic's flawless interpretation of the Siegfried Idyll, from the third act of that intense music drama, Artur Rodzinski conducting. All the above musical gifts by Columbia Masterworks.

"I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU"

Hear the music from the movie in these new **RCA VICTOR** Records!

Al Goodman and his Orchestra:
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I'm Glad I Waited for You.
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Concerto Themes, from Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto (arranged by Whittemore and Lowe). Record 28-0409. 75¢.

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Actually, it's RUBINSTEIN who plays the piano on the sound track!



● The thrilling piano music in "I've Always Loved You" is actually played behind the scenes by world-famed Artur Rubinstein. Hear Rubinstein in your own home as he plays the "theme" of the film: Rachmaninoff's magnificent *Concerto No. 2*. Recorded with Vladimir Golschmann and the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Ask for Album M/DM-1075, $5.85.

And don't miss Rubinstein's exciting recording of the "Apassionata". . . the sonata Beethoven called his greatest. Rarely has it been played with such dramatic force! Ask for Album M/DM-1018, $3.85.

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A Guy Named Bob

(*Continued from page* 52) pool on San Diego's North Island. The officer of the day, a lieutenant, posted a work order from the senior officer's house. These were usually chances to referee basketball games at $5.00 a night. Thus Guy said to the Lieutenant, "What's the job, sir?" And the Lieutenant, who was cordially disliked by everyone on the base for his habit of pushing enlisted men around, replied, "Get on over there. And fast."

But when Guy got to the Lieutenant Commander's house there was no refereeing job. The Commander had two children he wanted someone to stay with while he and his wife did the town.

Now Guy has always liked kids, and these particular children were attractive and well behaved, so he didn't mind romping with them for an evening. But he did mind being treated like a servant. More especially he minded the manner in which he was handed the sum of $1.75.

Guy handed it back. The Commander thrust it into his hand again. "That's an order, Moseley," he said jovially.

So Guy bought some toys for the kids with the money and went fuming to Hollywood on his next liberty. "I'll not take treatment like that again from anyone," he told Henry Willson.

It was obvious that he meant it. Willson, who had sudden and horrifying visions of his new million-dollar discovery languishing in the brig for insubordination, thought fast. He handed Guy a stack of shiny magazines from his desk. "When you go back take these with you," he said, "and I'll tell you how to use them. . . ."

Two days after Guy had returned to his base the same call came through from the Commander's house. Guy snapped at it. When the officer and his wife came home the living room was cluttered with magazines and the children were bright-eyed with excitement. "Look, Daddy," the little boy shouted, "look who Bob Moseley is! Bob Moseley's really Guy Madison and he's a movie star!"

"Perhaps," said Daddy with heavy sarcasm, "Mr. Madison will autograph these things for you." Mr. Madison played it straight. "Certainly," he said and whipped out a fountain pen. . . P.S. The Commander stopped using him for a nursemaid.

The stories and photos in those magazines were the opening gun in one of the most spontaneous press campaigns to create a star that ever happened. At that time Guy Madison had appeared in exactly 450 feet of film, and he was already one of the biggest names in the picture industry. By a sort of automatic infusion process you began to learn that he sent checks instead of gifts to his folks in Bakersfield, so they could have the pleasure of buying their own presents, things they really wanted; that he hoped someday to have an Oregon ranch; that he found Hollywood strange and wonderful, but that he disapproved of the Hollywood caste system; that he preferred little places like the Villa Nova to big ones like Ciro's. These were the things that told you how he behaved. They did not tell you why. So, to see for yourself, you ask him to lunch at Lucey's.

Your immediate impression is that he is the most refreshingly good-looking chap you have met in months. He grins, and you know you like him. He is dressed the way Hollywood men are dressing this year, a mixture of quiet reserve in the tweeds and of flamboyance in tie and shoes.

He orders ham and scrambled eggs and milk, explaining that last night there was a whooping party and this is his breakfast. You marvel that he can look so fresh and healthy.

He is surprised at you. Healthy, indeed! Why, just before he got out of the service he misjudged the size of a wave down at San Diego, dived out of a surf dory and went crashing on the hard sand, ripping loose shoulder tendons. There followed a long time in the hospital, during which he lost considerable weight. "It's those tonsils," said the doctors, and removed them; and he went right on losing weight. He is still down to a measly 180 pounds, and has been working so hard he hasn't had time to build himself up again.

You remark that while all this is certainly too bad, it probably seems more rugged to a person who has always enjoyed perfect health. His eyes cloud for a moment, remembering. "That's the point," he says. (*Continued on page* 120)

REVELATIONS AHEAD!



Louella O. Parsons

in "Untold Story"

unveils some exciting

new facts

about the popular star

Van Johnson —

in the December issue

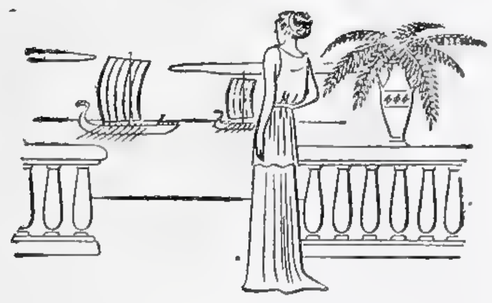
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The more fastidious the woman, the more she appreciates Parfum LODORANTE. Original and exclusive these unforgettable perfumes possess the magic plus of effective, refreshing, deodorizing qualities endowed by our sensational Lorlizing discovery. A dash of L'Orlé Parfum LODORANTE here and there over the body envelops you in an aura of fragrant freshness even on the hottest day—and protects your social grace because the fragrances stay perspiration proof day and night.

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— Just — Hail COLUMBIA!

(*Continued from page* 118) "I haven't always. . . ."

He was just eight, that day, and he had come home from school on his bike as fast as he could pedal, just as he did everything. Bursting into the little frame house he rustled nervously through a closet for a bat and glove and then took off at a trot for a nearby vacant lot. But he had forgotten the ball. He came back, not noisily this time, pausing in the hall to find out who the visitor was. In the living room, from his seat on the mohair sofa, the doctor was raising questioning eyebrows at Mrs. Moseley.

"Is he always like that?"

"Why, yes."

"The reports from the last examination show he's decidedly underweight," the doctor said.

"But he eats what the other children eat. Not as much, perhaps. Still, plenty of meat and vegetables and milk."

"I'd say it would take about a year of controlled diet. There's a place in the hills, a so-called preventorium. We could send him there."

Out in the hall, the little boy stood quietly, waiting. He heard his mother say, "If it's a matter of Bob's health there's no question. He'll go, of course." Then he went to the closet, put his bat and glove away and went to his room. He had never been away from home before and now he was to be sent alone to something awful called a preventorium. For a whole year—or a century. When you're eight, there is no measure of time; but there is of security. When you're eight, security is home, insecurity anywhere away from it.

THAT is the year he will remember for the rest of his life. For the first two weeks he was exquisitely lonely, homesick. He cried all night and believed utterly in his doom. Then, slowly, his adjustment began. He learned the art of making friends. He learned the value of discipline. It was the time and the incident that most profoundly colored everything he would ever do or think afterward because he emerged from it with the conviction that there is nothing better than people. He came home with character, but with not a single additional pound on his thin body—because he had played so hard, there was no time for getting fat.

But he understood now what was the matter. He could resolve that if he had a strike against him he would conquer the situation twice over. He would build up a better body than the one he might have had as his birthright. He would do whatever he had to do to accomplish this.

It took him the years of his teens to create the kind of physique that would cause the Navy to make him a life guard and swimming instructor, when the time came. There were a couple of things greatly in his favor. He just didn't have the money to spend on indoor amusements, so while his friends played pool or sat in movies, Guy was riding a bike twenty miles into the country, hunting quail on foot, swimming. He lived outdoors, and, because this was California, he could do it twelve months of the year.

When he was ready, when his own sense of superb well-being told him he had succeeded, he began to come out of his shell, to have fun. Bakersfield is an oil town and a rancher's town, built on the floor of the great San Joaquin Valley. You have to drive only a hundred and twenty miles and cross one of the highest passes in the country to get to Los Angeles. You can do that in a couple of hours and go dancing in Hollywood and still be home by 2 A.M., with time out for a milk-shake and a hamburger on the way.

Or, your pal with the jalopy can come by for you early, and you can pick up your girls and streak for Santa Monica. You can rent a surfboard there, and put on your water fins and ride the breakers.

Small wonder that oversophisticated, nerve-wracked, disenchanted Hollywood has envisioned him as a kind of perennial Eagle Scout, who drinks nothing but milk, and would rather shoot his bow and arrow than do the night club circuit with the most beautiful women in the world. This, however, is anything but a completely true picture, because you have seen him take a social cocktail as casually as the next fellow. And as for the bow-and-arrow business, it is becoming increasingly the thing in Hollywood.

On this subject Rory Calhoun has a word to say. Rory, as dark as Guy is blond, is a tall, husky chap whom Henry Willson is grooming for stardom, but that isn't all they have in common.

The first time they made an engagement to go hunting together Rory appeared with the usual rifle and a few rounds of ammunition. All that Guy tossed into the car was that famous bow of his and a quiver of arrows.

"What's this, a gag?" Rory asked.

"I can get anything with this that you can pot with that thing," Guy said. "I never could see hunting strictly as slaughter. This way it's more of a game—the animal has a little chance, anyhow."

(*Continued on page* 122)

How far can you test "true love"?



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Hear real life stories on your radio taken from the files of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE. A different story every day revealing the troubles, triumphs, loves, adventures of real people. Don't miss them!

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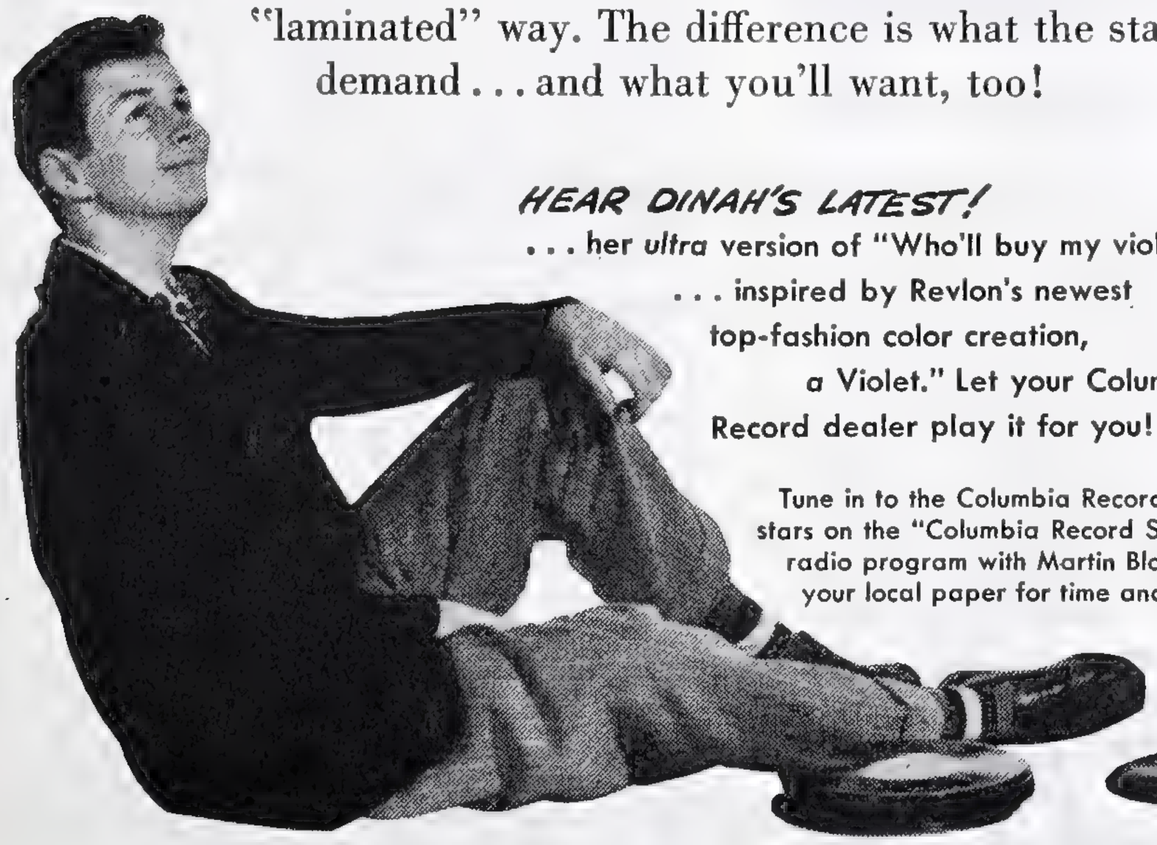
Dinah Shore

DINAH SHORE AND TODAY'S TOP POPULAR STARS NOW RECORD EXCLUSIVELY ON

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She's the *First* Lady of Popular Song and the favorite any way you figure . . . box-office . . . on the radio and on records. She's got that *ultra* something that makes her tops. And like Harry James . . . Frank Sinatra . . . Woody Herman . . . Kay Kyser . . . Xavier Cugat . . . Count Basie . . . Les Brown . . . Gene Krupa . . . The Modernaires . . . Elliot Lawrence . . . like so many of the others who head their fields of popular music, Dinah Shore now records exclusively on Columbia Records.

Why do the top stars choose Columbia? Ah . . . just listen to a Columbia Record, made the exclusive "laminated" way. The difference is what the stars demand . . . and what you'll want, too!





HEAR DINAH'S LATEST!

. . . her *ultra* version of "Who'll buy my violets?" . . . inspired by Revlon's newest top-fashion color creation, a Violet." Let your Columbia Record dealer play it for you!

Tune in to the Columbia Record stars on the "Columbia Record Shop" radio program with Martin Block. See your local paper for time and station.

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"I gotta have a new lock on my door. Those chorines keep snitching my Ex-Lax!"

Tsk . . . *such* temperament! Share your Ex-Lax with 'em, Sister! Other people . . . millions of them . . . like Ex-Lax, too. They like it for the way it tastes — just like fine chocolate! And for the way it *acts* — effectively yet gently. Not too strong, not too mild, Ex-Lax is the "Happy Medium" laxative . . . used by more people than any other brand. As a precaution, use only as directed. In economical 10¢ and 25¢ sizes at all drug stores.

Is your mirror ashamed of your skin?



There's help for you in nurses' discovery for facial blemishes (*externally caused*)



Maybe you're doing the wrong thing for your skin troubles. Covering them up with cosmetics may make them worse. Instead, begin using NOXZEMA Skin Cream today!

Nurses were among the first to discover NOXZEMA'S effectiveness for pimples and blemishes. That's because it's a medicated formula. It contains ingredients that not only soothe and smooth rough skin and dry skin, but actually aid in healing blemishes and irritations.

Use it faithfully 10 days as a night cream and powder base. See how much it can help the appearance of your skin. Get NOXZEMA at your drug counter today.

10¢, 35¢, 50¢
plus tax.



NOXZEMA *An Aid to Lovelier Skin*

"The animal would have more than a little chance if I were using the bow."

"Suppose you try it?"

So Rory tried it, and now when they head for the hills there are two bows in the car and no rifle.

It was with Rory that Guy went house hunting when he'd got tired of holing in at a beach hotel. They found exactly what he wanted in Beverly Hills, a cottage with one bedroom, a big den, a bar and a patio, furnished with a nautical flavor, which couldn't have suited Guy better. The owner was a sea captain who had been transferred to an eastern station.

IN the first two weeks of running his own household Guy hired a maid to cook his breakfast and swab the decks. Then one evening he and Rory came barging in from a day of deep-sea fishing. They brought with them a number of sea bass and, since they had done a little diving off the Catalina Isthmus, some abalone. "You know what to do with abalone?" Guy asked the girl.

It appeared that she certainly did, for heavens sake. She was left to her kitchen while the fellows had showers. They were ravenous and reached the table with high expectations. Abalone is a gourmet's delicacy, if it's properly done. The trick is to slap the steaks into a very hot pan sizzling with butter and give them just a minute or two on both sides.

What the maid brought in, eventually, was a platter of something that resembled GI shoe soles. After a moment of shocked silence Guy said, "Thanks. We can clear up the table if you want to go home now."

When she had left he took the platter, went into the kitchen and emptied it into the garbage disposal unit. "Now then," he said, "I will make us some abalone."

Later, while they were playing records and digesting the excellent dinner, Rory found a large chair in his way and pushed it aside. Where it had stood was a little pile of ashes, match covers and debris, swept there over a period of days.

"That tears it," Guy said. "I'll take care of this place myself." And he does.

He is an elusive personality, this Madison guy, and you have to do a bit of digging through top soil to get down to the solid stratum of him underneath. Geoffrey Morris, a sensitive photographer who has interpreted Guy in a number of brilliant portraits, has discovered this. Morris wanted more than a well-lighted, well-arranged picture of a handsome young man. He wanted to capture the arrangement of Guy's personality and any inner lighting from whatever mental or spiritual source he could find. He discovered that Guy has built a hard, defensive shell around the character who is still, and will always be, Bob Moseley. Desperate, Morris dressed him in casual sport clothes and drove him far out to where the fields were yellow and the Sierra Madres stood purple against the north sky.

He set up his equipment while Guy wandered silently about, and then Morris began to talk. He talked of the land, of ranching; he talked of hunting; he talked of the pleasure of sailing into an untouched, forgotten inlet along a deserted shoreline and the kind of clean beauty there is sometimes in loneliness like that. He talked easily and well, for he is somewhat of a poet as well as an artist; and presently it happened. Guy Madison disappeared and a straightforward, uninvolved, clean-cut, decent young American named Bob stood before him. This fellow was not from Beverly Hills but from a little cottage in Bakersfield, and for that there was pride in his bearing and even something of vision in his eyes.

Then Morris reached for his camera.

THE END

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

can steal away a woman's beauty!



How thousands who are pale and tired because of this blood deficiency may find renewed energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets

THOUSANDS of women have lost the fresh glow of youth while they're still young in years. Thousands look "washed out" and weary—frequently feel "ready to drop." And so often, a blood condition may be the reason they're listless and worn . . . a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood.

Results of medical studies show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men—have this common Borderline Anemia. Their red blood cells are too pale and puny to release all the energy that they ought to have. They need to build up their red blood cells—supply line of healthy vigor.

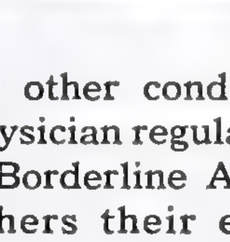
Ironized Yeast Tablets To Help Build Blood, Energy

So if you look and feel "old before your time" due to a Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are especially formulated to combat this Borderline Anemia, to help bring red blood cells back to normal size and color and in this way restore the energy and the appearance of health.

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may be caused by other conditions, so consult your physician regularly. But when you have a Borderline Anemia, when you envy others their energy, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. Let them help you build up your red blood cells—win back your natural vitality and attractiveness!

***BORDERLINE ANEMIA**
resulting from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency can cause
TIREDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR

Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

IMPROVED CONCENTRATED FORMULA

Ironized Yeast

TABLETS



P

"Just between us girls—
my beauty secret is
STORK CASTILE!"



Your physician will tell you Stork Castile is safe, non-irritating. It's made especially to take better care of babies!

Ask for Stork Baby Oil, and Stork Baby Powder, too

BABY COMING ?



Start right with this improved, easy-to-clean, Hygeia nursing unit. Fewer parts—just nipple, bottle, and cap. Prepare full day's formula at one time. Only necessary to remove cap when feeding. Cap keeps nipples germ-free. Handy for out-of-home feeding. Useful as container for baby's other foods. Famous breast-shaped nipple has patented airvent to reduce "windsucking." Sold at your druggist's complete as illustrated or parts separately.



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NURSING BOTTLES
NIPPLES WITH CAPS

CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY



Definition of Durante: A nose that's news, a heart that's gold, East Side, West Side Jimmy . . .

He's COLOSSAL!

BY SARA HAMILTON

THE heart is bigger but the nose gets the publicity. The seven spiral hairs that adorn Jimmy Durante's crown have grayed with the years but the soul has grown younger. The vocabulary has mellowed and the grammar climbed into unbelievable horizons beyond mere split infinitives but Jimmy went marching at the head of Yale class 1913 as proud as Punch and looking not unlike him.

Jimmy, who's the comic glee of "It Happened in Brooklyn," vaguely remembers a third grade somewhere in his life, in spite of which he was chosen for that honor by the president of Yale himself for their annual 1946 reunion because during the thirty years as an entertainer Jimmy never became smutty or off color. Bankers, doctors, lawyers, bricklayers, women, children and bobbysoxers alike adore him. He stands as a symbol of American humor and American democracy. From New York's East Side, where he was born, he climbed to the top by way of a piano that suffered outrageous indignities. Jimmy not only played it but annoyed it, beating the living daylights out of it while scattering the parts to convulsed audiences. "So he ups to him," he says, and off comes the keyboard. "He was walking along mindin' his own business," and the top falls off. The customers love it.

At seventeen he was playing his piano in Diamond Tony's at Coney Island. At eighteen he was accompanying a singing waiter called Eddie Cantor at Terry Walsh's Beach Club. A few years later he organized a five-piece Dixieland combination that moved from Harlem to midtown Broadway. Along the way he gathered up another singing waiter Eddie Jackson and a dancer Lou Clayton. The trio became the sensation of "Ziegfeld's Show Girl," "Roadhouse Nights" and "The New Yorkers." When Jimmy came to Hollywood, the trio broke up but Clayton remains his manager and Jackson his partner at cafe benefits and fellow actor in every picture Jimmy makes. He never forgets.

When the wife to whom he was married for twenty years became ill, Jimmy forgot the stage, the screen, the life he knew —to nurse and care for her. When she died two years later, Jimmy returned to Broadway for "Strike Me Pink" and back to Hollywood for more movies. He recalls two fellow actors Ethel Merman and Bob Hope in the Broadway success "Jumbo" but he isn't quite sure "wot become of dem."

He detoured from his own radio show to guest star on Information Please, scattering knowledge like a miser.

SEVERAL months ago the New York show world paid Jimmy a memorable tribute. They reclaimed and redecorated the old Silver Slipper Cafe where Jimmy, Lou and Eddie released frustration for so many years to so many "noive-racked" customers who relaxed under Durante's spell like a pre-war garter. For that one night Broadway appeared in droves to pay tribute to a man whose thirty years of show business finds him only beginning and leaves him an example for others to shoot at. "The ting I liked about it," Jimmy says, "nobody made speeches sayin' wot a great guy Durante wuz. Everybody enjoyed each other and had fun. It wuz revivifyin."

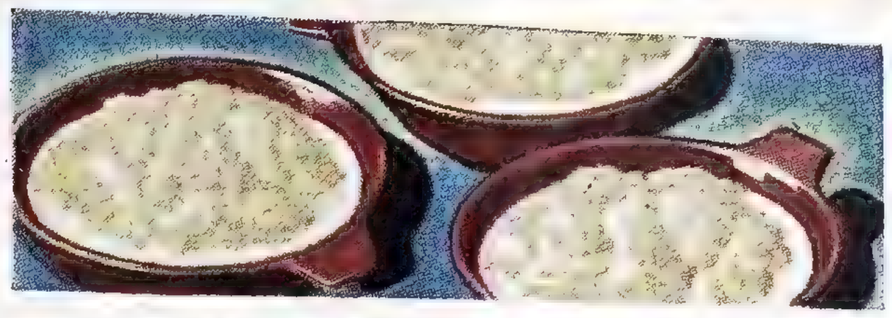
He writes his own songs, composing the music and occasionally asking help on the lyrics. It comes hard to him, he claims. He has to "woik" at the idea of telling a story in every song. Recently he sold his Beverly Hills home and bought another because the first house held too many memories of the wife he loved.

When a contractor took Jimmy to the tune of $9,000, he felt sorrier for a guy misusing his faith than the money lost. His faith in, his genuine love for his fellow man, his joy in livin' and givin' and doin', finds instant response and everlasting lodging in every heart. It's warmin', that's wot it is.

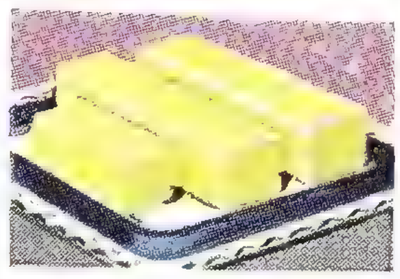
Through steel-rimmed spectacles he's too busy spotting the youngsters scattered about the M-G-M commissary to eat. "Stand up and look this way," he'll say. "Now you can see Gene Kelly's little girl. Ain't that somepin!"

His table becomes a mecca, an old home week reunion, a clan gathering for high and low, producers, directors, actors, prop men, children and just plain people. Waitresses greet him with outstretched hands. He knows them all by name. He's one of them. He's Jimmy, the "eyetalian" Durante, the Umbriago of America who loves everybody. And friends? He's got a million of 'em. And he ain't kiddin'.

THE END



more **VITAMIN B_1** than 3 servings of Oatmeal



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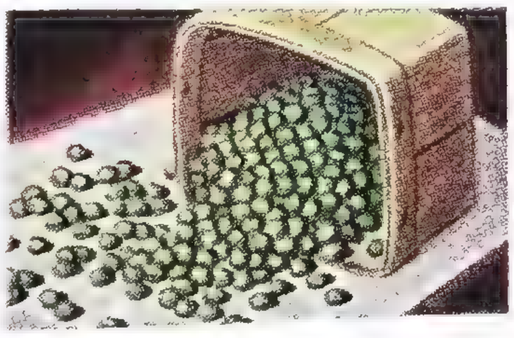
more **IRON** than
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FOOD-ENERGY
than 2 dishes
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more **VITAMIN G** than
1 pound of Sirloin Steak



more **VITAMIN A** than
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more **NIACIN**
than 6 slices of
Enriched Bread



more
PROTEIN
than 3 eggs



more **VITAMIN C**
than 4 ounces of
Tomato Juice



more **CALCIUM AND PHOSPHORUS**
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For Ovaltine is an all-round supplementary food that supplies—besides vitamins—nearly every food element needed for robust health, including those elements needed for vitamin-effectiveness.

And note—when you drink Ovaltine you not only get vitamins a preferred way—you *get much more!* High-quality protein, vital food-minerals, quick-acting energy food—things many people need as much as vitamins for vigorous buoyant health.

So if you are eating normal meals, 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily give you all the extra vitamins and minerals a normal person needs for robust health.

Then why take chances with merely vitamins alone? Why not change to Ovaltine—get your vitamins the way they can do you more good, along with all the other essential food-values Ovaltine supplies!



FOR CLEAR-EYED MORNING FRESHNESS

Sparkling early-morning energy is reported by thousands who drink Ovaltine regularly at bedtime. One reason is—Ovaltine supplies food elements to build vitality—and it's specially processed for easy digestion so you can get the good from it during sleep.

(*Continued from page* 67) I never think of the girl up there as me, but someone different. That's because I never played myself, Constance Keane. When I wore my hair over my eye, I used to yearn to reach up and push it back out of that poor girl's face." . . . Ray Milland, who has an Oscar for a performance, said, "When I see myself on the screen, boy, I shudder!"

Maria Montez didn't hesitate when asked how she liked herself on the screen. She said, "Mrs. Natalie Kalmus calls me her Technicolor girl because I photograph beautifully. I get so angry with myself I cry sometimes when I see myself act. I say, 'Montez, you have lots to learn. Looking beautiful for the camera is not enough.' So I work harder the next picture to be better. Someday, I will be a good actress, I think." . . . Frank Sinatra's reply was, "I'm not trying to be funny, but this will describe it. When I saw myself on the screen, I swooned."

The first thing Rita Hayworth does on getting up in the morning is to take a shower. But when she wants to relax she takes a tub, for it is in the bathtub that she reads—and even eats . . . I like B. Kaper's description of Lucille Ball on seeing her with ribbons which she usually wears. He said, "She looks like a wrapped Christmas present."

I can't help wondering if sometimes when Harry James is out for a stroll with Betty Grable, he turns to look at another pair of gams . . . Yvonne De Carlo may be sexy in Technicolor, but if I had my way I'd prefer spending an evening with Gene Tierney, for there is a young lady whose talents haven't been fully exploited yet.

* * *

I WOULD like to tell you of some of the things in Hollywood that I like: The view at night from any hilltop house, a drive along Malibu Beach where the rocks slope to the ocean front and a walk about the streets of Beverly Hills, which has a charm all its own . . . And now for a few things on the dislike theme: Actresses who enter Romanoff's or Chasen's making an entrance, revealing how they would act on the screen if they didn't have to take direction. I hate Eastern celebrities who can't stand Hollywood and don't know how you do either. They stay here for months and months just to make enough so they can return to the East and rap the town and movies while they reside in luxury. I am a little weary of the publicity about George Sanders stating how curt he is to women, for every time I have seen him he has been especially polite to women. I generally don't like so-called handsome actors but an exception is Ty Power, who's a nice guy with ability.

I must tell you of this conversation between Cornel Wilde, who didn't play the piano in "A Song to Remember," and Charles Korvin, who started his movie career by portraying *Arsene Lupin*. Korvin said to Wilde, "As Chopin I thought you were wonderful. Tell me, do you really play the piano?" Wilde replied, "I saw you as *Arsene Lupin*. You know, Korvin, I thought you stole magnificently." And that's Hollywood for you!

THE END

Just this one design

Cleans teeth best say dentists 2 to 1







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98¢ pair and up



2. CLOPAY SHADES will make any window sing! Attach to old rollers if you wish—no tacks nor tools required. Also complete on spring roller. They won't crack, curl, fray or pinhole. Amazingly low cost—about 29c for the average window. Priced as low as 19c, others 35c, 49c and up, depending on finish and size.

29¢ average window





3. CLOPAY COTTAGE SETS put sparkle into your kitchen, bath or bedroom windows! In fetching gingham patterns—or polka-dots—or gay strawberry design. Like Clopay Drapes, these 6-piece Clopay Cottage Sets are made from strong, plasticized cellulose. You've never seen anything quite so charming. Not yet available everywhere, but try your 5 and 10c store, neighborhood or department store. Only 89c for a set of six pieces—two tops, two sash panels, two tie-backs.

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More women choose Kotex* than all other sanitary napkins



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Two Girls and a Friendship

(*Continued from page* 50) whenever I'd hear Junie wailing all over somebody's living room about "Oh, how I wish I were pretty. Oh, what I'd do for a classic profile or a longer neck or curlier hair!" For Pete's sake, what does she want, diamonds in her teeth? Because if anybody ever had cause to complain, what about me, the original half-man, half-beast? And she complains yet! Like the first rehearsal we had for "Best Foot." Even though we were scared, golly, we were excited. Junie and I had our big moment in a trio we did with Vicki Schools, a magnolia-blossoms-in-the-moonlight, honey-chile, gal. Some competition—and frankly, I was out to give it all I could. So we get onstage, the lights go up, I grab a quick look at Junie—and nearly fall through the floor! "This kid'll never make it," I moan. "She washes out under these lights, she looks like a blob of something." She just stood there, arms linked in mine, and made funny little noises like the um-aah-ooh routine she'd pulled over our water cooler that day. So I pinched her plunk on her pert little fanny to startle her into life. But did she scream? She did not! She stopped right in the middle of a note, gave me a cold glance, snorted "Ha!" and picked up the next line neat as you please. And to cap the climax, what happens? Opening night, everybody who troupes backstage to our dressing room gives me the old back-slapping routine, "Gee, you were swell, Nancy. And, say, by the way, *who* was the peach in the blue dress? She stands out like a chewing-gum sign." Well, what the heck, nobody's right all the time.

NOW that I think of it, I suppose I was really the glad-hander, the "hya Joe, whaddya know" gal of the team. Junie, on the other hand, was always with us but never of us. She loves people, sometimes even hero-worships them, but she can never quite get into the act and become one of them. It's just the way she's built, I guess, and on her it looks good. Fact is, one of the few times I ever saw her relax and get into the swing of things was at the Dick Whitings."

Dick wrote hits like "My Ideal," "Japanese Sandman," and "Till We Meet Again." Well, the Whitings, Dad (God rest his soul), and Maggie, the "It Might As Well Be Spring" gal, always kept open house and it was sort of an unwritten rule that no one could just come in or go out. All their visitors had to make a big splash and catch everyone's eye every time they came through the front door, sing a song, dance a dance or pull something a la "the calla lilies are in bloom again" on the exit. Corny, sure, but find me the actor who isn't. And we loved it. Yaa, hams!

Well, this evening, it must have been midnight and June was starting to get sleepy when she heard me bellow, "S'help me, Allyson's the only singer I know who can go flat with a thirty-two piece orchestra behind her!" Heck, she knew I wasn't being catty because here I was kidding about it right under her nose. But it hurt her pride. And when that baby's pride is hurt, what's block busters, what's atomic bombs? The blue eyes snapped wide awake, went flippity-flop, then oozed down into a Bacall bedroom stare. And the wallpaper started curling. Because you haven't lived until you've heard Junie doing "St. Louis Woman," snake hips, wail and slide note complete. But kidding aside, if all this makes Junie sound like a stage-struck little kid in love with the glamour of the theater, I apologize. Because that's all wrong. June is one of the most sincere, most intense and most honest enter-



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tainers I've ever known. One of the most honest persons, too. I remember in particular a night we spent together in New Haven. We were touring in "Best Foot" and had taken an apartment for the few days we'd be there. It wasn't a very elegant place, but for three days anyway, it was home. Junie put up her picture of Tommy and laid out her housecoat and nightie. It was raining fiercely and after the evening show, we dragged home some cheese and crackers and a bottle of milk and decided to make a night of it. And may I tell you something? I rediscovered Junie all over again. I found out that her being so quiet and far-away wasn't because she was shy or aloof or disdainful. I found out that because Junie had been so hurt as a child she had no room left in her heart for any more pain. We were sprawled on the rickety double bed, the single hanging bulb swinging crazily with the wind, when she started to talk.

"I want quiet," she whispered, "and love. I must love, I must be loved to feel whole, Nancy. I don't want to sound like a spoiled kid whining for sympathy or a ham trying to grab a spotlight. Oh, I don't suppose that anyone who's never been terribly hurt could know what I mean."

But I knew what she meant because I'd been hurt—terribly. So we talked about life and living and dying, about the wonderful mother I'd lost when I was only eight, who'd died just as quietly and just as bravely as she'd lived, while I stood in the next room and felt the blood slowly ice in my veins. We cried for a minute then, June and I, with the rain making soft, mournful noises against the dirty window. Presently she said, "I want to live and love for all the time I lost when I was a kid with half my body in a plaster cast and my heart crying for something to call my own. I had a dog and when he died I cried for weeks. But when my grandmother passed away, it went much too deep for tears. I still haven't cried for her and it still hurts down inside. I think if ever I become happy enough, I'll be able to cry for her."

AND of course, again I understood what she meant. Funny, in a way. Because compared to us, night and day were identical twins. I like fun, loud fun with plenty of people and noise. Sure I've cried into my pillow. What gal hasn't? But with Junie you always felt that it was the inner she, the spirit or the mind or the soul that reacted. I often used to wonder exactly what made us tick. Not, you understand, that we didn't have our squabbles. And find me two women who don't enjoy a good, violent bicker!

Darling Gene Kelly was in one of our more ambitious productions, beautiful, wonderful Gene Kelly who, along with Betsy and baby Kerry and the Dick Whorfs are about the closest "family" I have today, in theater or out. It was during the run of "Best Foot" and Junie and I used to shop practically every afternoon. One day we'd been out after some casual afternoon dresses and came back to the theater panting, broke, dripping with bundles and deliriously happy. Then I tried on one of my dresses, a dark purple shirtwaist number with long sleeves and an elegant skirt that dissolved hips. Junie grew rigid.

"I didn't see that dress," she gritted.

"Heck, honey, half of New York saw it, it was in the window."

"Salesgirls always bring out the cutest stuff for you," she nearly wept. "Salesgirls love you." And before I had time to either pull her hair or kiss her, she was stamping her feet and insisting, "I want that dress—why didn't they show me that dress—nobody loves me!"

"Well, golly, twerp," I grinned, "go get that dress!"

She got it. Flew into the store, wiggled into it, and dashed back to the theater. "Well?" she demanded.

I looked. "I think it stinks," I reported.

Magic. Her eyes crinkled, a grin stretched right across her silly puss and the giggles poured out. "Me, too," she admitted. "Too tailored. I'm a dope."

I didn't dispute the point.

But maybe I should've. Because come the evening performance and Junie spots the two dresses hanging side by side and goes into a melancholy mood.

"That dress," she moans, "you shouldn't have let me buy it."

"Oh, great fishes," I exploded, "not again!" And before I could get another word in edgewise, Junie was bawling her fool head off and screaming to Mary, our dresser, "Go on, leave me alone—I wanna be alone!"

By this time I was just jumpy enough myself to decide Junie was picking on the underdog and I lashed out.

Gene heard the rumpus and came flying over to investigate and the dog, know what he did? Heard the whole story and laughed. Threw his head back and roared. I nearly slew him. But the upshot of the whole thing was that Junie explained about a terrific headache and apologized to Mary, I apologized to Gene, we both apologized to each other and everybody was tickled ga-ga. And as we were leaving the theater, Junie drew me aside..

"You know, I like you, Nancy."

"S'funny coincidence—'cause you know, I like you, too, Junie."

ASIDE from that I think the very fact that she and Dick Powell are Mr. and Mrs. would be grounds for friendship. Because to me, Dick is one of the finest, most considerate, and swellest gentlemen I know. Dick and my dad have been friends for a great many years and some of my earliest lessons in good showmanship and good sportsmanship came from them both. Dick and I have always had a sort of Andy Hardy, man-to-man relationship and whenever I needed an extra buck for a splurged allowance or a shoulder to cry on when one of my "fellers" broke my heart, Dick was always there with the buck and the shoulder.

I used to see quite a bit of him in Hollywood and when Junie began to discover the wonderful things about him, everything was just about perfect.

At first, when it was still, "My, he's quite interesting, isn't he?" and "She's rather cute, isn't she?" I didn't mind being the third party. Dick's divorce wasn't final yet and Junie was still hanging on to her head for fear her heart would start yelling, "This is it!" So we'd threesomed it quite often, taking afternoon rides into the country or at Dick's place for long sessions of records and shop talk. But when I saw that love light making halos around her head, I tapered off into a "Sorry, can't make it this evening, kids, why not go along without me?" I'm sure it broke them up into little pieces, having to go on a date with just the two of them.

So that's that. If I haven't given you any high melodrama or deep, deep grief it's just because ordinary people don't spend their lives on peaks or in the depths. They walk and talk and wash their faces and shine their shoes and never notice that time's awastin'. Which, of course, is the way good living is lived. And that's the way I like to feel Junie and I have lived. No peaks, no depths. Just two gals who had fun and couldn't think of any snappy comebacks to:

"You know, Nancy, I like you."

"Well, golly, Junie, I like you, too."

Maybe because that did it!

THE END

TERESA WRIGHT, STARRING IN THE SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTION, "THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES"



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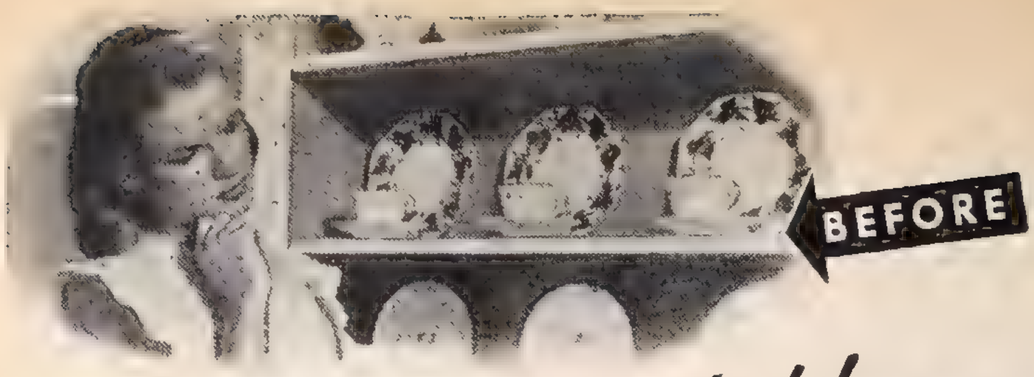
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SHELVING

What Should I Do?

(*Continued from page* 72) she says she loves me, she is not willing to give up her career to be married.

I don't want to marry a career woman. Do you think I'm unfair in wanting a home-loving wife?

Should I try to find happiness with someone else? Or should I marry and try to change her?

Milton R.

It seems to me that for anyone to enter marriage with the intention of changing the habits or viewpoint of the marriage partner, is not only folly, but the epitome of conceit.

Each human being should concede to every other sane, adult human being, the right to certain convictions. One of those convictions is the manner in which the individual wishes to use his talents.

You fell in love with a girl who is a school teacher and who—if I am to judge by her intention to remain in her profession—is a sincere and conscientious instructor. Having fallen in love with her, you now want to alter her entire intellectual life. You aren't thinking of her desire in the matter at all—which makes me wonder if you really understand the nature of love.

Perhaps I feel so strongly that a woman should be permitted to decide for herself whether she wants to work within the home or outside of it because my own career has interlaced comfortably with that of my doctor-husband.

In the final analysis, the truth is this: The success or failure of a double-career marriage rests entirely, not upon outside influences, but upon the character of the marriage partners.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been going with a girl named Jeanie for almost three years, most of which time I have been in the Army. About two years ago, when I was home on leave, Jeanie and I and another couple went on a bicycle picnic.

On the way home we stopped at a deserted building to eat lunch. After we had finished we looked the place over and thought what a good wreck it would make.

All we did was to break three or four windows and knock down some doors, kick in some of the plaster, etc. The cops caught us and we had to report to court, but the judge only bawled us out. We didn't really mean any harm—we just did what every American boy or girl would have done. Myself, I think that is part of life.

Jeanie's father blamed me for the whole business and said I could never take Jeanie out again. In spite of that, for two years, whenever I have been home on leave, Jeanie has sneaked out and we have had a date every night. Before I came overseas with the occupation forces, I had a long talk with Jeanie's mother and father, but their answer was still no, I could not write to Jeanie and could not be engaged to her. I saw her every night anyway. When I left I sent all her mail to my mother's house, and she got it there.

I wouldn't give Jeanie up for all the world, so I want to know how to go about making her family see the light. I will be discharged in about three months.

Pfc. Parton S.

Psychologists tell us that the desire to destroy is an innate human failing. This explains the tendency of a child to destroy its toys. But just as a child is educated beyond a great many of its unpleasant early habits, the tendency to destroy things should also be eliminated.

Unless I am misinterpreting your words, you haven't yet developed to the point where you are ashamed of having trespassed upon the property of another person and mistreated it.

It appears to me that you must develop into a far more responsible human being before the cautious parents of this girl will change their attitude toward you. Communicating with her in opposition to their wishes won't help in this respect. I'm afraid it's time for you to grow up.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I began dating at eighteen and I am now twenty-two. In that time I have had my share of male friends but none is more than *just* a friend. After three or four dates I simply lose interest in a fellow. There is always something about his action or conversation that irritates me to a point where I just can't see him any more.

My sister asked me the other day whether I was waiting for Van Johnson or some Hollywood star to propose to me. She told me that I might as well resign myself to the fact that I am going to marry someone I don't care for and in due time I'll get used to him. Surely, my sister must be wrong. Is there some way to overcome the way I feel?

Alice Y.

Although I am willing to admit that your sister has a right to her opinion, I must disagree entirely with her suggestion for your future.

Under no circumstances should any girl marry a man "and try to get used to him."

All things happen in proper season. When you are emotionally ready to fall in love and marry you will discover that either some boy whom you have known all your life has acquired a glow which you hadn't previously noticed, or you will meet one who will satisfy your ideals.

The important thing is for you not to worry about your emotional attitude, not to criticize yourself nor to consider your reaction different from that of other girls, and to regard your boy-friends in a friendly—not a disparaging—light.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

For almost a year now I have been writing to a fellow whom I have never met. We were introduced through letters by a girl we both know.

I have enjoyed his letters immensely, and he has written that he enjoys mine. He has asked me to spend my fall vacation in his home (he lives with his parents) and I want very much to accept the invitation. However, I don't know if it is proper, as we're not engaged.

Sylvia G.

Wouldn't it be possible for this boy to make the trip to meet you, in preference to the reverse situation? Have you discussed this with your mother?

Certainly you shouldn't accept an invitation to be a house-guest from a boy you have never met personally, and—furthermore—no girl should ever accept

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an invitation for a prolonged visit even with a boy whom she knows very well unless his bid has been validated by a similar invitation from his mother.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Here I am sweltering in a South Pacific port, but having a swell time reading "What Should I Do?"

I took particular interest in the American girls' answer to the five smart gunners. I don't claim to be an authority on this kind of thing, but as a guy who has listened to many wolf reports, I do feel for the girls. I honestly think that many of them have just cause for complaint.

The only reason I am writing this letter is to call to your attention that all fellows are not alike. When a girl has a bad experience with one man she should simply shove him overboard and look over the next guy. Confidentially, that's the way I do with girls. I am sort of particular about my company, and it doesn't take me long to weigh anchor when I don't like the port I find I'm in.

Jimmy W. S1/c

Thank you for your letter, which I know will be of greatest comfort to the hundreds of girls who have written to me about the wolf problem.

Hurry home. I think I am quite safe in saying that you could easily be voted "the type of American boy girls most want to date."

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Three years ago while I was still in high school, I made a pact with two of my girl friends. We swore to become actresses and made plans to earn and save the thousand dollars you mentioned two years ago as necessary to launch a course in dramatic study. My girl friends saved a little, but not much. They told me laughingly that a new dress for a party was such a temptation. I went without a new dress and had quite as much fun as they did.

I now have $600 in the bank. I discussed my plans with our community playhouse director, who said that he considered dramatic schools a waste of time, and that he would advise me to get into a stock company. Inquiry has disclosed the fact that I am living over a thousand miles from the nearest stock company.

My problem is: Should I continue with my plans to go to New York? By mail I have found a cooperative theatrical boarding house, which will furnish meals and a small room for $3.50 weekly. The woman who runs it has written that most dramatic schools allow their students to work four hours daily. Do you think that this sounds like a good proposition?

I am now nineteen, so I feel that I must get started. Could you name a good dramatic school in the East?

Marion C.

Your letter leaves no doubt in my mind of your seriousness. You have approached your problem in the proper manner and you deserve a good deal of credit.

I am somewhat disquieted by your description of the theatrical boarding house in which you plan to stay. Under present economic circumstances, $3.50 a week is not enough to pay to secure proper food or lodging. I think you should plan to pay between six and nine dollars.

As to the choice between a stock company and a dramatic school, I believe very strongly in the value of the practical experience given in stock. However, since you are so far away from that opportunity, and since the average stock company has many more apprentices from whom to draw than it can possibly use, I still believe that your next step should be for the dramatic training.

I suggest you write to the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York, outlining your plans and your needs.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

In 1938 I was injured in an accident which limited my amusements for almost eight years to reading, the radio and playing cards.

Six months ago a miraculous operation remedied my condition.

I can't begin to tell you how kind everyone was during my illness. Now, however, that I am working, and that I am really quite well, I can't seem to convince my family and friends that I no longer need to be coddled.

My doctor says I am quite strong enough to take such exercise as swimming and dancing. When I suggest that I do any of these things, though, my family expresses its concern to such an extent that I give in and remain at home.

Since my problem in miniature is that of many veterans today, I felt that you might be able to assist all of us in taking our places in the world of healthy people.

Barbara S.

The only method of combating oversolicitousness is patience. You must realize that it is far better that those by whom you are surrounded should show you kindness and consideration than that they should be callous. Try to remember that it is love your friends and family bear you that causes them to unwittingly impede your progress.

I know that it is odd to counsel a person who has been ill to be the wise mem-

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ber of a family. Yet, I have found it to be true in many cases that a person who has suffered, through illness, is much wiser and more able to adapt himself to many personalities and conditions than one who has not known sickness.

So, continue with quiet determination and great patience to show your family that you have recovered and that their care for you may diminish.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-two years old. About eight months ago I met Bart, a lieutenant in the RAF, at the canteen where I used to work.

Six months after we met, Bart asked me to marry him. I said "Yes," but told him that he would also have to secure my mother's consent. My father died ten years ago; at that time my uncle and his wife came to the rescue of Mum and me, and my uncle has acted as my guardian since. So when Bart came to Mum with his request, she said that she consented gladly, but that she wanted to consult my uncle.

My uncle had a talk with Bart and refused consent for two reasons: (a) Bart had nothing saved and was dependent upon his job (he is permanent in the RAF with absolutely no chance of being demobbed); (b) before he met me Bart had a reputation for being a Romeo.

My uncle has said that either I must give up my home or give up Bart. I have even suggested our being engaged for a year, but my uncle says the year wait will only be satisfactory if I do not see Bart during that time. How could we stand that, since we are in love?

My mother and my girl friends think I should take my happiness, regardless of my gratitude to my uncle. Bart holds the same opinion.

Sara K.,
Bombay, India

Before making your final decision, why don't you ask the boy you want to marry whether there is anything he told your uncle that might have prejudiced your guardian so greatly. Go over the entire conversation between the two men—as reported by Bart—to determine whether a misunderstanding might have crept in.

Since you love and respect your uncle, and since one would assume that he returns your affection and wants only happiness for you, I think you should proceed carefully. However, after giving your uncle's objections ample investigation, you may decide that—like many fathers in the world—he simply regards you as a saint and far too excellent for any man.

Considering that you already have your mother's approval, and that you should know your own heart and mind at twenty-two, I see no reason why you shouldn't marry the man of your choice.

Claudette Colbert

(Among the many letters received by this department from school teachers throughout the United States, the one printed below sums up the viewpoints of most of them. Thank you so much for your response and your helpfulness. C.C.)

Dear Miss Colbert:

In the May PHOTOPLAY you published a





Made specially for babies—ready-to-serve, rich in added iron and B complex vitamins

Back in Grandma's time, a popular food for babies was a gruel made from just plain barley.

Now, after three years experimental work in laboratories and infant clinics, Gerber's brings you this new Barley Cereal with all the improvements that modern nutritional research brings to raising happy, healthy babies. 1. Low in crude fibre, mixes creamy smooth for easy digestion. 2. Rich in added iron and B complex vitamins needed by most babies. 3. Made to taste extra good. 4. Pre-cooked and ready to serve—mix right in baby's dish by adding milk or formula.

Variety That Helps Baby's Appetite

Now that Barley Cereal has joined Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal, you can offer your baby *more* variety. For many mothers will tell you that serving these cereals turnabout has a good effect on baby's appetite. The new Gerber's Barley Cereal comes in the half-pound yellow package with "America's Best-Known Baby" on the label.

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19 kinds of Strained Foods, 9 kinds of Chopped Foods, 3 special Baby Cereals.

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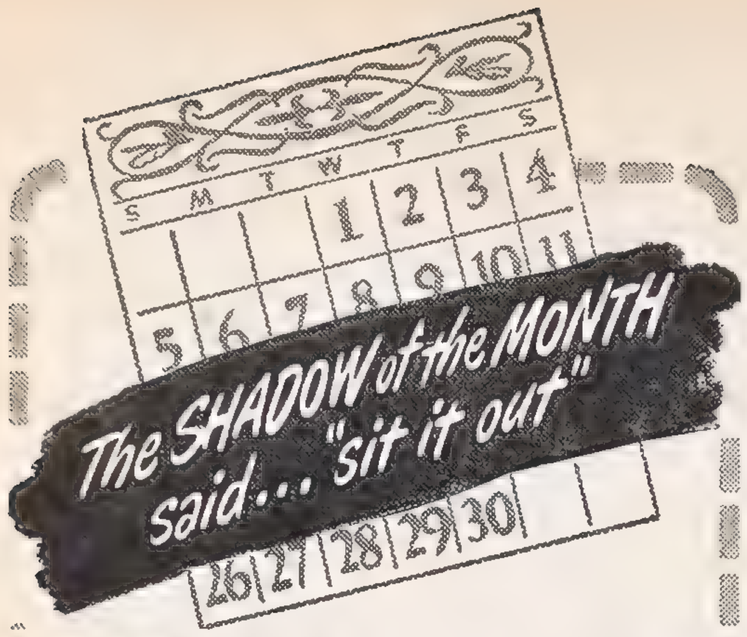
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CRAMPS • MENSTRUAL HEADACHE • "BLUES"

letter from Harriet G., a ninth-grade girl whose club had planned to entertain the school's football team. Among its players was a colored boy. The problem involved an embarrassing situation in which an invited chaperone refused to attend the party because of the colored boy.

As a teacher in secondary schools, I feel this man is a self-centered egotist. Since a teacher's profession requires one to live up to the highest ideals of humankind this man is not only living in a cramped concept, but he is also violating the highest responsibility of a teacher.

Here is my suggestion: Let the club appoint a committee consisting of the students with the highest averages. Let the committee write a friendly explanation of the way they feel about the colored boy, and seeking another chaperone. Let one of their number memorize a speech, then let him go to the teacher and deliver it.

If he remains firm on his original decision not to attend the party, he should be told most courteously that another person is to be appointed in his place.

I think I am safe in predicting that this teacher will be shamed into taking no further action and bowing out of the picture.

(Miss) Barta S.

(You probably recall the letter, published in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY, *written by the girl who complained about her veteran brother's autocratic behavior. I received a great many letters from readers who were stung to action, so I am herewith publishing the one which best summed up those letters. C.C.)*

Dear Miss Colbert:

After reading Ann Louise P.'s letter complaining of the actions of her vet brother, I can't keep still.

My *only* brother was killed in France during the war. I have three sisters, but no other brothers. Personally, I'd be *glad* to get up at six in the morning for my brother. If I couldn't make his bed the way he wanted it, I'd practice until I learned. I'd make sure the chairs were in perfect order and the magazines the same. I'd hang my clothes (and his, too) exactly as he wanted them. I'd do *anything* for him . . . if I ever again would have the chance.

Just remember, Ann, whenever you get disgusted with this "post-war" problem, that there are thousands of girls in families like mine who would give anything to be taking orders from a veteran brother, safe at home.

Jerri M.

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.



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Luxor contains *Carbamide,* the ingredient long familiar to surgeons, which helps relieve the tiny cracks and scratches that make hands *look* red, feel *rough!*

Harrison, Rex

(*Continued from page* 58) Six feet one, slim as lightning, easy yet electric, he models with distinction a gray lounge suit and soft white shirt. His foulard cravat, fine-patterned maroon and gray, is mute beside other gents' neckwear which was designed in a snakepit by a female with profitable neuroses at the cost of ten beautiful dollars.

In keeping with this figure of youth he sports a tanned hide, smooth-textured as a boy's.

But his eyes are the main asset. Sky brilliant, such as you find only in cloud-hung isles, they effervesce humor. At times they threaten to bubble out of their sockets. Then Rex yanks off his sun glasses, if he happens to be wearing them, and lets out a laugh.

Not all dove, however, our Mr. Harrison. He drives a Cadillac of bloody roosterish red. Local psychiatrists, ever alert, credit this to frustration in childhood when he failed to receive a little red sled at Yuletide.

Harrison's personal triumph in our exclusive Beverly salons (politely spell with one "o") into which he cocktailed but a year ago, was instant and unparalleled, say our oldest termites.

Charm is not the word for RH. Charm connotes a certain emanation, like perfume. Mr. H. definitely is not perfumed. He is joyous but relaxed, with contagious amiability. Part of his secret may be sleuthed in a sentence: He listens. Almost no one in Hollywood listens. What passes for listening is simply a brooding silence during which the unwilling auditor is thinking up lines to top the bore who has the floor.

Mr. Harrison is not a negative audience. He's responsive. You feel like giving him a great big hand, just as Russian actors, after several curtain calls, applaud their audience for its fine performance.

Another quite obvious reason for Harrison popularity is his wife, Lilli Palmer. Born Austrian, she definitely is perfumed with the charm called Viennese. An actress of stage and screen in England, she is introduced to us by Gary Cooper in his "Cloak and Dagger."

ACTUALLY, the Harrison triumph is triangular. The third party is gallant Master Carey Esq. of years two and one-half. Recently he was observed in stylish array recalling the ducal Windsor at his top.

"Are you always so well dressed?" fawned an old flaneur, not without envy.

"No," said the young Master. "This afternoon I am taking tea with the Ronald Colmans."

The Colmans have a daughter, two. Master Carey is, as columnists say, interested. Master Carey has the knack, it seems, for slipping into the American way and Walter Winchell's column.

The young Master has hair like undulant corn silk, azure eyes, a skin that glows a commercial to scientific upbringing. But more, he has the manners of the god-descended. American parents gape in envious awe at such delightful English children. What is the trick?

"We would like the English formula," said a tormented local parent. "We-all seem to be running to Tobacco Road young'uns and Dead End monsters."

"I should say the English nurses deserve the credit if any is due," said Mr. H., "plus a stern hand by the parents."

Mr. Harrison has no fault to find with our moppets. If their manners are hi-di-ho he is of the opinion that radio and screen set the pattern, and he himself is not exemplary, being a jive addict who

"I'm tellin ya, honey..
No Double Trouble
for us !!"



JACK: I'm givin' ya the real lowdown . . . every Mommy who wants her baby to have the smoothest, healthiest skin should be sure to give baby these *twin blessings* of Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Oil . . .

JILL: Works *double!* One: bein' *antiseptic*, Mennen Baby Oil helps prevent diaper rash, urine irritation, lotsa other skin troubles . . .

JACK: Two: Good-bye roughness an' dryness; Mennen Baby Oil helps keep skin soft an' smooth. Follow the advice of most doctors and hospitals, *double-bless* your baby with Mennen!

JILL: Us Mennen babies *smell so sweet.* Get Mennen Baby Oil and Baby Powder *now* to have on hand for baby's first day home!

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PLEASE PRINT NAME & ADDRESS CLEARLY IN INK (This coupon will be used as your Baby Bundle label.)

Send me the Mennen Baby Bundle free. I expect a baby about:

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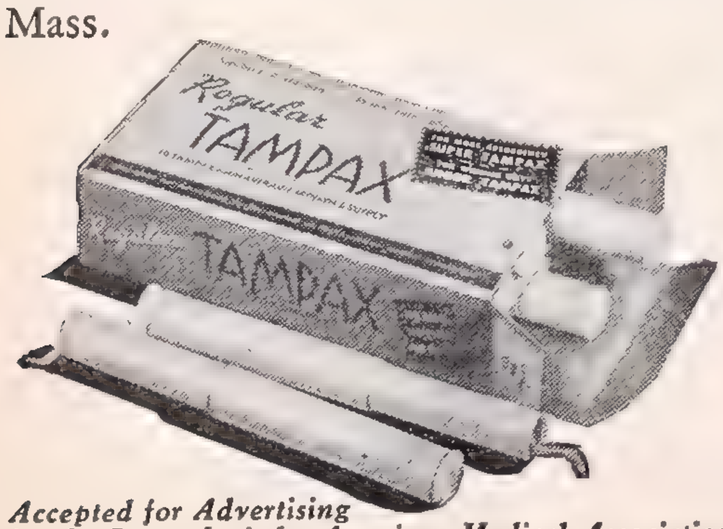
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"HOW does she keep up her pep and her spirits *all through* the month? Doesn't *she* have those depressing days too?" . . . Of course these smart, modern women have similar problems on "those days" each month, but many of them have discovered *Tampax* as a method of sanitary protection.

The first thing you notice about Tampax is its small size which permits it to be worn internally—in contrast to the bulky external pads with their belt-and-pin supports. Perfected by a doctor, Tampax comes with individual applicators and is made of pure surgical cotton throughout. It is easily disposable and simple to use. No odor forms. No chafing possible. No bulges or lines "show through" under your dress and you need not remove the Tampax in tub or shower!

A whole month's average supply of Tampax fits into your purse. The drug stores and notion counters sell it in 3 absorbencies — Regular, Super, Junior. Buy today—it's good for your peace of mind. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

frequents Slim Gaillard's cafe on Vine Street. His swing collection outweighs Mrs. Harrison's opera file.

For all this waywardness, it is plain that Mr. Harrison had the benefit of a far-seeing nurse, for he grew up to be a good soldier. In the war he was RAF. First a pilot officer, then flying, finally a flight lute in radar section.

Nothing scarifying happened to him, he says, until he married Lilli in 1943. They went to their honeymoon cote in Denham. Rex kissed Lilli and the roof fell in. The Germans were thoughtfully pelting the bower with explosive confetti. A beam bit the Harrison brow nastily; otherwise just good charivari. In 1944 young Carey arrived and, pursuant to Harrison tradition, the roof fell on him—his perambulator roof, that is—due to a V-2 hitting the front lawn.

The royal but roofless Harrisons dropped in on Hollywood at a time when all roofs here were bulging and bouncing with unwanted relatives and eviction notices flew faster than fan mail. They dropped smack into a sumptuous Bel-Air casa from which Clifton Webb cheerfully evicted himself in exchange for the Harrisons' hotel bungalow.

Clifton's sacrificial cheer was explained perhaps by discovery that the place was without a bar, having been conceived with an inconsistency peculiar to our cinema tropics. The Harrisons soon de-roofed themselves. They felt the rent too steep for no bar, three bedrooms and a confused tradition. They purchased a home with a bar, five baths, six bedrooms and kaleidoscopic views of Holmby Park, Bing Crosby's roof, L.A. Country Club, Catalina in the Pacific and Joan Bennett in her pool.

WHEN Rex and Lilli have scrimped away enough from the clutch of the tax collector they want to acquire a Queen Anne house in Hampshire, England—a cozy cot with, say, ten bedrooms, oak panelling, mature gardens and trout streams on twenty wooded acres. All this for around $50,000, the price presently asked for a six-room bungow in Bev.

After years of monotonous rations in England, Mr. Harrison found himself pelted with juicy steaks by welcoming friends here. To their amazement and his, he failed to leap for them.

"You get used to doing without," he said (let that be a warning to our meat profiteers). "I believe the stomach shrinks.

It's palms up for *Ty Power!*

Hand analyst Margaret Mamlok reads behind the lines and reveals "The Inner Power" in December Photoplay on sale November 13 or as soon thereafter as transportation permits.



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I cannot eat portions served at dinners here. I found I craved nothing. Fruit? Perhaps a little fruit."

He weighs 154. But wait a little. Lean and elegant Englishmen before this have been seen acquiring the girth and jowls of the successful Californian.

Rex confesses he was afraid of entering our paradise. He had heard on the radio how cereal was shot through a gun over here, coming out puffed. He thought something of the sort happened to actors in Hollywood. It wasn't physical puff he feared so much as mental.

Mr. H. is astonished at the prevailing pessimism and wonders if it is due to the sun. Amid all the gay flora the fauna is glum.

"You hear talk of atomic doom," he says, his eyes bubbling up. "War is considered inevitable. This is not so in Europe. There it is unthinkable. Everyone is too exhausted."

The political heat in our salons tends to make his eyes effervesce.

"People avoid other people's houses because of difference in political views," says Rex, yanking his glasses.

In England Lady Astor would willingly play musical chairs with the opposition and even amid Toried nobility one finds radicals living in comfort.

But Mr. Harrison enjoys it all immensely, especially the idiosyncrasies which relieve him of his apprehension as to the processing of men like cereal.

Mr. Harrison does not get worked up over the atomic future nor does he take stock in The Better World. He is a middle-of-the-road man, walking serenely between the Bomb and Utopia.

His purpose and pleasure are combined in his work. His diversion otherwise is the enticement of fish to a better world, snapping the unwary bi-ped with a miniature camera no bigger than a watch, batting the ball a bit in tennis and golf, and shooting a gentle humorous breeze beside a tall glass.

"HE is a happy man," says Louis Lighton who produced "Anna and the King of Siam," "because he is a well-placed man. He is the born actor and he discovered his vocation without trouble. He is a rare actor and individual. He appears to have all the required gifts: Tremendous concentration, the faculty of creating electric tension that is transmitted, fine perception, imagination, subtlety of feeling and expression and, what seems to me most valuable in this business, eagerness. With all the sophisticated wit of a man of the world, the wisdom of wide experience, Rex has this eager rush of enthusiasm that makes him seem a boy."

"The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" is the next Harrison picture. Those who have seen him in "Night Train," "Major Barbara," "Blithe Spirit," know his facility for high comedy which this promises.

Mr. Harrison as eagerly pays tribute to the technical wonders of the American studios and the affable cooperation. He and Lilli are here indefinitely but they want to skip back to England for a picture now and then.

He had words for the accomplishment of his fellow countryman Laurence Olivier who created "Henry V" for the glory of Britain, Olivier and the screen.

"I shouldn't be surprised if Larry got a knighthood," he said.

Recalling that another English actor disappeared after being knighted and has not since been seen we worriedly asked if there was danger of our eager friend becoming Sir Rex Harrison.

"Heavens!" he shouted, yanking off the sun glasses.

THE END

Mrs. Anthony Drexel Duke

A member of the old Colonial family from whom Rutgers University takes its name, Alice Rutgers Duke is active in the education program for wounded veterans. Busy young Mrs. Duke is devoted to the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. "Results show right away," she says. "My skin feels softer . . . looks clearer and more alive!"

1-Minute Mask



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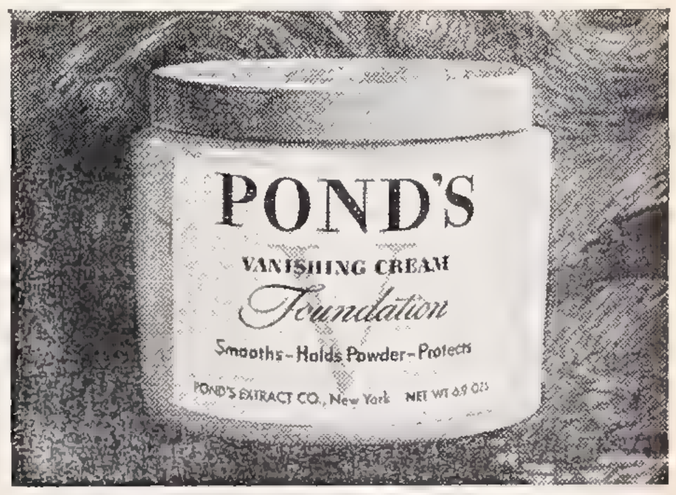
Cover your whole face and throat with a satiny white cloak of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave only your eyes unmasked.

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It's Like This with Harry and Me

(*Continued from page* 56) man I was going to marry (although I didn't even guess it then!) was his way of making the things he doesn't say count for more than the things he does say. He has three degrees of approval—all expressed by the same two words. Something that strikes him as just mediocre gets a hesitant "*Pretty* good." Something he likes is "Pretty *good.*" When he's really enthused, it's "*Pretty good*"—but with exclamation points. The only time he has a lot to say is when he doesn't like the thing at all and is trying to be kind about it.

I've become a much kinder person myself, just watching him struggle against hurting people. Recently when we bought our riding horses, he spent a great deal of time looking for a silver-mounted black saddle. Finally, a harness man took a trip 'way past Pasadena to find what we wanted. I knew the minute Harry looked at the saddle he was disappointed in it. I also knew he was going to buy it because he couldn't bear to have the fellow lose out after all his time and trouble. There was a time when I used to pout or yell around when something didn't please me. Nowadays I just sit out such transactions, maintaining an un-Grable-like calm—and thinking up prospective buyers for a "secondhand" saddle.

It would be very romantic if I could say that love came like a trumpet blast to Harry and me—except that it didn't. I first heard him play at the College Inn in Chicago, when I was making a personal appearance at the Chicago Theater. Actually, I'd gone to the Inn to hear Dick Haymes who was singing with him then, and whom I knew. I was going with someone else at the time—and to me, Harry was just a man on the end of a horn—and a married man, at that. It happened to be the sweetest horn I'd ever heard, however, and after that I'd rush over to the Inn every night after my last show, with either my mother or a Chicago "date."

I CAME back to Hollywood a rabid Harry James fan—but musically speaking. He was not yet a name band, so I considered myself quite a Columbus. For a while I was his best publicity agent out here and when I heard he was to be in "Springtime in the Rockies" I was tickled pink for the picture's sake. We talked some between takes while "Springtime" was in production, but not much more than I talked to all the fellows in the group. I never saw a bunch of boys more loyal to a leader—and it was the first time I'd heard a leader speak not of "my band," but of "our band" or "we." Too, one of the fellows pointed out to me that Harry is one of the few leaders who won't take a picture job unless all his men are included. He'd bring me records on the set—but we wound up just friends, and mutual fans.

Just before shooting finished he asked me very casually to go to an opening at the Palladium with him. I wasn't going so steadily with anyone else at the time, but I said "Oh no, I couldn't do that—" And to tell the truth, he didn't seem too downhearted about the refusal. Shortly afterward, I went to the hospital for an appendicitis operation—and I remember that the first flowers to arrive had Harry's card on them. I was so impressed, I wrote him an immediate "thank you" note—and then we didn't see or hear from each other again for weeks.

It was at the Hollywood Canteen, and Harry's divorce was in process, that romance—although we still didn't recognize it as such—really got going. One Mon-

day night I suddenly realized that just about everyone had left and I didn't have a ride home. I thought of asking Harry—but then I remembered that Palladium turn-down I'd given him. I finally had a girl friend of mine ask him for me. On the way home we stopped at a drive-in for a hamburger with onions—one of the things we suddenly began to discover we both liked.

The rest of it, that realization that we enjoyed being together, talking and laughing at the same things, was still not too glamorous—still just gradual. All I knew is that after awhile, we both felt we were lucky to have found each other—and we still feel the same way. Before we were married, however, there was another Palladium incident—a rather funny one, now that I look back. Someone conceived the bright idea of having a jitterbug contest for band leaders, and Harry asked me to be his partner. I was horrified at the prospect—I could see myself getting out there on my icy-cold feet, tripping and falling flat on my face and disgracing us both for life. Knowing Harry as I do now, I can't ever imagine what possessed him to enter—but he did. He got Nan Wynn, the singer, to be his partner, and jitterbugged against Woody Herman, Benny Goodman, Stan Kenton and others. What's more, he and Nan walked off with the cup—a fact that irked me strangely.

Our wedding day leaves no scent of roses or rustle of tulle in my mind. It was distinguished by nothing but heat, dust and a prize case of heebie-jeebies. I got up at the crack of dawn to catch the train to Las Vegas, and rode for hours in a rickety coach with no air-conditioning. I was already too sick to eat when I got there—and the news that Harry's train was four hours late didn't help much. There may still be two mountains of cigarette stubs by the Las Vegas station—one mine, and one belonging to the driver of the big car in which I waited, cowering from the sight of the citizens and nearly dying from heat and jitters.

We'd planned a quiet afternoon ceremony in a small chapel. It was dusk when the groom got off the train, both of us so relieved to see each other we could hardly speak. Immediately, we sped off to the quiet and cool of the chapel—or so we imagined. We couldn't figure out the traffic tangle until we saw the church, lit up like a Christmas tree. People were lined up for blocks, a spotlight picked out our car and a loudspeaker boomed, "Here they come at last, folks—Betty Grable and Harry James—give the bride and groom a hand, folks!" I saw Harry's face turn white—we got out the wrong side of the car, took hands and ran for our hotel. The minister, in answer to our pleading, performed the ceremony there.

AFTERWARDS, the newspapers ran editorials, the gist of which was that we "ought to be ashamed of ourselves" disappointing people who'd driven for miles to see us. I could see their side of it—both Harry and I have been in show business too long not to appreciate and value such things.

Nevertheless, that unexpected crowd lining the streets for our unpublicized wedding was a terrific shock. The prospect of signing autographs between our "I do's" was something I doubt if our shaking hands could have accomplished.

We still don't care much for mob scenes—mostly because crowds are our business, and getting away from them is our relaxation. Both of us have worked since we were kids—the noise and excitement began for him even earlier than it did for me, because he was literally cradled in a circus trunk. Both his parents were professionals, his Dad led the circus band and his mother did an "iron jaw" act right up until a month before his birth. We've given up going to big parties because usually we find ourselves gravitating to a corner and spending the whole evening just talking to each other, anyhow.

Luckily, all our enthusiasms are mutual. We get an idea and bang, something has to happen right away. We decided that riding would be healthful and enjoyable for us both, and bought two saddle horses the very next day, fast. That's how it started—we wound up with sixty-two acres of ranch land, and are now in the racing and breeding business up to our ears. If someone had ever told me I'd be getting up at 5:30 in the morning to watch a horse train, I'd have given them what is known as the horse-laugh. Nowadays, it's practically the most fun I can have—and more important, it's something Harry and I can enjoy together.

My husband and I have never had a quarrel. I don't expect anyone to believe this statement. Remembering the "picky" disposition (mom's description) I used to have, I can hardly believe it myself. It's simply that you can't fight with Harry. He can't stand dissension—on the rare occasions he gets angry he just turns a little white and says nothing.

If he has a suggestion to make, it's so *right* that you don't mind it. I don't wear heavy make-up any more, or all those heavy rats I used to wear in my hair, because it's so true, as he says, that I look better without it. He likes to tease me because I paint my toenails, saying he doesn't mind, because he "doesn't like feet, anyhow." I'm proud to say I've made a few changes, too. I like his hair short and parted, rather than the long sheiky cut he used to wear. He's added thirty-five pounds

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since we were married, and I get a great kick out of hearing people say he never looked better in his life.

Maybe I'm prejudiced, but I think his taste in clothes is exceptional. He always looks so nice when he starts out for a broadcast, or when he puts on riding clothes—and I think he's simply sensational in navy blue. I like to pick shirts to show off his turquoise eyes, and I'm always proud when he likes the ties I buy. When he's on tour I get a gift from every town he plays in. Right now everything's in the horsy vein—a riding jacket from Texas, spurs from Montana, and so on. We've even gone crazy over Western movies and love to sneak down to the Hitching Post Theater for an evening of rootin', tootin' drama.

There couldn't be a story about Harry and me, of course, unless it listed the No. one reason for our happiness. Vicki is a two-year-old replica of her Daddy—I really don't know how I rated two such dispositions in one family. We haven't any special plans for her—just want her to be healthy and normal and we'll be content to let her find her own happiness, the way we've found ours. She's sure to love music, because already she shows an ear for it. Put a dozen bands on the victrola and she'll sit appreciatively but silent. Put on one of Harry's records and she can pick him out in a minute—"Daddy, Daddy—" she practically turns pink with excitement. Ask her right now where Daddy is, and her stock answer is, "Daddy on road, blowin' his bwains out—" which, if you'll pardon my pride, I claim is pretty cute.

This year the James family actually spent a vacation together. We went to Del Mar and just lazed around in the sun and the sand—for the first time since we've been married. It was a real triumph—the result of Harry's planning his schedule a whole year ahead to coincide with my between-picture intervals. Last time we planned a vacation, "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim" ran over shooting schedule and *Miss Pilgrim* had to stay home and work.

Meantime, that's the way things are between Harry and me—sometimes silly, sometimes screwy, but always very, very sweet. He's a softie who gets sick when he has to fire anyone at the office, and tries to get someone else to do it. A fellow you don't have to nag about replacing toothpaste tops because he simply throws the top away the first time he uses it. And a ribber who teases me for days about my fire-red car, then has his own painted to match it. He's the man I married—and it's perfectly swell being his Mrs.!

THE END





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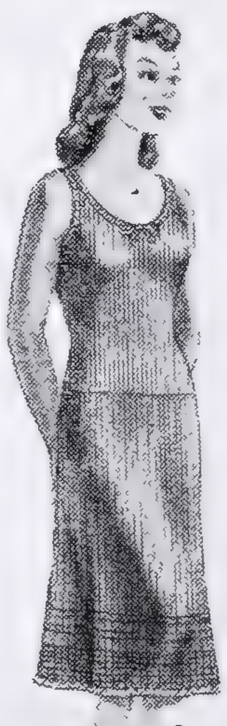
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Buckeye Buckaroo

(*Continued from page* 45) school where all eight grades were in one room. He had a horse called Babe who "was a very good little horse, coal black, used to race in surrey races at the county fairs. She was my first love."

He rode her four miles to prayer meetings and every Saturday afternoon you'd find Babe hitched out in front of the "Emporium," Duckrun's only store, "where you could get shoes for both you and the horse." He paid the grocery bill on Saturdays and the owner of the Emporium always gave him a little "poke" of striped stick candy "with maybe two or three hard pieces thrown in."

Today . . . his Hollywood "poke" is close to a million dollars a year. Instead of striped candy, there's a new eight-passenger Fairchild AT-21 plane and a turquoise blue Cadillac convertible. He rides in a silver saddle on Trigger, the glamorous Palomino with the taffy-colored bangs worn *a la* Veronica Lake over one eye. He wears custom-made boots, expensive white ten-gallon hats and fine checkered woolen shirts dripping with heavy white doeskin fringe, instead of the patched levis and worn cotton shirt of yore.

INSTEAD of a home-made house, there's a spacious two-story white home, fenced in by walls covered with ivy and honeysuckle vines. Green lines of grapefruit, avocado, orange and lemon trees march up the side of the San Fernando Valley foothills in the rear. There are wide velvety lawns shaded by tall cedars, sycamores and redwood trees. Planted in the middle of the velvety lawns . . . and typical of this boyish buckaroo is a giant red, yellow and green totem pole, with a big green eagle's head stretching out bright red clawy arms. Just as typical, you'll find a saucer of milk on the swanky front door step for "Beauty," the Rogers' cat.

Roy is in fourth place among male stars at the box-offices, stars in eight pictures a year for Republic Studios, and has just been loaned to Walt Disney for a big budget Technicolor called "Pecos Bill." He's the Saturday Sinatra, with teen-age girls applauding when his light baritone voice comes over the screen, and their younger brothers and sisters squealing delightedly when he outwits and outshoots the heavies on every turn.

He has the biggest Western radio show ever on the air, the Saturday night Roy Rogers Show on NBC. His records sell faster than those of any other Western RCA Victor recording artist, and cities and rival theaters make personal issues of battling for his rodeos and personal appearances. Last year he drew 1,250,000 people for a thirty-day rodeo in Madison Square Garden, the largest crowd ever to appear at any sporting event. His fan mail hits over 60,000 letters a month.

He owns a 580-acre ranch in Paradise Valley, a desert oasis seven miles out of Las Vegas, Nevada. And he heads a Hollywood group who've bought 16,000 acres in the desert near Palm Springs, on which they're erecting "Pioneer Town," an old-type western village, to be rented out for resort use and locations for films.

Nobody is more surprised by all this success than Roy himself, who would tell you that he doesn't consider himself a terrific actor, "and I haven't got a voice . . . just cowboy songs." He's always liked Westerns since childhood, when he used to ride the thirteen miles to Portsmouth in the old family Model-T "two or three times a year" to see Tom Mix. But he didn't dream of ever becoming a motion-picture star. "I was always just tryin' to make a livin', that's all."

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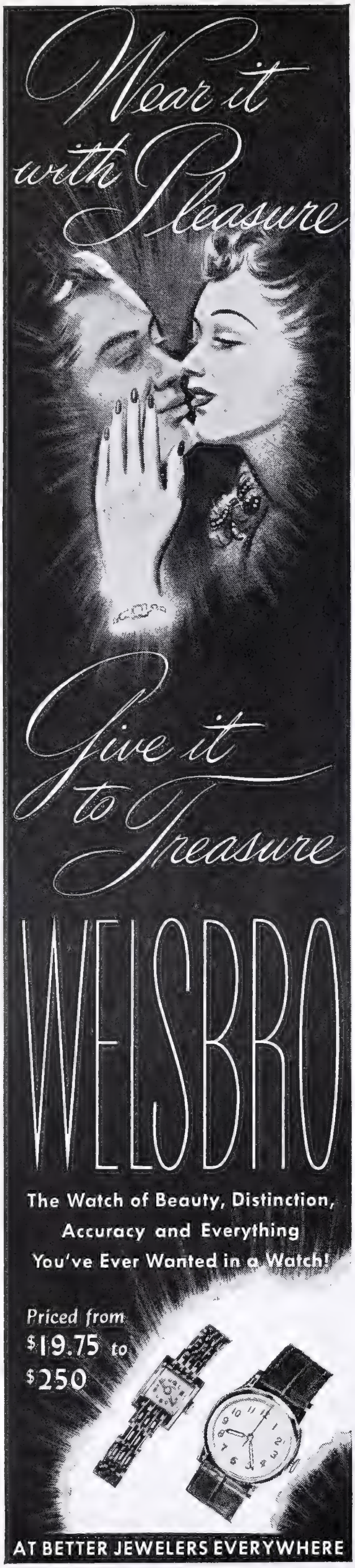
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It's easy to see why fans feel a personal affection for him. And they do. When he was on location near Davis, Oklahoma, for "Home in Oklahoma," a sixty-year-old woman walked seven miles to see him work. Roy invited her to lunch and sent her back home in a studio car. Kids send him their most cherished possessions like pocket-knives and gold lockets, saying, "I want you to have this, Roy." A little eight-year-old girl visiting the set of "Heldorado" recently, offered seriously, "I wish you'd adopt me, Roy. I'd like to be your little girl." Which was a little embarrassing, since she was sitting on her own father's lap at the time.

Recently he got a letter from Asbury Park, New Jersey, about a boy suffering from a malignant malady who just wanted one thing . . . "a cowboy gun from Roy Rogers." Roy sent him the gun, called him long distance, and cut special records on which he sang some new songs. "You're the first to hear them, Buster," he said cheeringly. "Keep your chin up. Trigger and I are both pulling for you."

YES, he is Western Americana, this cinema cowboy with the candid blue eyes and the ready smile. And as straight-shooting as the six-shooters girdling his lithe waist. He puts his chips on honesty, hard work and a strong handshake. "You get the truth out of him every second," says his friend and manager, Art Rush.

No tenderfoot in the saddle, Roy could "set" a horse long before he came to Hollywood. During production of "Rainbow over Texas," he made a real-life rescue of his blonde leading lady, Dale Evans, that was as thrilling as any ever filmed. They were out on location on Ray Corrigan's ranch, Dale's horse got frightened at something and suddenly bolted, taking off across the rugged pasture, with Dale hanging wildly on with one arm around the horse's neck, gripping one leg under his stomach, the other over the saddle. Despite which she was slipping on under the horse, and would have been trampled within a few minutes but for Roy, who raced after her, reached out with his left arm and transferred her from the runaway horse to Trigger, then calmly carried her back to where an awe-stricken company stood watching.

He has great respect for hard work, and his own success has followed the law of the West, the survival of the fightingest. The years between the ploughing back in Duckrun and Hollywood fame meant struggling. Not for the trimmings, but just for bunk and chow.

He had to quit school his second year in high school to help the family, thus ruling out his ambition of becoming a dentist. He's worked in the innersole department of a shoe factory in Portsmouth, as a ranch helper branding calves and shearing lambs on a New Mexico ranch, and loading and hauling cement in a gravel truck working on the highway between Frisco and L. A. He tells you now, "Four miles of that Highway 99 are mine."

During the gravel truck days he "bached" in a tourist cabin with another truck driver at Costaik, California, and survived mostly on pancakes he made with water, flour and eggs, and which were definitely three-way-stretch. "You could stretch a dime-size cake out as big as a wash tub. Just pull 'em off the griddle, roll 'em up into a ball and bounce 'em. Never seen anything like them. Too bad we didn't mix 'em up with the cement on the highway, it would last longer."

Roy had always liked to sing, and had picked up some guitar chords back home watching his mother and dad play a mandolin guitar. Since he wasn't making a success at anything else, he finally de-



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cided to try his luck at entertainment.

His first job was playing an instrumental duet with his cousin in the old Arrow Theater in downtown Los Angeles, for one dollar apiece a night. One evening they played on an amateur radio program in Inglewood—"anybody could get on." An equally broke group of entertainers called "The Rocky Mountaineers" caught Roy's yodelling on the program, called and asked him to join their act.

They all lived together in an old house on 74th Street in Los Angeles, figuring that if they didn't starve together, they would assuredly all starve separately, which they eventually did anyway. All three—Roy, Bob Nolan, who quit a job lifeguarding at the beach and joined them, and the bass fiddle player bunked on a couch in the living room. They pulled a chair up against the couch and dovetailed their six feet into it. For a year and a half they lived mostly on chipped beef and gravy, "the kind you get in packages, thin and salty." They sang at the opening of super markets and at lodge meetings, for maybe $15 for the whole group. And frequently sang at private weddings and parties just for a square meal.

Roy made a little side money by pulling cars out of water holes on muddy nights. He'd stake his old Maxwell out by "some good deep mud hole" near Culver City.

His first regular money came when he got a job with "The Texas Outlaws" program on KFWB for $18 a week. He felt he was rolling in clover when, as one of the Pioneers Trio, he was upped to $35.

His real motion picture break was as simple as the rest of it was tough. He'd had bits in pictures with the trio, singing behind Gene Autry and other Western stars. Then one day he was in a hat store in Glendale waiting to get his ten-gallon out of the cleaners, when a film cowboy rushed in in a big hurry for a hat, saying he had to have it for a test early the next day.

"Where?" said Roy, overhearing him.

"Republic Studios," he said.

The next day found Roy out there too, trying unsuccessfully to crash the gate. When the extras started filing back onto the lot after lunch, he mixed himself in with them and was going on through when he bumped into Sol Siegel, a Republic producer whom Roy had met when he was doing background with the trio on a picture.

"Did you want to see me?" asked Siegel. A surprised Rogers who wanted to see just anybody see-able, found that the producer thought he was there to audition for the opening they had for a new Western star. "We've tested eighteen already," he said, "and frankly you never entered my mind until I saw you coming through the gate. Got your guitar?"

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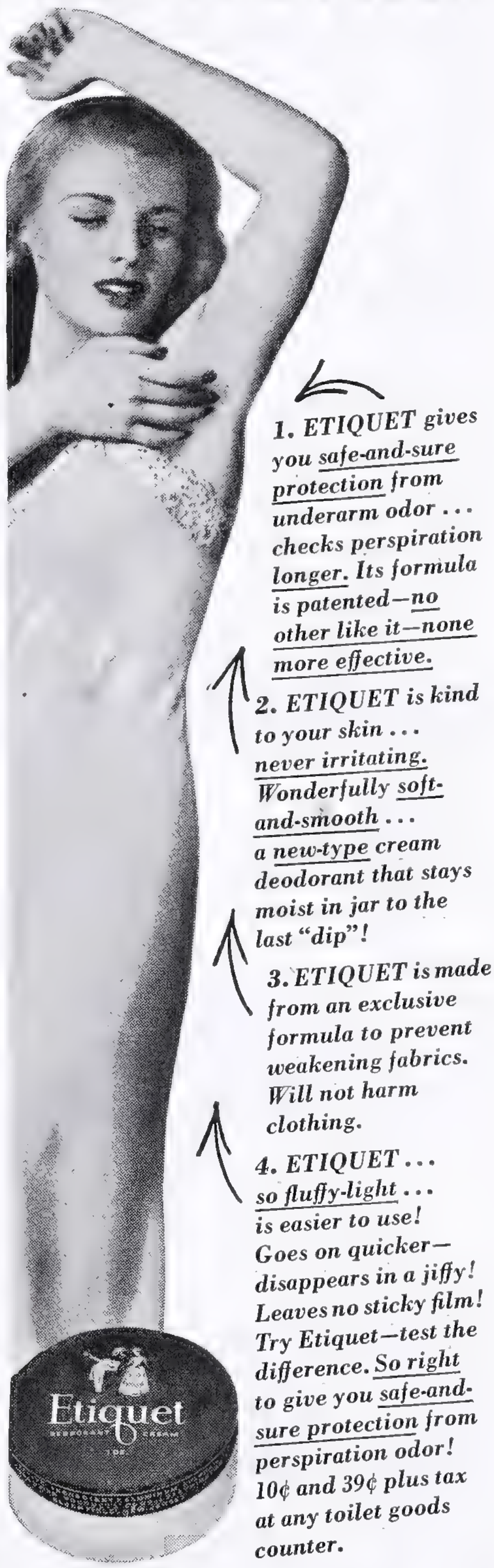
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"Sure," said Roy, and ran all the way out and back to his car to get it.

He got the Republic job, and the first picture he made, "Under Western Skies," was voted the best Western of that year.

Though he didn't ask for fame, he's worked hard getting it, and is working even harder today. He never goes temperamental, never questions his superiors, just goes ahead and gives them all he's got.

ROY is very deeply attached to his family, speaking with a high-reverence of his mother, "who has had so much courage, raised four of us, and never once complained." He's bought his father the little chicken ranch he always wanted. And is making enthusiastic plans now for a college education for a nephew, who just returned from the wars. Roy rode a mule four miles in the middle of the night after a doctor at Duckrun, the night this boy was born. "I've never had an education, but he's sure going to have one," he says fondly. "He's got guts. Makes you want to do something for him."

Roy is always happiest when he's out-of-doors hunting or fishing or taking a hop in the new plane. He likes to go coon hunting with his good pal, "Alfalfa" Switzer, of the "Our Gang" comedies, and to go wild boar hunting and deep sea fishing at Catalina. He's a crack shot, which he brushes off easily with "anybody can shoot a gun," and is a whiz with a bow and arrow, usually being able to spear a half-dollar at fifty feet, when in form.

At home, he likes to read Western magazines, or books like "The Life of Kit Carson," "Firebrand from Burnt Creek," and "Hopalong Cassidy Returns." But he usually spends most of what little time he has listening to Tex Ritter's "Children's Songs," with his six-year-old Cheryl Darlene and three-year-old Linda Lou. Or helping them paste up their scrapbooks on Bill Elliott and Little Beaver.

Roy is very close to the two little Bill Elliott fans and his attractive wife, Arlene, of the blonde, fluffy hair and brown eyes and quiet manner. They live as unaffectedly today as they did in the Hollywood duplex on that $35 a week, when Mrs. Rogers was whipping away at her celebrated lemon pies.

She still does most of the cooking, but no lemon pies. She's baked so many of them for magazine layouts that the whole family turn their heads when they pass by the lemon trees in the backyard now. "I don't like lemonade, lemon drops, or *anything,*" says Cheryl, wrinkling her nose. Then adds impressively, "Daddy's a corn-eater. He can eat six ears and he still wouldn't be full." Roy does have an enormous appetite, with a special yen for corn, fried chicken, onion and sardine sandwiches and onion sandwiches.

Whenever the Sons of the Pioneers, the Shug Fishers, and other old-time pals of the chipped-beef era get together with them for birthday celebrations or anniversaries now, they group around the cozy den of the house behind the totem pole and give with stirring renditions of their old ones like "Little Joe, the Wrangler," or "The Convict and the Rose," always signing off with Roy's favorite, "Home on the Range."

You'd expect him to want a place "where seldom is heard a discouraging word and the skies are not cloudy all day."

But you feel sure that life . . . wherever he is . . . will never throw Roy Rogers. That whichever way this Buckeye Buckaroo rides into that sunset that cowboys are always talking about, it will always be with a smile on his face and a song in his heart.

THE END

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Short and Sweet

(Continued from page 71)



For Ingrid Bergman it's comfortable.
She turns ends under for variation

your hair set into sculptured curls. When they're dry comb all your hair to one side. Fasten it sleekly to the scalp with combs or bobby pins. And finally, comb all ends into a cluster of large soft curls.

This post-war hair-cut, as you see, can be anything you want it to be. For Lupino it is disarming. For Bergman it is comfortable. For Montez it is sleek. For Tierney it is chic. For Day it is sweet. For me—I don't have a hair-dresser hanging over me every minute to see that every hair is in place—it is, above all, utterly manageable.

Last of all, but highly important, you will find shorter hair has a healthful and rejuvenating effect. When the hair is thinned out the scalp can breathe; a beauty and health treatment in one.

I especially recommend this hair-cut to those who begin to find life dull; always a sign that we are becoming a little dull ourselves. Whereupon something new is needed!

The very instant we have our hair cut—and the light shines through it—we realize our hair is lovelier than we thought. Also that it might be lovelier still if we hadn't neglected it, except for regular shampoos and sets. Whereupon we wonder what extra things we can do for our hair.

Brush your hair five minutes every day. Brush it hard for lustre's bright sake. As I've said before and doubtless will say again, lie down while you brush your hair. Throw yourself across a bed. Let your head hang down. This position provides relaxation and improves your circulation.

If you have an oily scalp try to keep the brush away from it. Start hard sweeping strokes an inch away from the scalp line.

Ida Lupino uses beer as a hair lotion. She says it keeps the ends of her hair curled and in place and also gives her hair added body.

THE END



For Gene Tierney it's chic—has a school-girl look



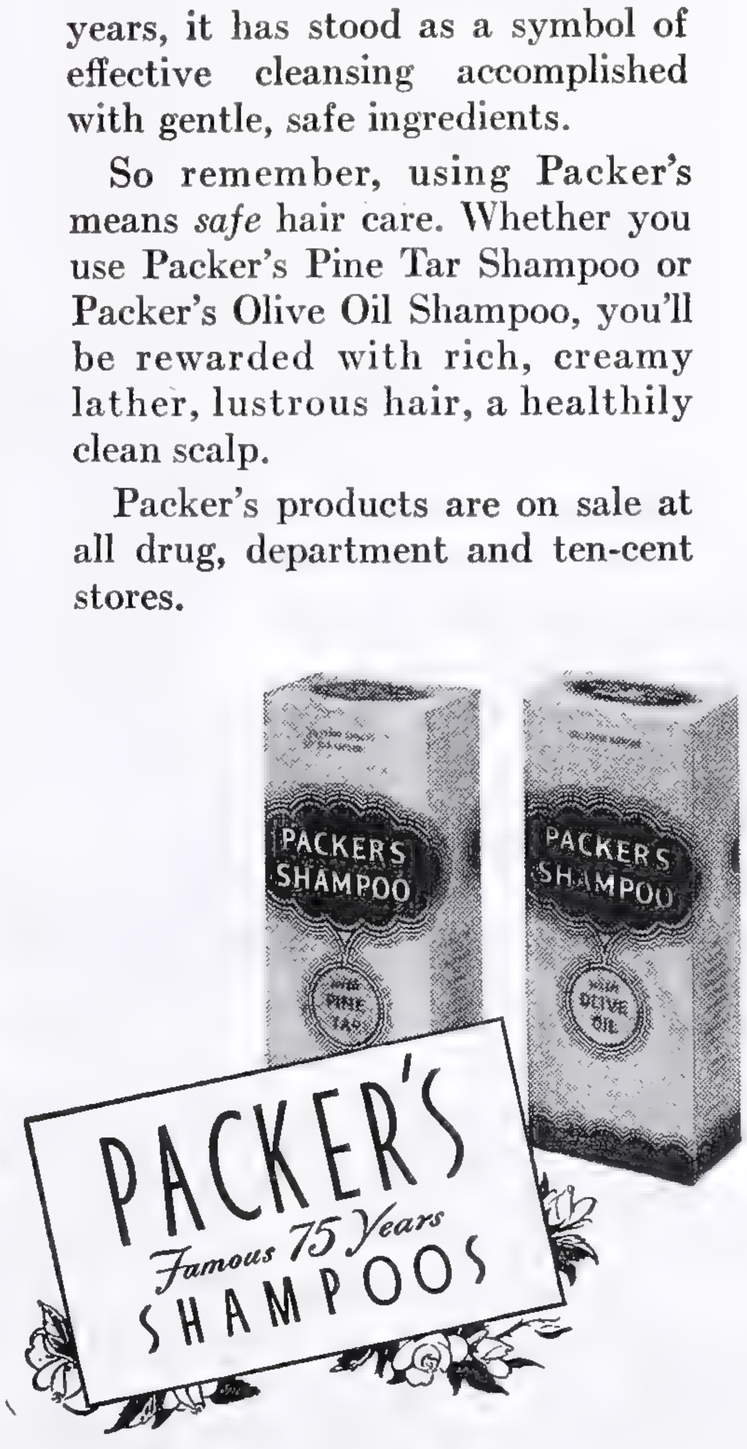
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Before After

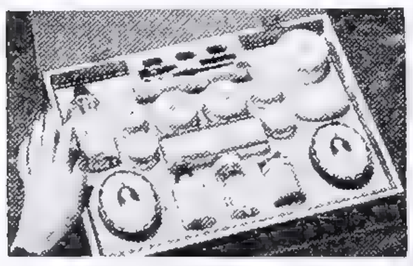
	Before	After
Weight	160	132
Bust	36″	33¾″
Waist	30¾″	26″
Abdomen	36¼″	30½″
Hips	43″	38″
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Left: Dorothy Gebhardt when she started the Success Course two years ago. Center: 5 months later. Right: Dorothy today, slender, lovely, vital.

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The Man from Rising Sun

(*Continued from page* 68) doesn't believe. But he carries on his shoulder not only his own chips, but all of his fellowman's. That quizzical business is part of the Mitchum smoke-screen hiding the sensitive, vulnerable guy who's seen life smack him down too often and too hard. The trick is to make him turn the other cheek, the one without the tongue in it.

In the little strait-laced crossroads community of Rising Sun, Delaware, he was always considered a worldly character. Born with great imagination and creative ability, he was writing poetry at the age of six. At seven when other kids were out playing Cowboy-and-Indian, Bob was putting out a little "newspaper," writing and peddling it to neighbors who stood back and looked askance at the "peculiar Mitchum boy." They couldn't understand any of Bob's highly individualistic family who took their poverty so lightly, just going along in their own informal way. One of them singing, one dancing, one writing and disappearing from town to learn about life for months at a time, then just as suddenly checking back in.

Bob early outgrew Rising Sun. If the world was going to be his oyster . . . he wanted to start opening it. To meet interesting people. See what they thought . . . and why. He came back to talk of these things when the others were still sipping a wicked soda down at the corner drugstore. None of them understood the sensitive adventure-loving Bob, who seemed much too old for his years. Nobody, that is, except a pretty brown-eyed girl named Dorothy, who respected his intelligence, loved to listen to his experiences and eventually married him. It was only through her insistence that he was invited to any of the local affairs. So far as they were concerned, he just didn't belong.

AND it was the same wherever he went. He was just a little on the outside. Never quite fitting in. Which was okay by the individualist who wanted to find out his own answers anyway . . . but not so fortunate for the other one, the lonely super-conventional guy, who envied others their security in being liked and wanted. Gradually he began casting himself as "Mitchum the Misfit" . . . built a wall inside . . . and affected the semi-smirk and raised eyebrow to show that he didn't care.

It's no wonder that after many years of bad luck Mitchum can hardly believe all the sevens that are coming up now. Regardless of fame and fans, he can't realize his stardom or take it for granted. He's still a little surprised when he's invited to Hollywood's swankiest soirees. He feels somewhat uncomfortable and usually heads quickly for the first familiar face he sees.

Actually, he doesn't care much for parties. Unless it's a poker session with some pals, or having friends drop by the house and join him in a plate of sandwiches, a beer or so and some eloquent floor-side chats in the living room. Floor-side, until the rest of the furniture they've ordered gets here. Which may not make any noticeable difference to Bob, who usually offers his few thousand words while lying flat on his back on the rug anyway.

He's a home-lovin' man, and that's where you'll usually find him when he isn't working. In the white house on the Hollywood hilltop with his attractive wife and two sons—Josh, a miniature of Mitchum, and Chris, aged two. They're a winning combination—four of a kind.

Though he probably would tell you that he rules his house with an iron hand, Mitchum is the kind of father who, when

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baby Chris does anything wrong, says severely, "Christopher! Go into the other room!" Then immediately weakens into, "Well—are you sorry?" Finally gives him a cookie, kisses him and then kicks himself the rest of the day for being such a cad.

Not long ago Bob and Dorothy were speeding down a lonely stretch of highway in the desert when they passed a covered wagon, drawn by an old horse, with an elderly man at the reins and a little boy about four years old walking along beside the wagon, kicking his bare heels into the sand. Miles on down the road, Bob broke the desert stillness abruptly, saying, "Just imagine that little boy going through towns, seeing other children playing together, but he can't stop. He has to go on with his grandfather. The loneliness of it."

Two weeks later he was watching Josh and Chris playing in the living room and said, out of the blue, "Imagine Josh following that wagon on through life down a road. Never being able to stop and play with other kids."

"Maybe the little boy likes it," said Dorothy, trying to lighten his mood. "He probably has fun moving around, going through different towns. . . ."

"No, he doesn't!" said Bob decisively.

The child made an indelible impression on him. Possibly struck too near Mitchum's own memories of an exciting but lonely boyhood. And that's what success means chiefly to him. That Josh and Chris will be set. That there'll be no wandering around through life for them, either behind wagons or otherwise.

HE'S an ardent champion of individual rights. Either yours or his own. He's been known to challenge any director or assistant who yells at movie extras or shoves them around. "It just does something to me," he used to say to actor friends who were cautioning him. "I'm not afraid of my job. What can they do? Shoot me maybe," he'd say, cocking an eyebrow and giving his shoulders a size forty-six shrug.

By nature he's amiable and dislikes trouble of any kind. "Won't ever hurt anybody's feelings if he can help it," his friends say. By the time Bob's been provoked far enough to fight anybody, he's so mad he says he gets "a vicious satisfaction out of it. And that's no good." So he ducks whenever he can.

Friends have heard him actually begging somebody not to fight him. For some reason his quizzical face seems to invite trouble. Maybe in a bar or night club. On a train. Just anywhere. Soon somebody's saying, "I don't like you . . . I don't like your face," . . . etc. . . . etc. . . . and Bob's trying to talk them out of it, saying, "Just stay where you are. Don't say anything more. *Don't* come near me . . ." he warns. Until finally it's forced on him. Then he brings one right up from the basement. Nobody has ever seen him lose a bout.

He seldom loses a listener either. For he talks in Technicolor. With his vivid imagination and rich vocabulary he loves to weave words and build up paragraphs just to see how they sound. You might call him a climactic conversationalist because he leaves you right in the middle of a climax while he goes on ahead to something else that's occurred to him.

One night he awakened his wife in the middle of the night with, "I've got it, honey!"

"Got what?" she said sleepily, but unsurprised.

What he'd "gotten" there around 2:00 A.M., was his own theory of Atomic life. He went into great detail about the beginning and the end of life . . . and all the

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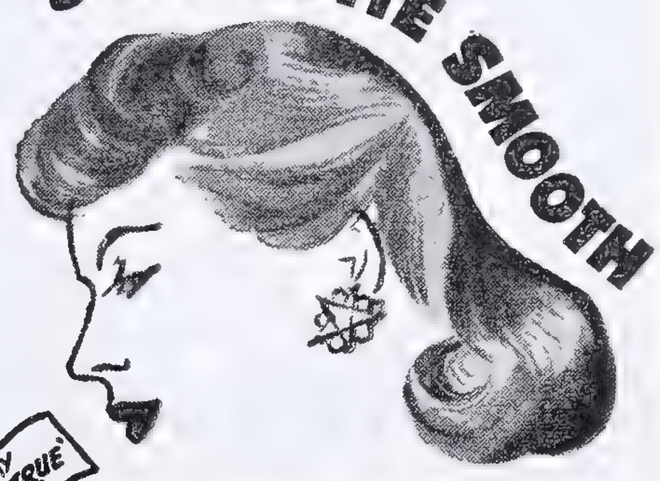
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big things turning into little things . . . finally getting down to where everything is nothing. Then stopped abruptly. "What happens when there's nothing left?" said Dorothy, by now fully awake. He turned over and went back to sleep. He's never discussed it again.

He can digress immediately from the subject of atom bombs to that of achievement. Goals. How to accomplish them. "There's *no limit* to what people can do, if they just go about doing it right."

"Me?" he says, dropping the enthusiasm and hoisting the eyebrow. "I don't want to do anything. I just want to watch."

But by now he hasn't a chance of getting away with one like that. You're not fooled. You just file it along with the "wildcats" his imaginative son Josh kills, knowing only too well how highly ambitious he is. That he's one of the smartest actors in the business.

ACTING is his life's blood. He loves it. For acting means portraying people—most of whom he's met personally during his schooling, the ten-minute stops along the line, when he was working on his Ph.D., as a doctor of the philosophy of his fellowman.

He has no temperament, makes no demands for the fat starring roles, the best lighting, any of the breaks. "Doesn't need 'em," his friends say. "He's too good. Just watch him in any picture. He'll break their backs."

The only demand Bob makes is that a part be believable to him. He liked the role of the returning Marine in "Till the End of Time," because he could believe it. He's met many Macs like him. On the other hand he turned down a much larger starring role in another film because he felt he couldn't sincerely do it. "I couldn't be a piano player," he told the producer. "I'd be laughing at myself all the time. I'd ruin your picture for you."

Mitchum has great admiration for Burgess Meredith, Michael Chekhov, J. Carrol Naish, for Betty Field's versatility, among the actresses, and an almost reverence for Robert Montgomery's remembered performance in "Night Must Fall."

He has always refused to take any credit for his own performance in "G.I. Joe," saying, "I had all the breaks. The flash. The show. They had me coming over the hilltops with a light in my face. How could I have missed?" He couldn't. But that's not the reason.

Part of his refusal to claim credit is his distrust of success. Success draws lines between people and Bob doesn't believe in lines between people. He works overtime rubbing them out. Though he'd deny it, he's been known to park his car and stand aimlessly in front of his old hangout, Schwab's Drugstore, for thirty minutes, whether there's anybody else standing there he knows or not, lest somebody think he's gone Hollywood.

Even a pseudo-cynic wouldn't do a trick like that. It defeats any raised eyebrow. And it's indicative of why Robert Mitchum gets top billing among all the Joes around the studio lots, who'll tell you readily that Bob's the biggest Joe of them all. Which, for our money, is the best kind of living cornerstone.

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Beauty Spots



Flaming beauty: Arleen Whelan, of "Suddenly It's Spring"

By Mary Jane Fulton

She Causes Excitement

Twin Falls, Idaho, Portland, Oregon, and Pueblo, Colorado, may claim Arleen Whelan as a "famous daughter," even if she was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. For the sparkling, red-haired, blue-green-eyed Arleen's post office address was in each of these places before it became Los Angeles, where she now claims residence, when she is not at New York's Pierre Hotel with her husband . . . The gal gets around. There's a flurry of excitement wherever she goes. It must be her Irish ancestry which makes her one of the screen's most alluring stars. Whatever the reason for her pep and personality, she's a five-foot-four-and-one-half-inch package of charm, and has the rare faculty of flattering her listener by giving one person her undivided attention . . . Weighing only 112 pounds, Arleen admits she doesn't have to watch her diet to keep slim and lovely, because she maintains an active interest in sports.

Make-up For Redheads

A devotee of sunshine and fresh air, Arleen is like most tender-skinned redheads. She freckles. But she doesn't make the mistake so many women do of trying to camouflage her freckles with heavy make-up. What freckles do manage to peep out from beneath a flesh-colored, light powder base, which she finds looks most natural on her fair skin, add interest to her pretty face. She advises redheads to use a pink-toned powder, too, and to stay away from the foundations and powders which are too rosy, or too yellow . . . Incidentally, there are liquid and cream bleaching preparations you may like to try. Follow directions . . . Arleen uses either a pure red, or a bronze or an orange tinted lipstick, never a blue-red one. It is better for women, especially redheads, to apply too little make-up, rather than too much, she says . . . Always, after applying powder, she brushes around the hairline with a tiny eyebrow brush kept for that purpose. Then with a good hairbrush (the attractive, post-war ones are stiff-bristled and have practically no wear-out to them), she brushes her hair to shining brightness. It shows the good care it gets. It's clean, it's soft, it's gorgeous. And so is Arleen!

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Linda, Woman of the Hour

(*Continued from page* 40) had given me in his possession. That's completely untrue," she sputtered, "Pev begged me to take the platina coat and jewels, but, oh, I couldn't wear them—I just couldn't."

Was that a latent spark of real sentiment—or was she acting? For the life of me, I don't know. Femmes being what they are, it's hard to visualize a gal leaving behind a platina coat. Yet, she says he insisted she keep everything he gave her. "He's that kind," she added.

By this time, I was ready to give up on the Darnell-Marley marriage bust. If he is as much of a plaster saint as she says, why, oh, why did she leave him? Such husbands are hard to get. But I'll bet you, in spite of her sonnets in his defense, there's not a chance of a reconciliation. Methinks the lady doth protest too much in her former husband's favor.

When a girl says, "We never had a fight. He is my best friend. He's wonderful," it means she is supremely indifferent. I would much rather bank on a reconciliation if the lady says, "We fought like cats and dogs and I don't care if I never see him again."

I'VE always felt that Linda married Pev in the first place because, like many teenage girls, she wanted to get away from home. I remember that her mother, who had come from Dallas with the budding movie star seven years ago, had been very exacting. Linda had to report whatever she did and wherever she went. Pev, I think, was like a big brother. She was flattered by his confidence and belief in her when few others thought she was destined to set the world on fire. Marley, one of the top cameramen at her studio, took the trouble and pains to make wonderful photographic tests of her and to encourage her about her acting talent.

Because she was a "family girl" she needed someone to lean on. For, believe me, a great many people had been "leaning on" Linda. When she came to Hollywood, the whole family including mama, her postman father, her sister and a complete menagerie moved out with her—or moved in with her, is more accurate.

But, in giving her success and polish, Hollywood has also given her confidence in herself. She's living alone now—and loving it.

"It's best for everyone concerned," she explained. "Mama is so busy with my sister, Monte, she can't worry about me. You should see Monte—what a career *she* has! She has been out with a rodeo—the same show in which Lieutenant Dick Ryan shows Hirohito's white horse. She rides bareback on two horses at once. She's a marvelous horsewoman. Mama loves to travel and she's having much more fun with Monte than she ever did with me."

That's just another thing I like very much about this girl. She's as fiercely loyal to her family as she is to—her ex-husband.

But certainly her recent separation wasn't all we had to talk about, for my lovely guest was completely in a dither about playing *Amber*.

"Are you excited about *Amber*?" I asked —knowing full well she was.

"Excited—and worried," she answered. "That story and the first start on the picture has caused so much comment. But with Otto Preminger as my director, I'm not as frightened as I would be with someone with whom I had never worked. He made 'Centennial Summer' and 'Fallen Angel' with me and I'd walk on broken beer bottles barefoot if he said it was the right thing."

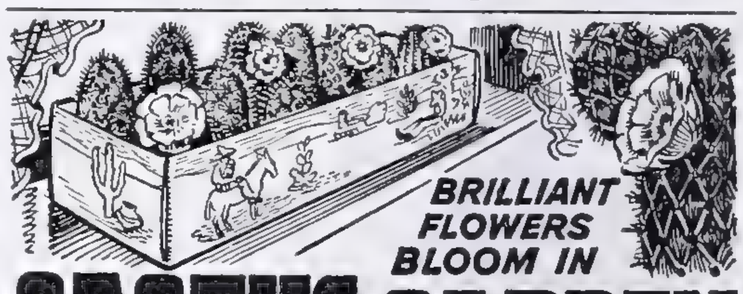
I laughed. "Otto certainly did right by

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you when you stole 'Fallen Angel' right out from under the nose of Alice Faye—and then he let you take Jeanne Crain's boy friend away from her in 'Centennial Summer.' Maybe he's been privately rehearsing you for *Amber* all the time."

"I doubt that. He didn't know he was going to make it, himself, at that time," she smiled.

She told me that when Darryl Zanuck sent for her to tell her that he had decided to give her "Forever Amber," she said, "Please don't tell me that unless you mean it—it isn't fair."

Of course, no one could be farther removed from the *Amber* of Kathleen Windsor's book than Linda Darnell. The Windsor heroine is petite and fair. Linda has raven locks and she will never be a small girl. She isn't built that way. However, it's wonderful what every day at a streamlining parlor will do for a girl's figure and her dark hair can become "amber."

"I haven't looked at a foot of the original 'Amber,'" she continued. "I don't want to. I want to make a complete fresh start —just as Mr. Zanuck is doing. He is really the most determined man in the world. Only an executive with his courage would go back and try to rectify a mistake."

OVER $2,000,000 went down the drain pipe with "Amber," but Mr. Zanuck has made enough money for the Twentieth Century-Fox stockholders in the past to justify scrapping a picture that wasn't right from the start. With Linda, a new script, a different cast and Otto Preminger, he's a cinch to be on the right track this time.

"Just think," she mused, "over $100,000 was spent on wardrobe and I am not wearing one of those costumes which were made for Peggy Cummins, the original *Amber*."

Whether Linda is the accepted idea of *Amber* or not doesn't matter. She'll be vivid and intense and beautiful to look at—which is the essence of the character. As an actress she has steadily improved since she first appeared in "Hotel for Women" and ever since she was borrowed by an independent company, Angelus Pictures, to make "Summer Storm" she's registered plenty of the old sex appeal, another attribute of *Amber's*.

"Mr. Preminger is a sophisticate," she said. "He will by inference bring out the —er—irregularities in *Amber's* character without offending good taste."

But somehow I found myself more interested in what will happen to Linda than what would happen to *Amber*. What will happen to her now that she has come of age mentally and emotionally?

Even if Howard Hughes is interested in her—and perhaps this will be a romance in her life—I don't believe he is a marrying man. Too many Hollywood beauties have been *almost* at the altar with Howard—but none has made it yet. Nor do I see any chance of a reconciliation with Pev. That's over and done with and they are too all-fired polite about it.

But, Linda, I think, will marry again. She is a home-life girl and she likes to be "settled" in spite of her present enjoyment of her freedom and "living alone and loving it."

The long and difficult production schedule on "Amber" should keep her out of circulation for several months coming up. But soon I expect to hear about her stepping out with first one attentive beau and then another.

Real love doesn't come to a woman on the rebound—and I think Linda is smart enough and wise enough to make sure she has the right man before she tries marriage the second time.

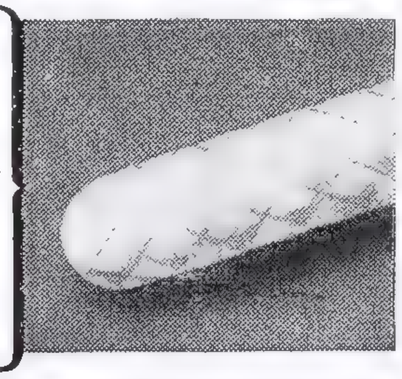
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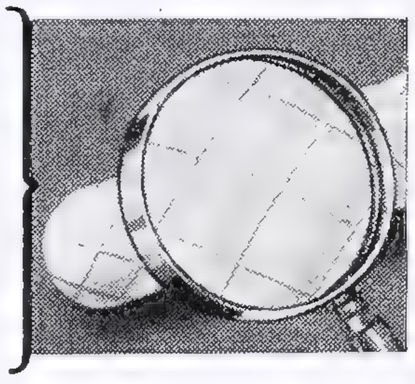
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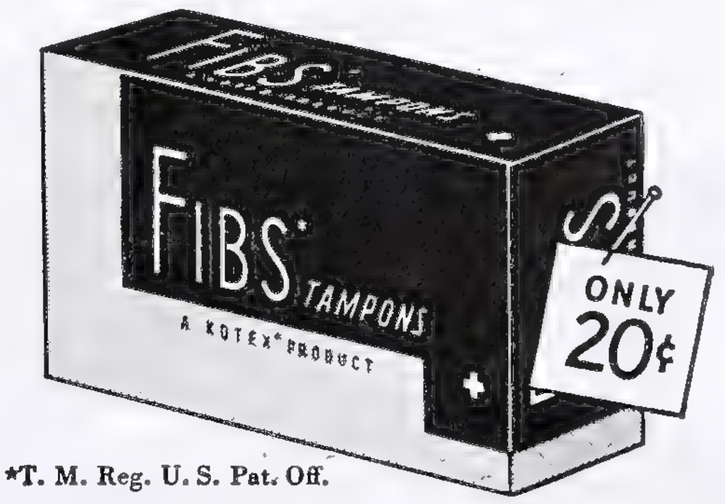
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Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page 10*)

✓Rendezvous with Annie (Republic)

WHO'S *Annie?* She's the little bride with the dimples and the flair for making chocolate cake whose appeal is so potent Eddie Albert flies home AWOL from England just to see her. He gets away with it too—for the time being—but what happens afterwards is what makes this slim little picture a pleasant pastime.

Laid during the war, it offers a frivolous look at a soldier's life with Eddie Albert playing the homesick husband and Faye Marlowe the bride he left behind. His secret rendezvous with her leads to a great big tempest in a teapot—but the climax over the teacups makes everybody happy.

There are some big laughs over little incidents; the laughs would have been longer if the picture had been shorter. As it is, it drags heavily here and there, but in between there's plenty to keep your mind on the screen. All the players seem to have a good time doing their stint—Eddie, Faye, Gail Patrick, Philip Reed and C. Aubrey Smith.

Your Reviewer Says: A light little farce.

Under Nevada Skies (Republic)

THIS is an "as usual," featuring Roy Rogers and pal Trigger, but in this case Roy takes over and Trigger is just his faithful prop. Not that he needs one much—practically singlehanded he solves the mystery of the missing emerald crest. Everyone is after the crest, of course, and for it some brave men die. Even Dale Evans is in there poking around the murdered man's house and getting in Roy's way. Gabby Hayes as an impromptu sheriff mixes things up, too, but at last there's the crest and Roy can rest on his laurels until the next episode.

The big point of this is that the atom bomb is really here to stay—it has finally caught up with the Roy Rogers series!

Your Reviewer Says: Rough stuff plus Roy

The Show-Off (M-G-M)

SOMEHOW "The Show-Off" has never been as successful in its various film versions as George Kelly's satiric play was on Broadway. Perhaps because Hollywood has kept trying to make a hero out of *Aubrey Piper,* the show-off, instead of letting him be the insufferable, if pathetic, bore he was.

This is equally true of Red Skelton's current starrer. You keep thinking you either ought to like Red better or think he's funnier—whereas *Aubrey* was neither likable nor funny per se, and shouldn't be built from that angle. The rich humor of Kelly's Pulitzer Prize play was in the ironic reaction to him of the other members of the simple Philadelphia family.

Red marries Marilyn Maxwell; she loves him, but her family doesn't. Nobody blames them, either, after watching him operate on Mom, Pop, sister Jacqueline White and brother Marshall Thompson.

With the key figure off key, even the capable Marjorie Main, who plays the great part of *Mom,* seems uncomfortable; the rest of the cast ditto.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't blame Red—he tries hard.

✓Brief Encounter (Noel Coward —Cineguild)

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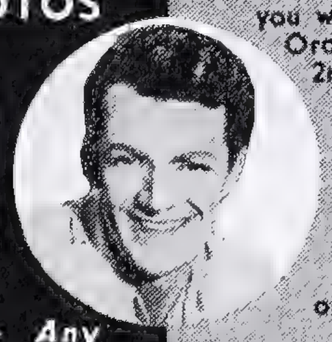
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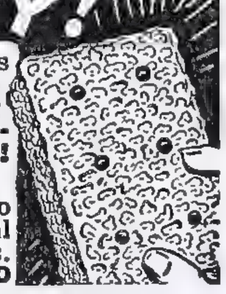
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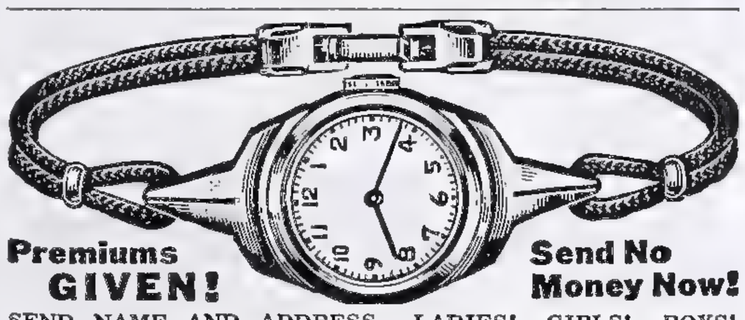


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ers of this British production, done in a muted style and dealing with an emotional crisis in the life of an English matron. Celia Johnson plays the woman, Trevor Howard the man who cuts into the even tenor of her country existence to give her a "brief encounter" with the romance of the storybooks and force her to make the hardest decision of her routine life.

The theme is a woman's and the story is told through the woman's eyes; it is direct and at times forceful. But the most interesting point of the film is its quiet presentation, a direct contrast to Hollywood's lavish emotional treatment of the same topic. By way of illustration—the heroine wears the same dowdy hat twice; her home is an everyday one with no velvet touches; her husband is a quiet, likable chap who works his crossword puzzle here and there in the picture; her great love is a hard-working doctor, no Adonis, but a faithful replica of the Englishman in the street.

If you happen to be "thoughtful, critical or adult," you will probably enjoy this quietly and thoroughly; otherwise, if your celluloid diet has been strong emotion, you may find it too bland.

Your Reviewer Says: It all depends.

Earl Carroll Sketchbook (Republic)

THIS is a minor musical that's supposed to be right in the groove but is right in a rut instead.

A talented young musician, William Marshall, sinks to writing radio jingles, is beloved by his secretary Constance Moore, can't see her for a row of pins and starts playing a romantic tune to Hillary Brooke instead. Naturally, this burns Constance up; but we still can't see why she goes to such lengths as pretended amnesia and tune-stealing for the "Sketchbook" revue just to get her man.

Vera Vague gets a few chuckles with her manhunting routine and Edward Everett Horton does his best.

Your Reviewer Says: Draw another picture.

✓✓Cloak and Dagger (Warners)

THE action takes the prize in this expose of American secret service in World War II. With Max Steiner's music playing a mystery tune that triples the natural suspense, the film presents a chilling panorama of intelligence agents landing behind mist-shrouded enemy lines, daggers flashing in the darkness, partisans co-ordinating with masquerading spies.

Gary Cooper is *Dr. Jesper,* American chemist who joins the "cloak and dagger" Office of Strategic Services and ends up doing some super gutter fighting as well as some super spying in German-occupied Italy. Everyone wants to know what the Germans are doing with pitchblende, specifically if they're working on an atom bomb; it's Gary's job to find out. In the course of this, he has some pretty tense moments; the audience shares them. His pace is electric until he meets up with blonde courier Lilli Palmer; then he takes time off for a bit of romancing. Opinion on the value of this will be divided: The ladies will probably relish the close-ups; the gentlemen will wish they could be watching more fast OSS action, especially when things start off with some fabulous hold-your-breath scenes.

This is a "now it can be told" film, nicely plotted and nicely played. See it for some real suspense.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh-So-Secret.

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Brief Reviews

√√√ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed

√√ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed

√ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

√√*ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM*—20th Century-Fox: An unusual, fairylike story of an Englishwoman who becomes an intrinsic part of the fabulous Siamese court of the Nineteenth Century. Irene Dunne plays the schoolteacher who comes to the palace of the King of Siam to teach his harem and his children the ways of the outside world, and Rex Harrison is excellent as the king. (Aug.)

√√*AVALANCHE*—PRC: Bruce Cabot, sleuth from the Treasury Department, arrives at a ski lodge to discover the gaps in the income tax of a gambler. Then snow slides lock in the guests at the lodge and murder begins. It should have been more exciting, but the creditable cast, including Roscoe Karns, Helen Mowrey and Veda Ann Borg, do their best. (Aug.)

BADMAN'S TERRITORY—RKO: Randy Scott totes his gun around in the lawless West again. Ann Richards is the pioneer newspaperwoman, and the James boys, the Daltons, and Belle Starr are all present. (Sept.)

√*BIG SLEEP, THE*—Warner: This is full of action, full of Bogart and Bacall and full of murders. Bogart is the hard-bitten private detective hired to straighten out an old general's affairs, which are all mixed up by two daughters, Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers. Bogie does his best to find out everything, dashing about from corpse to corpse and taking time off to give Lauren the eye. (Oct.)

√√*BLUE SKIES*—Paramount: Fred Astaire's dancing reaches its peak in this nostalgic Technicolor musical featuring Irving Berlin's haunting melodies. Bing Crosby as the restless night club owner was never in better voice, and Joan Caulfield as heart interest for Fred and Bing is beautifully decorative. Olga San Juan is Fred's dancing partner and Billy De Wolfe is the funny funnyman. (Oct.)

BOYS RANCH—M-G-M: We can do without this unentertaining little picture concerning boys who are juvenile delinquents. James Craig, an altruistic baseball player with a reforming bug, provides a ranch for boy delinquents. (Sept.)

√*CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA*—Pascal-UA: This is strictly in the limited-appeal category, although the settings are perfection and every detail of the period is meticulously observed. Claude Rains plays Caesar the conqueror, given to dashing off philosophic remarks, and Vivian Leigh is the young Cleopatra whom Rains teaches to be queen. Unfortunately, the picture is almost entirely static. (Oct.)

√*CANYON PASSAGE*—Universal: A true-to-form Western done in Technicolor, with Dana Andrews as the earnest young colonist, Brian Donlevy as a gambler and Susan Hayward as the feminine foil. There's a touch of murder, some bloody fist fights, and an Indian raid executed with wild abandon. Andy Devine is a pioneer, Ward Bond the heavyweight villian. (Oct.)

√√*CENTENNIAL SUMMER*—20th Century-Fox: A round of lighthearted fun set in Philadelphia in 1876. Into the conservative household of Walter Brennan and their two daughters, Linda Darnell and Jeanne Crain, two bombshells arrive—one in the form of Mama's luscious sister from Paris, Constance Bennett, who brings along gallant Frenchman Cornel Wilde, and the second is the Centennial Exposition (Sept.)

√√*CLAUDIA AND DAVID*—20th Century-Fox: A cozy little picture is this new episode in the lives of *Claudia* and *David,* the young suburban couple played by Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young. Dorothy becomes jealous of Young and his business client, Mary Astor, and Young in turn gets jealous of Dorothy and her new-found friend, John Sutton. (Oct.)

√√*CLUNY BROWN*—20th Century-Fox: An absolute lamb of a movie, with Jennifer delightful as the housemaid with a flair for plumbing who goes to work in the English home of Reginald Owen. Charles Boyer is the refugee with a humorous disdain for England's caste system, Richard Haydn will kill you with his portrayal of the village chemist, and Peter Lawford is Owen's son in love with Helen Walker. (Aug.)



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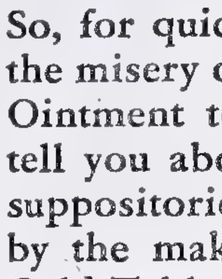
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✓*COCKEYED MIRACLE, THE*—M-G-M: Executed with a light touch and in the finest of taste, this has Frank Morgan and Keenan Wynn as two spirits who have a fine time observing their human counterparts. Morgan, Keenan's son, has a few earthly matters to clear up—his financial affairs and the romance of his daughter, Audrey Totter, with Richard Quine. It's gay and fantastic. (Oct.)

COLORADO SERENADE—PRC: Although too long, this offers all the essentials of the time-proved Western—the stagecoach holdup, the crinolined lady ranchkeeper, the honest "Jedge" who tries to bring law and order to the frontier town. (Sept.)

✓✓*COURAGE OF LASSIE*—M-G-M: A Technicolor account of a golden collie whose adventures are many and hectic. Elizabeth Taylor is his young mistress, tense with apprehension when he disappears to eventually see combat as a war dog in the Aleutians and prove himself a canine hero. (Sept.)

✓*DO YOU LOVE ME*—20th Century-Fox: If you belong to the swooner set, the answer to the picture's title is yes, as it has Harry James's hot trumpet and Dick Haymes's singing. The fragile plot deals with the metamorphosis of Maureen O'Hara from the dignified dean of a school of classical music into a glamour girl. (Aug.)

DOLL FACE—20th Century-Fox: A film about a burlesque queen, Vivian Blaine, whose publicity manager, Dennis O'Keefe, has a book written about her life. The result is that the ghost writer, Michael Dunne, horns in on their romance. (Sept.)

DOWN MISSOURI WAY—PRC: A college-educated mule takes the lead in this, which should give you an idea of the type of picture it is. William Wright is a producer who comes to the Ozarks to shoot a motion picture on Martha O'Driscoll's farm. John Carradine, Roscoe Ates, Eddie Dean and Mabel Todd are all around the place. (Oct.)

✓✓*FROM THIS DAY FORWARD*—RKO: A picture with punch, about the marriage on a shoestring of Joan Fontaine and Mark Stevens. Scared by the scrub-brush existence of Joan's sister, they lose courage, then marry anyway. The war comes along and afterward they get a second chance. (Sept.)

HER SISTER'S SECRET—PRC: Pure melodrama this, with Nancy Coleman falling in love with handsome soldier Philip Reed. After Reed sails away, Nancy turns to her sister, Margaret Lindsay, for help in keeping her secret. So Margaret adopts Nancy's baby, and then the tug between the two sisters begins. (Oct.)

✓*HOME SWEET HOMICIDE*—20th Century-Fox: This screen mystery constitutes a fresh slant on the usual whodunits, since it gives you a look at three little hellions—Peggy Ann Garner, Dean Stockwell, and Connie Marshall—as they try to solve a murder. Lynn Bari is their mystery-writer mother, Randolph Scott and James Gleason detectives. (Oct.)

✓*JANIE GETS MARRIED*—Warners: Joan Leslie and Bob Hutton get married and set up housekeeping under the watchful eyes of papas Edward Arnold and Robert Benchley and Mamas Ann Harding and Barbara Brown. Everything is blissful confusion until an overseas buddy of Bob's walks into their little dream cottage. (Sept.)

✓*LADY LUCK*—RKO: You'll get some uninhibited laughs at Frank Morgan's antics as the incurable gambler who's reduced to a three-dollar-a-week allowance from his granddaughter Barbara Hale. Robert Young's another gambler whom Barbara marries thinking he's reformed until she catches him at the roulette table. Barbara's retaliation is a funny twist. (Oct.)

✓*LITTLE MR. JIM*—M-G-M: Jackie Jenkins's freckles and histrionic ability make this movie worthwhile. As the small son of Army Captain James Craig and Frances Gifford, he gets black eyes, teases little girls and is generally endearing. (Sept.)

✓*LOVER COME BACK*—Universal: Light and frothy romantic stuff with Lucille Ball as the stylist wife who longs for her soldier husband's return after two years. George Brent plays the husband who returns to have his reunion with his wife marred by his meeting up with some of his blonde overseas friends. Vera Zorina's the other woman (Sept.)

✓✓*MAKE MINE MUSIC*—Disney-RKO: You'll love this rare combination of music, mirth, fantasy and whimsy all done in Walt Disney's top-form style. The ten-part offering, with music and drawing, has no story but is the best screen vaudeville show in a long time. The songs are illustrated with cartoon characters or scenic drawings. (Aug.)

MR. ACE—UA: A second-rate movie in which politician Sylvia Sidney, running for governor, seems to worry more about her hats and her love affairs than about her campaign. As the political boss, George Raft has a chance to employ all his usual gangsterish tricks, which after all these years seem a little tiresome. (Oct.)

✓*MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE*—Paramount: A Bob Hope comedy special, in which he plays a barber from the court of Louis XV of France who's forced to impersonate the gay court playboy, Patric Knowles. This device gives him unlimited scope for his unrestrained buffoonery, and if you like Hope, you'll love it. Joan Caulfield is a pretty French wench and Marjorie Reynolds the Spanish Infanta. (Oct.)

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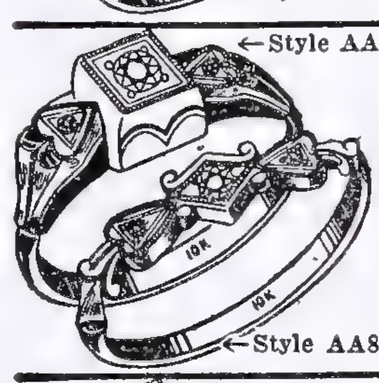
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✓*MY PAL TRIGGER*—Republic: This is a very good Roy Rogers Western, with Roy and his horse, Trigger, fighting their way back after Roy's unjustly accused of killing a famous horse. With George "Gabby" Hayes, Dale Evans, and Bob Nolan. (Sept.)

NIGHT IN PARADISE—Wanger-Universal: This ridiculous story has Turhan Bey unhappily playing a juiced-up version of *Aesop*, the fable teller, who falls in love with Princess Merle Oberon. The princess is about to marry *Croesus* when Turhan reveals that he's really a handsome young man. (Oct.)

NIGHT TRAIN TO MEMPHIS—Republic: Get aboard this if you're a rooter of Roy Acuff and his Smoky Mountain Boys; otherwise ignore it. Roy plays the good honest soul with the heart of gold, and Allan Lane is his bad brother who thinks he was framed by the railroad company. (Oct.)

✓✓*NOTORIOUS*—RKO: Intrigue south of the border, beautifully packaged by Alfred Hitchcock and delivered by competents Ingrid Bergman, Cary Grant and Claude Rains. Secret agents Cary and Ingrid set off for Rio where they meet intrigue and danger and high suspense. (Oct.)

✓*OF HUMAN BONDAGE*—Warners: Somerset Maugham's novel still makes an attention-getting film this time with Paul Henreid and Eleanor Parker in the roles originally played by Leslie Howard and Bette Davis. (Sept.)

✓*ONE MORE TOMORROW*—Warners: Ann Sheridan works on millionaire Dennis Morgan's crusading magazine but, despite her love for him, she loses him to Alexis Smith who tries to get husband Dennis's mind off his magazine. Jack Carson is Morgan's alter ego who ambles around the picture rooting for Ann as against Alexis. (Sept.)

✓*SCANDAL IN PARIS, A*—Pressburger-UA: George Sanders is at his dashing best as the colorful French rogue, Vidocq, who, with his villainous pal, Akim Tamiroff, wind their ways through various colorful misadventures including stealing Carole Landis's ruby garter and planning to rob the Bank of Paris. Then love in the form of Signe Hasso touches the devastating George. (Aug.)

✓*SEARCHING WIND, THE*—Paramount: This rustles the history-book pages of events in Europe that led to World War II. It tells how Robert Young as a diplomat shilly-shallied between diplomacy and truth and lost Sylvia Sidney because of it. Dudley Digges provides lively moments. (Aug.)

✓✓*SISTER KENNY*—RKO: This is the story of Sister Kenny's discovery of a new treatment for infantile paralysis and her lifelong fight to get that treatment recognized. It's a remarkable film, carrying the power of simplicity, the dramatic punch of realism, and excellent acting by Rosalind Russell, Alexander Knox, and Dean Jagger. (Oct.)

✓*SMOKY*—20th Century-Fox: This is a horse-cowboy saga, telling the life story of *Smoky*, a wild horse who is trained by Fred MacMurray, and his adventures among an odd assortment of humans. Anne Baxter is the female lead, Bruce Cabot is the renegade, and Burl Ives sings cowboy ballads. (Sept.)

✓✓*STOLEN LIFE, A*—Warners: Bette Davis has the time of her life playing a dual role of sisters, one good and one bad, and she does both with astute perception. Glenn Ford steps into big-league movie acting as the man who succumbs to the charms of the conniving sister, only to find that the shy one is his real love. (Aug.)

✓✓*STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS, THE*—Wallis-Paramount: This is powerful dramatic fare, with Van Heflin as a hardened veteran who picks up probationer Lizabeth Scott, gets beaten up by thugs and comes back for more in order to discover why his childhood girl, Barbara Stanwyck, and her politician husband, Kirk Douglas, want to get him out of town. (Oct.)

✓✓*STRANGER, THE*—International: Tense and dramatic, this psychological mystery film is adult stuff: Orson Welles is the escaped Nazi biggie who in the disguise of a professor is living in a small Connecticut town; Loretta Young is his American bride, Edward G. Robinson the investigator. (Aug.)

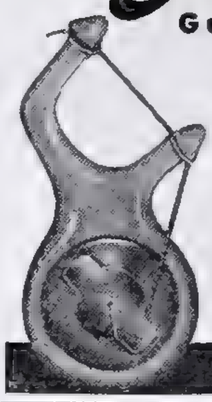
✓✓*THREE WISE FOOLS*—M-G-M: Margaret O'Brien as the Irish granddaughter of the long-lost love of Lewis Stone, Lionel Barrymore and Edward Arnold comes from Ireland to upset completely the selfish lives of the three old men in this enchanting bit of movie-making. (Sept.)

✓✓*THEY WERE SISTERS*—Rank - Universal: James Mason is at his sadistic best as the man whose dark moods leave a sinister effect on the lives of three sisters. The dialogue has sparkle and the story high suspense. (Oct.)

✓✓*TILL THE END OF TIME*—RKO: A candid picture, rich in sincerity, of the adjustment of three young veterans home from the wars, Guy Madison, Bob Mitchum and Bill Williams. It is also the story of Dorothy McGuire, a young widow. (Aug.)

✓*TWO GUYS FROM MILWAUKEE*—Warners: A harmless little offering with Dennis Morgan playing a visiting Balkan prince who decides to see America as a guy from Milwaukee. Jack Carson, pick-up pal, introduces him to Joan Leslie and complications begin. Janis Paige and S. Z. Sakall rate applause. (Sept.)

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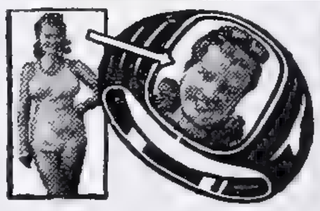


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BLONDE FOR A DAY—PRC: *Michael Shayne,* Hugh Beaumont; *Phyllis Hamilton,* Kathryn Adams; *Pete Rafferty,* Cy Kendall; *Helen Porter,* Marjorie Hoshelle; *Dilly Smith,* Richard Fraser; *Tim Rourke,* Paul Bryar; *Brenner,* Mauritz Hugo; *Henty,* Charles Wilson; *Muriel Bronson,* Sonia Sorel; *Bronson,* Frank Ferguson; *Minerva,* Claire Rochelle.

BRIEF ENCOUNTER—Coward-Cineguild: *Laura Jesson,* Celia Johnson; *Alec Harvey,* Trevor Howard; *Fred Jesson,* Cyril Raymond; *Stephen Lynn,* Valentine Dyall; *Albert Godby,* Stanley Holloway; *Myrtle Bagot,* Joyce Carey; *Beryl Walters,* Margaret Barton; *Stanley,* Dennis Harkin; *Dolly Messiter,* Everley Gregg.

CLOAK AND DAGGER—Warners: *Jesper,* Gary Cooper; *Pinkie,* Robert Alda; *Gina,* Lilli Palmer; *Dr. Polda,* Vladimir Sokoloff; *Brink,* J. Edward Bromberg; *Leder,* Helene Thimig; *Col. Walsh,* James Flavin; *Ann Dawson,* Marjorie Hoshelle; *Englishman,* Pat O'Moore; *Tommy,* Larry Olson; *Erich,* Don Turner; *Lingg,* Charles Marsh.

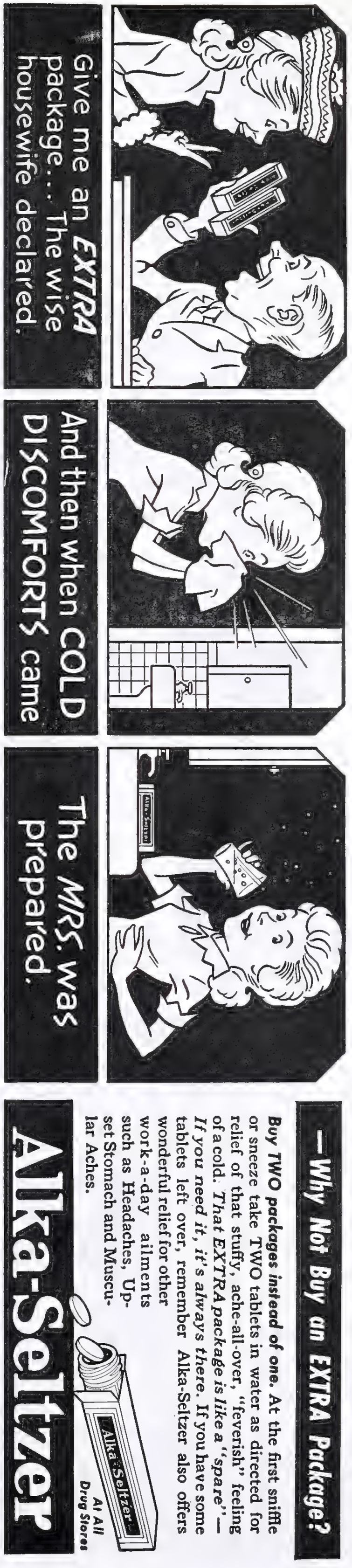
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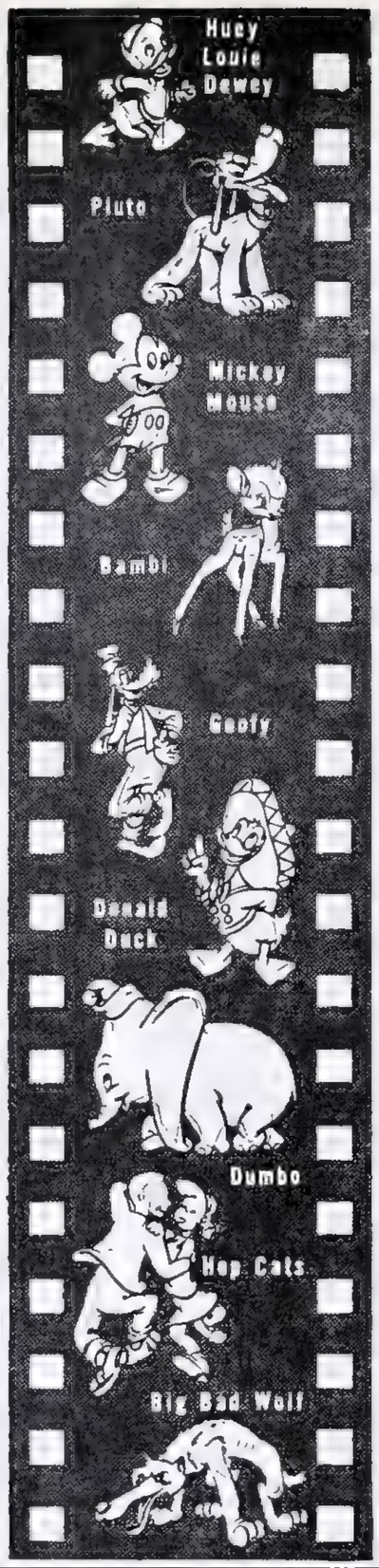
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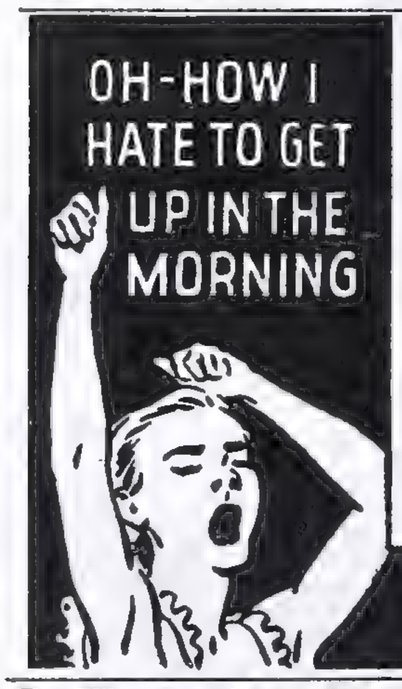
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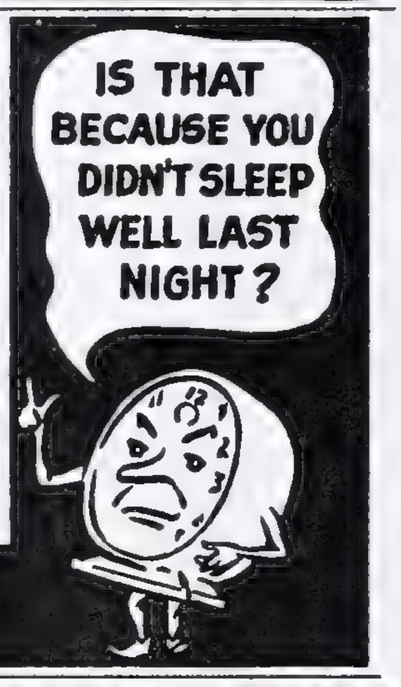
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IF I'M LUCKY—20th Century-Fox: *Linda,* Vivian Blaine; *Allen Clark,* Perry Como; *Earl Gordon,* Harry James; *Michelle O'Toole,* Carmen Miranda; *Wally,* Phil Silvers; *Magonnagle,* Edgar Buchanan; *Conklin,* Reed Hadley; *Harry James' Music Makers,* Themselves; *Governor Quilby,* Harry Hayden; *Gargan,* Harry Cheshire; *Bixby,* William Halligan; *Dwyer,* Frank Fenton; *Gillingwater,* Lewis Russell; *Secretary,* Charles Tannen; *Police Captain,* Charles Wilson.

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KILLERS, THE—Universal: *Swede,* Burt Lancaster; *Kitty Collins,* Ava Gardner; *Riordan,* Edmond O'Brien; *Colfax,* Albert Dekker; *Lubinsky,* Sam Levene; *Packy,* Charles D. Brown; *Kenyon,* Donald McBride; *Nick,* Phil Brown; *Al,* Charles McGraw; *Jake,* John Miljan; *Max,* Willam Conrad; *Queenie,* Queenie Smith; *Joe,* Garry Owen; *George,* Harry Hayden; *Sam,* Bill Walker; *Charleston,* Vince Barnett; *Dum Dum,* Jack Lambert; *Blinky,* Jeff Corey; *Charlie,* Wally Scott; *Lilly,* Virginia Christine; *Ginny,* Gabrielle Windsor; *Man,* Rex Dale.

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RENDEZVOUS WITH ANNIE—Republic: Jeffrey *Dolan,* Eddie Albert; *Annie Dolan,* Faye Marlowe; *Dolores Starr,* Gail Patrick; *Lt. Avery,* Philip Reed; *Sir Archibald Clyde,* Sir C. Aubrey Smith; *Everett Thorndyke,* Raymond Walburn; *General Trent,* William Frawley; *Captain Spence,* James Millican; *Al Morgan,* Wallace Ford; *Elmer Snodgrass,* Will Wright; *Ed Kramer,* Lucien Littlefield; *Phil Denim,* Edwin Rand; *Deborah,* Mary Field; *Clarence,* Richard Sale; *Radio Operator,* Bob Foy.

SHOW-OFF, THE—M-G-M: *Aubrey Piper,* Red Skelton; *Amy,* Marilyn Maxwell; *Mrs. Fisher,* Marjorie Main; *Hortense,* Virginia O'Brien; *Eddie,* Eddie "Rochester" Anderson; *Pop Fisher,* George Cleveland; *Frank Harlin,* Leon Ames; *Joe Fisher,* Marshall Thompson; *Clara Harlin,* Jacqueline White; *Horace Adems,* Wilson Wood; *Flo,* Lila Leeds; *Appelton,* Emory Parnell.

STEP BY STEP—RKO: *Johnny,* Lawrence Tierney; *Evelyn,* Anne Jeffreys; *Von Dorn,* Lowell Gilmore; *Simpson,* George Cleveland; *Bruckner,* Jason Robards; *Gretchen,* Myrna Dell; *Senator Remmy,* Harry Harvey; *Blackton,* Addison Richards; *Jorgensen,* Ray Walker; *Captain Edmonds,* John Hamilton.

UNDER NEVADA SKIES—Republic: *Roy Rogers,* Himself; *Gabby Whittaker,* George Hayes; *Helen Williams,* Dale Evans; *Arthur Courtney,* Douglass Dumbrille; *Tom Craig,* Leyland Hodgson; *Dan Adams,* Tristram Coffin; *Alberti,* Rudolph Anders; *Marty Fields,* LeRoy Mason; *LeBlanc,* George Lynn; *Flying Eagle,* George J. Lewis; *Hoffman,* Tom Quinn.

Million Dollar Lullaby

(*Continued from page* 61) most proudly.

Did the discovery bring a change? Does she feel any different now that Liza has come to stay? "Not different," she smiles softly. "Just happier."

It all happened very simply. Judy knew from the seventh month that she would have a Caesarean delivery. So, on the appointed morning, she and her husband drove alone to the hospital. They knew that today was the big day. Judy wasn't afraid. She was happy and excited.

Fear came for the first time when she was left alone with her baby. Little Liza was seized with a fit of sneezing. If you have seen a new baby you can understand a mother's fear that one large sneeze might make it disappear. Judy kept her hand on the bell until a nurse came to the rescue. Of course, it was lint in her nose. But whatever may befall Miss Minnelli her mother will probably never know the same degree of panic. "A little baby is so little," she says.

Judy Garland was deluged with flowers in the hospital. But there was a daily offering, a white arrangement accompanied by a note for the mother and a nosegay for the new arrival. Liza's father, with affectionate understanding, didn't want his daughter to feel that a movie star's child might ever be neglected.

"You should see her father handle her," says Mrs. Minnelli. "He has the deftness of a veteran. He was better than I was at first." She grins and adds, "And does she ever wave her fan at him! She's the biggest flirt!"

Father might have been better "at first," but he'd better look to his laurels, for Judy is energetically and definitely the mother of that small elegant bundle.

"I refuse," says Liza's mother, "to be treated like a wonder child for nine months and then suddenly have everyone behave as if I were a moron." Thus you see she is not a passive mother. She spends a great deal of time with her baby and is impatiently awaiting the time when she's up to that first whole day alone with her

"I want to be at my best then," she says. "I don't see much point in getting so tired by night that I can't keep my chin out of the mashed potatoes."

ALREADY Liza has a favorite piece of jewelry. It is a tiny mesh coin purse sent by a dear friend in New York. It contains a lucky penny and it will be made into a clip for her.

Altogether you might look at Liza Minnelli lying in her dainty basinette, her father's big brown eyes looking at you from her mother's piquant little face, and predict confidently that here "a star is born." Her personality is enchanting and she loves company and excitement. If the nurse weren't so proud of her that she enjoys showing her off there might be friction in the Minnelli menage.

"She was strict at first," says Judy. "But Liza won her over all by herself."

Suggest that the baby seems to have all the qualifications for a star, including temperament, and watch that strange definite look come into Judy's eyes. "She might want to be a stenographer," she says flatly. "I don't want any plans made for Liza. Children should be what they want to be. Parents haven't any right to expect them to follow a pattern of their design." She thought a moment and then a smile softened her face. "That doesn't mean you can't have dreams about them. I'd love her to want to be an actress. I think it's the best, the most thrilling life in the world."

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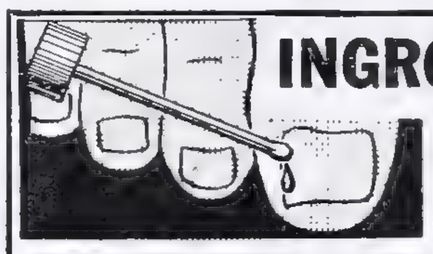
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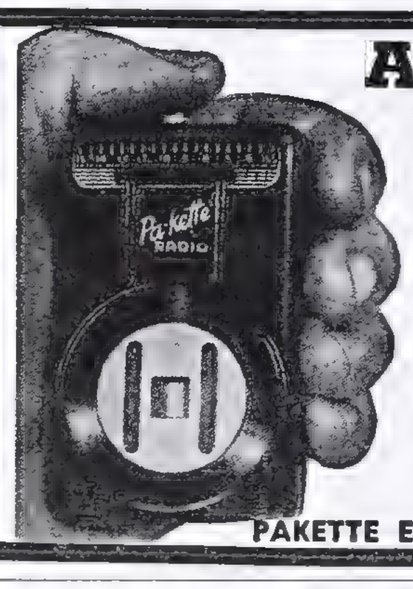
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suddenly disappeared. There is the smell of grease paint in the air and the lovely voice of Judy Garland singing hauntingly. In the twinkling of an eye she has become the actress to her finger tips. And Judy Garland should know what being an actress means. It's a great thing to hear a girl who has been in the business since she was a child, who has known the rough as well as the smooth side of it, boosting an industry often maligned by the people within it.

It is great to catch the fever of enthusiasm which has made her a star. That think-it-through, work-hard kind of love for her work. A songstress who became a great dramatic actress in spite of that label and yet insists that even now she will not cease to sing because music is her great love.

"And," says Judy, subtly becoming again Liza's mother, "if she should want to be an actress, I hope she'll marry into the industry. Separate interests may be the solution for some people but, if you love your profession, it's a blessing when 'shop talk' isn't a bore."

You could almost hear her add, "And I hope he's someone like Vincente."

It's easy to see her point. June is a big month for Judy. In the month of June are her birthday, her anniversary and Fathers Day. This year her husband wanted something very special for her. Judy's passion is antique jewelry. Vincente had seen some very lovely old coral pieces, but couldn't quite make up his mind about them.

At the very last moment he decided that, along with the other things he had for her, she must also have the coral.

He called the man who owned the coral. The man was out. He would not be in until late. As a matter of fact he was out riding horseback "somewhere in the hills" behind Hollywood. Vincente Minnelli took his car and a stout pair of boots and started combing the canyons, the highways and the byways. He never counted the miles or the hours. The point was, he got his man and Judy got her coral. So, you can see, it isn't all "shop talk" with the Minnellis.

THERE'S no question, however, that as Liza grows older she'll hear a lot about her parents' business. Vincente has directed Judy in what she considers her best pictures, "Meet Me in St. Louis" and "The Clock." She has implicit faith in him and is willing to let him direct their private life along certain lines. Hence the hilltop house which Vincente created for his star wife. Her knowledge of music has developed under his direction. Her love and taste for books, too. They know and understand each other's problems. They take each other's advice. According to Judy, her husband understands her better than anyone in this world. At work and at home!

"We went to Laguna alone for a holiday after Liza was born," she said reflectively. "We were only to be gone four days. I didn't want to be a spoil sport but I just sort of drooped, I guess. Without a word Vincente just packed up and brought me home. He knew how much I missed the baby before I did. Now he's faced the fact for both of us that any traveling we do in the future will have to include the 'whole family.'"

There will be more to the "whole family" as time goes by, she hopes. Lucky little still-to-comers! For Judy and Vincente have more to share than just the stability and security they have won for themselves.

The Minnellis have talent—great talent—and a boundless affection. Ask Liza—she knows!

THE END

ADVICE FOR
BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By *Betty Memphis*



Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



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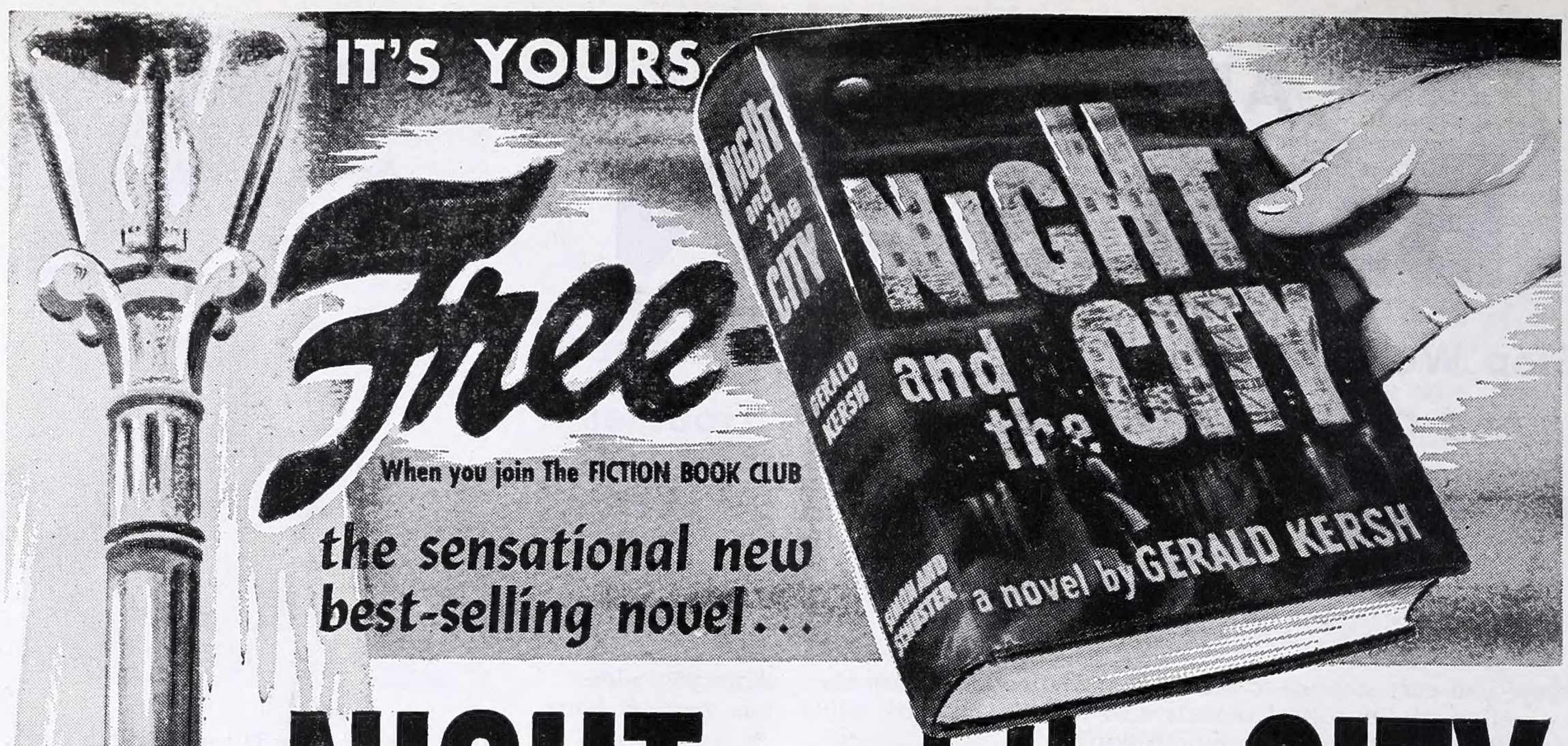
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Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

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